

NOVEMBER

# BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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# The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XVII

NOVEMBER 1908

No. 1

## Canadian Transportation

By G. W. Stephens



Waiting For The Mail.

(As produced from The Lone Hand, Australia.)

TRANSPORTATION has been defined as the "keys with which wise statesmen open the doors of national prosperity." There can be no subject, therefore, which should engage the attention of the Canadian people equal in importance to that of lessening the cost of transporting the products of the Western plains to tide water and the Eastern manufactured products to the homes of the Western consumer. It is equally true that upon the efficiency of our country's transportation facilities depends the future integrity of our Dominion, the comfort, wealth and power of our people.

Canadian transportation began when Jacques Cartier turned the prow of his little bark into the St. Lawrence and christened it after the saint of that name upon whose birthday he entered its waters, and the pages of its early history are filled with the heroic struggle of brave men who had the courage of their convictions and carried the visions of their imagination to a practical conclusion. The names of Cunard, Howe, Young and Allan are mile-stones along the pathway of its early development, in the same big way as Mount Stephen, Van Horne, Shaughnessy, Hays, Mackenzie and Mann are to-day in its later expansion. By the imaginative genius of such men and their pertinacity the outermost corners of our Dominion are made accessible, and the farthest off inhabitant

of the plains becomes the neighbor of him who lives within the sound of the ocean.

Before considering the actual conditions surrounding this problem to-day let me ask you to look at the primitive starting point from which these same conditions have been evolved. For that purpose let us compare for a moment the position occupied by Canada at the opening of the 20th century with that of our great neighbor at the opening of the 19th.

In the year 1800 the population of the United States amounted to 3,300,000 people, grouped together as a fringe along the shores of the Atlantic Ocean; behind them to the westward an undiscovered waste of wilderness and plains, not a single mile of railroad, not a single mile of canal development, no roads to speak of, no wealth, but the indomitable courage, perseverance and faith of her people; and upon this courage and confidence has been built up in two years a nation numbering 90,000,000 people, possessing 217,000 miles of railroad, and a country extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The cause of such wonderful progress must be sought in the early, wise and persistent development of her means of communication and transport. And while the 19th century yielded to the United States a marvelous growth in her interior transportation facilities, it is in-

teresting to note that in 1860 she carried 66 per cent. of her export and import trade in her own ships, in 1906 she only carried 12 per cent.



Sir Hugh Allan

The Founder of the Great Canadian Steamship Line Which Bears His Name.

Canada, on the other hand, starts the 20th century with 6,000,000 people, not huddled together on her Atlantic Seaboard, but stretching a contiguous line of prosperous provinces from sea to sea; her continent spanned by the steel ribbons of three great railway systems; her natural waterways linked together by a canal system which has no rival; an annual trade development of \$645,000,000, \$680,000,000 of the people's savings in the bank, and is doing a business with 6,000,000 people at the beginning of the 20th century that was not equaled by our great neighbor to the south of us until her population had reached the figure of 26,000,000.

Added to all this, Canada, as the occupant of the northern half of this continent, possesses the shortest water route between the continents of Europe and America and America and Asia,

thereby inheriting a natural strategic position which, if supplemented by energetic measures of transportation development within, will place her in an unassailable position for the command of a large portion of the international trade between the Mother Country and the East.

This means a business connection with a market containing 450,000,000 people in China alone, 300,000,000 in India and 40,000,000 more in Japan. If we can become the carriers for a portion of this great international trade, if we can offer transportation inducements for the capture of our share of this business, then every ton of through freight handled over Canadian rails and by Canadian waterways will reduce the cost of transporting the grain products of the West and the manufactured products of the East, and will bring into closer touch the growing population of this country in all its parts.

In this connection one must not forget that from the little sea-girt islands in the North Sea, which we call the Motherland, over 3,000 miles of the Atlantic, across this Canada of ours, over 3-



Samuel Cunard

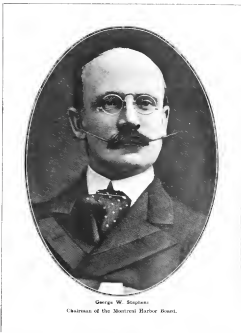
One of the Founders of the Cunard Steamship Line in 1806. He was a resident of Halifax.

000 miles more, and again for 6,000 miles over the peaceful waters of the Pacific, the thin red line of transportation ploughing the waters of two oceans, traversing the fertile plains of a continent, over

## CANADIAN TRANSPORTATION

this continuous and shortest trade route float the folds of our country's flag. The greatness of our Motherland is founded on her command of the water-borne trade

continent, one finds three natural outlet channels for the trade of the great Northwest, the Mississippi River, the St. Lawrence River and the Hudson Bay.



George W. Squires

Chairman of the Montreal Harbor Board.

of the world. If Canada is to become likewise great she, too, must not neglect the development of her transportation.

Taking a map of the North American

The Mississippi is navigable from the Falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico for more than 2,000 miles. The great chain of lakes connecting the Gulf and

River of St. Lawrence give a continuous navigation of 2,500 miles to the heart of a great continent. Hudson Bay will be one day tapped, and for a portion of the year at least afford auxiliary means of transport for grain cargoes out of the West. Of these three natural means of exit, the Dominion of Canada controls two, and by supplementing her natural inheritance by the building of the Georgian Bay canal she will place herself in the proud possession of a water route that will not only induce the trade of

3. From Western ports of Lake Superior to Canadian sea ports.

4. From Canadian sea ports to Europe, and the reverse in each case.

All this of necessity involves the consideration of storage requirements of lake, river and ocean ports.

The harbor facilities of inland lakes, rivers and ocean terminals.

The conditions with regard to the navigation of the St. Lawrence route and the provision of a well-equipped terminal for use during the winter months when Montreal has no direct water access to the sea.

This question further involves the consideration of the forces operating against an all-Canadian transportation plan:

1. Competition by U.S. Railways.
2. Competition by U.S. vessels from Lake Superior ports.
3. Diversion of Canadian product through the Eastern outlets of Boston, Portland, etc.

The subject is too vast to here consider in its entirety. An idea of its importance may, however, be realized if we study briefly transportation as it affects grain.

Of what, therefore, does this grain trade consist?

What are its possibilities of growth?  
What equipment do we Canadians possess to handle it?

When we speak of the grain areas of Western Canada we mean—

Acres.

Manitoba, containing ..... 27,000,000  
Saskatchewan, containing ... 52,000,000  
Assiniboia, containing ..... 50,000,000  
Alberta, containing ..... 42,000,000  
or a total area suitable for cultivation of wheat of 171,000,000 acres.

Should only one quarter of this area be put under cultivation at the average yield of the past three years, this would give 800,000,000 bushels.

Out of the 171,000,000 acres, in the year 1900 only two and a half million acres were under cultivation.

In 1900 this had grown to six millions. In the year 1900 the yield was thirty-three and a half millions.

In 1905 the yield was one hundred millions.

This grain was taken care of in 1900 in 533 elevators distributed at convenient points west of Lake Superior, with a combined capacity of 18,000,000 bushels. In 1906 the number had increased to 1,200 elevators with a capacity of 90,000,000 bushels.

The railway mileage from the base of the Rocky Mountains to the Red River, covering this wheat area, was:

Now as the whole of this grain, which is shipped eastward, is tributary to the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, Grand Trunk and G. T. Pacific Railways, carried to Port Arthur and Fort William, from thence to the sea, it is of the most vital import that a continuity of efficient transportation facilities shall prevail from the West to the sea on Canadian soil.



Hon. John Young

One of the founders of the Canadian Pacific.

her own great West to follow its course, but will attract to it a very large portion of the trade of the Western States.

The question of Canadian transportation has been divided as follows by the Transportation Commission, whose valuable report ought to be made known to every Canadian interested in the country's progress:

1. From place of production to Canadian sea ports.
2. From place of production to Western ports of Lake Superior.



L. B. Guérin

A Member of the Montreal Harbor Board.

In 1901 ..... 3,350  
In 1905 ..... 5,600

The wheat acreage increased in five years from two and a half to six million acres.

The wheat grown from thirty-three and a half to one hundred million bushels and the mileage from 3,350 to 5,600 miles.

From Winnipeg to the commencement of water transportation at Port Arthur and Fort William is 427 miles. The two existing railways will be double-tracked and the Grand Trunk Pacific will add another available route, and yet with a continuous growth of population and a continuous building of railways it seems hardly possible to build fast enough. It

is a race between the ingenuity of man and the fertility of the soil.

On arrival at Port Arthur and Fort William the grain is stored in huge elevators which now have a capacity of twenty millions.

The corresponding lake ports on the United States side are Duluth, Superior and Chicago, upon whose harbors the United States Government have spent already ten millions.

As an example of the colossal growth of Lake Superior tonnage, the value of craft in this trade in 1887 amounted to two millions, while in 1904 it amounted to seventy millions.

When the grain is elevated at the western end of Lake Superior it awaits shipment by boat from there to the Georgian Bay ports of Depot Harbor, Victoria, Midland, Port Colborne, Buffalo or Oswego, where it is again discharged into huge elevators and then shipped to the sea by rail or boats as the case may be.

Canadian transhipping points east of the Great Lakes are:

Cleveland .....	2
Detroit .....	2
Total .....	32 1-2

\*Building.  
From the Georgian Bay ports westward three railways run to the sea, and already 160 out of the 190 miles of the Trent Valley Canal system are completed, joining the Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario.

This gives to Canada the following choice of routes from Port William to the sea, within her own territory.

1. The all-water route, via the Great Lakes, Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence River to Montreal.

2. All-water route, via Georgian Bay, Trent Valley and the St. Lawrence River to the sea.

3. Water and rail, via the Georgian Bay ports, Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways to Montreal.

A comparison between the chief water route from the Great Lakes to New York with the Canadian water route from the Great Lakes to Montreal furnishes interesting matter for consideration.

	American Water Route Buffalo, Lake Canal, Albany, Hudson River to New York	Canadian Water Route Port Colborne, Welland Canal, Lake Ontario to Montreal	In favor of the Canadian Water Route
Distance	432 miles.	320 miles.	112 miles shorter.
Number miles of canal	308 "	64 "	242 miles less
Number miles of clear river navigation	124 "	256 "	132 miles more.
Average draft	8 feet	14 feet	6 feet more.
Large capacity	6,800 bushels.	10,000 bushels.	3,200 bush. more.
Ton consumed	5,000 bushels.	45 bushels.	4,955 bush. less.
Total hours, navigation season	8,500 hours.	5,000 hours.	3,500 hours less.
Possible trips per carrying unit	27 trips.	48 trips.	21 trips more.
Possible, ton, capacity and carrying unit per season.	218,000 bushels.	3,780,000 bushels.	3,562,000 bushels.

#### Elevator capacity. Millions.

Midland .....	4
Depot Harbor .....	1 1-2
*Victoria Harbor .....	4
Port Colborne .....	2
Kinston and Prescott .....	2

Total .....

The U.S. ports are:

Buffalo .....	22
Oswego .....	1
Toledo .....	5 1-2

The advantages of the Canadian water route over the American water route may be stated to be as follows:

1. That the St. Lawrence water route from the Great Lakes to Montreal is shorter than the American water route from the Great Lakes to New York by 110 miles.

2. That the number of miles of slow speed canal navigation by way of the Canadian route as compared with the American route is less by 242 miles.

3. That the Canadian water route

furnishes more draft than the American by 8 feet.

4. That a boat using the Canadian water route can carry in cargo more than a boat using the American water route, each trip, 72,000 bushels.

5. That the time consumed each trip by the Canadian route is less than that by the American route by 40 hours.

6. That the length of open navigation is identical in both cases.

7. That it takes a tow of ten boats on the American route to carry what may be carried by the Canadian route in one.

8. That one boat by the Canadian water route can carry more bushels of grain per season than can be carried by one on the American route by 3,544,000 bushels.

Yet notwithstanding these overwhelming advantages in favor of the Canadian route, the American railways carry through Buffalo the business that ought to go through the Canadian canals, and they are able to do this only because no adequate terminal facilities have been supplied in Canada to take care of this business. When these facilities are provided Canada will control the grain export business of North America.

The railways, however, from Buffalo to New York and Boston have so developed their carrying capacity and so reduced periodically their freight rates as to practically kill the Erie Canal as the carrying medium of export grain. It therefore becomes a question at the present moment for the Canadian water route to join hands with Canadian railways to bring this business into its natural channel.

Taxpayers of the State of New York have decided to spend \$10,000,000 to enlarge the Erie Canal to a depth of 12 feet. By so doing they propose to reduce the cost of carrying a bushel of wheat from Buffalo to New York to three-fourths of a cent. This would require the railways to reduce their price for the rail haul from Buffalo to New York from four cents to three-fourths of a cent, which is not thought a possibility by transportation authorities.

But the point I desire to make in connection with these figures is this. If our American competitors deem it worth

while to spend \$10,000,000 to get a waterway of 12 feet deep from Buffalo to the Hudson River, is it not about time that Canadians awakened to the fact that without the expenditure of another dollar on canals they are the owners to-day of a through water route of 14 feet draught, and could, if they supply the terminals and the carrying power, be in an even better competitive position than the United States will be after it has spent the proposed \$10,000,000 on its Erie Canal.

Investigation into the comparative cost



C. C. Sakasany

A Member of the Montreal Harbor Board.

of carrying a ton of freight a mile by rail and by water by the highest authorities gives the following result:

A 6,500 gross ton freighter, costing \$280,000 on a 1,000-mile trip, will carry her maximum cargo at a cost not exceeding 0.6 of a cent per ton per mile. This is less than 1-10 of the average freight rate per ton per mile that is earned by the railways on this continent. The cheapness of the carrying power of water as compared with rail will be made more clear by the fact that in large freight vessels the consumption of coal is five

pounds per 100 ton miles of freight carried, whereas the consumption of coal on railways is 19 pounds per 100 ton miles.

The problem of cheapening the cost of handling the nation's business leads the student of transportation into figures the magnitude of which becomes almost staggering. The Canadian railways at the present moment are handling annually \$8,000,000 tons of freight and 28,000,000 passengers. If you can reduce the cost two cents per ton you make a saving of \$1,600,000 in the transportation charges on your business.

It is a curious fact, vouched for by a high railway authority, that the average daily work of a freight car in Canada to-day ranges between 29 and 33 miles, just a little over a mile an hour. This presents a very interesting phase of the transportation question, and shows that the railways obtain but a very small proportion of the efficiency out of the cars at their disposal. What is the use of perfecting roadbeds, reducing grades, laying 80-pound rails, building huge Mogul engines, and strengthening bridges in order to increase the length of trains, if inadequate facilities are provided at the terminals for the quick despatch of cars differently routed to their proper destination?

And here is where the problem of cheapening transportation is to be solved by the development on broad and comprehensive lines of our sea ports at which our rail and water ways converge. In this connection I may be pardoned for referring to a national development with which I have been personally associated for the past year, during which time it has been my privilege to stand at the gateway of Canada's commerce and watch the ebb and flow of that great volume of trade which leaves our shores in the shape of exports and the immense cargoes for distribution throughout this country. There is at the present moment going on in the Port of Montreal a development to take care of the import and the export trade of Canada, into which is being put \$4,500,000, and she is getting for that expenditure 14 ocean berths and 14 double-deck steel concrete freight sheds, with a storage area of

1,500,000 square feet, and a working capacity of 150,000 tons of freight per week. It becomes a question therefore of considerable moment whether this expenditure is a wise one, and whether when completed the Canadian people will possess in their national port facilities an accommodation that will enable them to hold their own with the rival ports of this continent. Looking around for a comparison, we find that New York is paying \$29,000,000 in the year of 1907 for an improvement scheme almost identical with our own. For that \$29,000,000 New York builds eight piers and places upon them eight double-deck steel concrete sheds, having an area of 120,000 square feet less than those now being erected in Montreal. Montreal's development will place alongside of every shed two railway tracks, whereas the New York development is inaccessible to railways, and cars have to be lightered on barges into the ship and vice versa. This means that Canada is getting a port development for four and a half millions that New York has got to spend twenty-nine millions to obtain, and by having the additional advantage of direct inter-communication between the railways, sheds and ships it has been possible during the past season to effect a very considerable saving in the handling charges of freight through the Port of Montreal.

There have been handled by the Traffic Department of the Harbor Commission during the last season 1,500,000 tons of freight, carried in 75,000 cars, 400,000 tons of this freight were handled direct between the car, shed and ships, or vice versa. On this 400,000 tons of freight there has been an estimated saving of 50 per cent, or \$80,000 in the handling charges alone. In other words, this means that the Port of Montreal has been able during the past season to handle 400,000 tons of freight for what it used to cost to handle 300,000 tons; and as almost the whole of this saving has been effected on through freight destined to all parts of Canada and all parts of the world, it is a matter of gratification that in the near future Canadians may possess the cheapest, shortest and safest trade avenue on this con-

tinent. The true national significance of the Port of Montreal and the interest that every Canadian citizen should have in its expansion and development is evi-

dent upon this continent under like conditions.

This possession enormously increases the value of the Port of Montreal as a



A View of the Completed King Edward Pier, Montreal.

denced by the following phase of the annual business.

Canadians possess the only clear water route from the Great Lakes to the sea on this continent which permits vessels drawing 14 feet to carry their cargoes to and from the Port of Montreal. Every railroad has direct communication with the water front of this port, which is owned and controlled by the people, not

natural asset, and with proper terminal development and proper use of the waterways already in existence the Port of Montreal will afford:

To the growers of grain in the great Northwest,

To the fruit and farm products of the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec,

To the lumber interests of British Columbia and New Brunswick,



A View of the Completed Alexandra Pier, Montreal.

a foot of the fore shore of the Harbor of Montreal in its entire extent of ten miles of frontage being privately owned, thus making possible the only economic har-

To the coal and iron interests of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton,

To the importing and exporting merchants of the entire country,

To the farmers producing cheese and butter.

In short, to every Canadian citizen doing business throughout the country the cheapest, safest and quickest delivery and receiving point on this continent.

The Port of Montreal takes care of the imports of the iron manufacturer, now amounting to ten and a quarter millions a year.

Of the woollen manufacturer, who imports upwards of seven millions a year.

Of the sugar merchants, importing six millions a year.

Of the cotton manufacturers, importing three and a half.

Of the users of flax, hemp and jute, who import one and a quarter million.

Of the grain plains of the Great West,

tion on this continent meets the deepest artificial waterway, connecting it with 2,500 miles of water navigation into the heart of this great continent. For that reason during seven months in the year the cheapest, safest and quickest trade route for the large export and import business of this country ought naturally to gravitate toward Montreal, and it is a national duty that the Port of Montreal should be developed on broad and comprehensive national principles. The plan of this development on such a comprehensive scale should be given the best expert attention in all its details that money, time and experience can afford. In thus laying out a definite and complete plan covering development work for the next 25 years and carrying it on in

increase is not exceeded and we go on increasing at the rate of half a million a year, in 25 years the population of this country would be 18,000,000; and if at the end of 25 years all outside immigration should cease, we will then be adding to our population at the rate of two millions a year, which in 25 years more, or 50 years from 1907, would give to this country (Canada) a population of 60,000,000 people.

This is the great future that Canada must now lay the foundation for, that Canada must build railways, canals and ocean terminals to take care of.

The safety of this great future must be guarded by the aggregate individual integrity of her citizens. This wonderful panorama of development is almost unfolding itself without our realizing what is going on, and as the lines of our transportation are extending themselves to the outermost corners of this great Dominion, unconsciously is being established a bond of union under the folds of a common flag which has been the symbol of equal rights, justice and freedom to the least of her citizens since the British Empire began. We may not speak the same tongue nor worship at the same altar, yet as children of a common flag we are bound together by the thread of a common patriotism over whose strands—like the power of Na-

gara passing over wires to move in far distant places the wheels of mighty commerce—is passing a force of brotherhood,



Lord Mount Stephen

Whose Catholicism Faith and Iron Will Resulted in the First Island of Steel Crossing Canada

sympathy and power against which neither the voice of the demagogue nor the roar of hostile cannon can avail.



A View of the Completed Jacques Cartier Pier, Montreal.

the grazing lands of Ontario and Quebec, which exported through the Port of Montreal in 1906, forty million dollars worth of animals and their products.

Cheese and butter coming from Quebec and Ontario, eighteen millions more.

Manufactured goods for South Africa, Australia and the West Indies, four millions more.

The forest, fisheries and mines, seven millions more.

And so it becomes truly of broad national interest to all Canadians no matter what be their occupation, or where they may live, that somewhere in Canada there should be proper terminal facilities to handle Canadian business.

Montreal happens to be at the point where the farthest inland ocean naviga-

tion, when the whole is complete there will be harmony in all its parts and a development that will enable Canadians to handle their own business efficiently and economically, and compete for the business of the Western States on a basis that will produce satisfactory results.

Alongside of the transportation question and inseparable from it is the question of the growth of our population. The dream of 100 millions of people in this country is not so far off as might be supposed at first sight.

Last year's crop of newcomers from all sources, on reliable authority, amounted to 400,000 people. Add 100,000 as the natural increase to our own population and you have an annual increase in 1907 of half a million people. If this yearly

He whispered—My business came and echoed—Sagacity.  
He shouted—My business survived and echoed—Fragility.  
He thundered—My business grew and echoed—Publicity.

—Austin A. Briggs





The Building in Queen's Park, Toronto, Lately Occupied by the Meteorological Service

## Making Canadian Weather Predictions

By Annie P. McKiszie

A WAY back along about the year 1879, in the bush-country, where I was brought up, we had a man by the name of Elwood working for us, and he was the first weather prophet I ever knew. What Jim looked in reputation generally he made up on the weather prediction end. He certainly had a fame as a weather prophet. I learned a lot from Jim—such as it was, and I remember sitting by and watching him many a time as he voiced his predictions to the admiring neighbors, who "just dropped in like to see what indications were for to-morrow." Everybody believed Jim knew what kind of weather we were going to have, and I must confess there were times he struck it pretty close. Occasionally a "doubting Thomas" would appear and scoff at Jim, and at such times he usually treated the doubter with a mild tolerance and kept a strained silence. At other times, if we

chanced to coincide with an opinion, voiced by the sceptic, Jim would pour out an arsenal of "sign-talk" upon us that made us fairly scot for cover.

Poor old Jim! He read the signs and formed his deductions from them. He knew a "dry moon" and a "wet moon." A circle about the moon meant rain, "sure as shootin'." If there was one star inside the circle the rain was one day away. If there were three stars "we'd be havin' rain afore the end of the third day." Jim's rheumatism always warned him of the cold easterly rains, he never failed that I know of in his prediction of this particularly unpleasant weather. Early in the fall, Jim used to look about for the signs that would tell him if we were going to have a cold or an open winter. Sometimes when we boys would return from the marsh, in the first of the ducking season, he would say: "Let's have a look at them ducks a minute."

And he would dig down in the breast feathers of a blue-winged teal, and measure the depths of its coat. "I ain't countin' much on these teal," he would say, "they don't hang around here much when it gets cold, although they seem to be puttin' on a pretty snug coat. Avn't got a shoveler or a red-head there, have you?" If we chanced to have the specie asked for, Jim would sit down on a log and "read us a sign." "Look here," he would say, plucking a fistful of feathers from the fowl, "see that coat of down on his breast? Well, that's his undershirt and it's some heavy. That means a cold winter sure as you're born."

Later, when the traps were set along the creek, Jim would examine the coat of the muskrat, the mink and other animals we brought in. "Fur's extra heavy," he would say, "yep, we're goin' to have a mighty cold winter."

When the first flurry of snow fell, Jim would keep a close watch on the trees. If the snow blew off easily it meant lots more snow during the winter. If it clung to the branches until it melted, the chances were "we'd have a poor season for loggin'."

I have thought that Jim's being something of a naturalist, helped him in reading the signs. He knew every bird and animal in the bush and he knew their habits as well.

"Birds don't quit singin' all of a sudden and fluff up their feathers without a cause," he would say. "It's goin' to rain right soon. See them crickets scottin' for cover, don't they know?"

And, somehow, they did seem to know, too. If the rat-houses were unusually well built and of a greater thickness than ordinarily, it was a sign of a cold winter. If, on the other hand, they were lightly thrown up, and their walls thin, it meant an open winter.

Later in the autumn, Jim used to examine the feet of the ruffed grouse the lads would bring in from the bush. "That partridge has got his snowshoes on," he would say, pointing to the feathers between the bird's toes. "Lots of snow, that means, or this partridge ain't growin' any snowshoes. Didn't I say we needn't expect any snow this winter?"

Those old bush lands are all cleared now and Jim, too, has passed away with the wild, natural beauty of the place. Those wooded ridges along which the grouse used

to strut and drum, bear mile upon mile of golden grain to-day. But Jim's name is kept in remembrance still, and men, who were toddlers when he was a "weather-prophet," speak of lean Jim, of his signs and his wonderful gift to foretell the weather.

And to think that as far back as the year 1871, or even before that, perhaps, men of science called Meteorologists, were by delicate instruments and the art of forming accurate deductions, working along a scientific basis to get ahead of the weather.



R. P. Stewart

Director of the Dominion Meteorological Observatory

ther. Meteorologists, generally, are of the opinion that the weather some times fool her forest and marsh animals, the same as she fools mankind.

A few years ago, for instance, when the vast herds of buffalo roamed across our Northwestern prairie lands, an unusually mild autumn altered them to put off their southern migration. Sixty thousand of them in a single couple perished in the terrible blizzards that followed. And this is but a small percentage of the total that marks one of the greatest tragedies of the

prairie animal world. Then, too, the wild fowl of our own marshes are fooled by the weather sometimes. Not many years ago, if you will remember, the sun set on a tranquil autumn day and the wild ducks were happy and contented in the shallow beds of our Lake Erie. That night Dame Weather changed her mood and gave no warning. That night millions of the marsh fowl perished in her icy grip. Thus we learn that weather cannot be accurately predicted by signs, and the question arises, will weather conditions ever be successfully predicted for coming years? Undoubtedly yes. The splendid work of Meteorologists

storms that have swept our lakes during the past four years. And in nearly every case he has found that the weather predictions chronicled at the Toronto Observatory, and scattered broadcast over our Dominion through the press, the public bulletins and the coast signal stations, gave warning that a gale or storm was pre-eminent; and gave it many hours in advance of the storm. In our Dominion at present, there are about 80 storm signal stations, distributed along and over the Great Lakes from Father Point in the St. Lawrence River eastward to Cape Breton and Prince Edward Island. There are also other storm signal stations on the Pacific coast at Vancouver, Victoria and Nanaimo. What the object of these storm signal stations is, is at once obvious, and to the Dominion Government and the excellent Meteorological service, it supports, great praise is due for their commendable action in erecting these stations at great cost and in the face of many difficulties, that the loss of life to fishermen and sailors might be minimized. Those who venture to sea in face of the warnings given, are becoming fewer year by year. The storm signal service has proven itself a boon to the sailor, and for it he is thankful. The saving of one large vessel a year will pay the whole annual grant to the Meteorological service twice over.

Shippers of perishable goods value the long range forecasts usually covering from two to three days, and particularly during the winter months, watch them closely, as severe frosts materially injure and often totally ruin the articles of shipment. Commission merchants importing fruits and other articles susceptible to cold or climate, are also interested inquirers, as is also the oyster dealer who wishes to bring shell oysters from Baltimore to Canada and knows that the slightest frost will kill these bivalves. Brewers and wine merchants note the probabilities anxiously. Two degrees of frost will destroy beer. Railroads are warned of heavy snowfalls, days in advance of them, and have their snowplows in readiness for the work of keeping their tracks open. As spring advances the packers watch the forecasts anxiously, on the lookout for mild spells, and during the summer months farmers search their week-

ly for the "Probs" and map out the work according to their predictions.

The Observatory—or, more correctly speaking, the Meteorological office, in Toronto—is the central office for the whole of Canada, and is under the Dominion Department of Marine and Fisheries. For years this excellent institution has occupied premises in Queen's Park, but now, midway between Spadina Avenue and Avenue Road, on the south side of Bloor Street, a grand and imposing structure is being erected, which is to be the Dominion Meteorological office of the future. Mr. R. F. Stupart is its efficient director. At present the bureau is located—temporarily—at the corner of Bloor Street and Spadina Avenue. To this office, records from every station in Canada from Cape Breton to the Yukon are forwarded, the directors of these stations being under the control of the director at Toronto.

In all there are some 350 stations where meteorological observations are taken, many of the operators performing the task gratuitously, from love of the work. The Government having supplied them the instruments necessary for so doing, while at some 38 stations scattered at about equal intervals across Canada, small salaries are paid the observers.

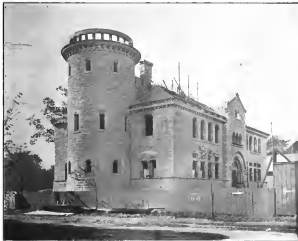
Twice each day, the results of the observations taken in these 38 stations, are telegraphed by means of certain code signals to the central office at Toronto, so that at about 25 minutes after the observations are taken, they are recorded. The records are obtained by the observer first of all reading his barometer, applying a correction for altitude, as the height above the sea level varies at the different stations. Next he obtains the correct temperature by means of an ordinary thermometer, which, combined with the reading of a wet bulb ther-



See heliograph telescope used at the Observatory.

bids fair to ultimately succeed in giving the public a correct prediction. In fact, the art is now far past the experimental stage, about 85 per cent. of the predictions from our observatory proving themselves correct.

Suppose we consider for a moment what this means to us as a people. It means that masters of vessels, who heed the storm signals displayed along the shores of our waters, will save property, and—vastly more important—life. The author has taken the pains to review from newspaper extracts accounts of a number of the most disastrous



The New Dominion Meteorological Observatory, in course of erection.

anemometer gives him the relative humidity of the air. He then obtains the highest and lowest readings, during the last twelve hours, from a self-registering thermometer. An anemometer, commonly known as a wind gauge, which automatically records the direction and velocity of the wind on a revolving cylinder, gives him this information, while, at the same time, the observer notes the kind of clouds that are visible, if any, and the direction from which they are moving. His observations made, the result is wired to central office and entered on a map of North America. Where the barometric reading of two or more stations are the same, they are connected by means of charcoal lines. Thus the entire continent is marked out so as to show where the barometer is high and where it is low. Once the reports from the different stations are translated and entered on the skeleton map of our continent a panoramic view of the weather conditions existing throughout all North America, is given, reports from some 144 stations in the United States being received daily from our neighbor country in exchange for observations sent her from the several Meteorological stations in Canada.

From this chart, the forecasters issue a statement of readings and probabilities for the press. A storm raging in the West is noted by the recorder of the station nearest to it. He has learned its direction of travel and an intimation of the storms arrival at other places, estimates its velocity. From this data its arrival at different points along the route may be safely predicted. Thus, because electricity is quicker than the wind, observers are enabled to warn us of an approaching storm, hours in advance of it.

Wireless telegraphy will be a valuable

asset to the weather predictors, as stations may now be placed in such places where the laying of telegraph wires has been impossible. "Wireless" is used now at Belle Isle Station, which lies between Newfoundland and Point Amour.

Our Meteorologists have reduced weather to a science. They deal with first causes without concern for signs and appearances. We learn that weather is a condition as wide and as great as the continent, and for every disturbance in it there is a cause—reading back, perhaps, thousands of miles away. To get a grip on these distant causes, to track the weather on its way hither and to get scientifically ahead of it—is what the Meteorologist aims at.

Some of the facts we glean from conversation with these men who keep their finger on the pulse of the weather are more than interesting and instructive. Among other things we learn that the weather changes travel from the westward to the eastward, and that there are no such things as east rains. In short, many of the opinions of we average humans, regarding weather, are proven erroneous. After the pleasant Meteorologist talks to us for awhile and we begin to grasp his facts—proven facts, mind you—we also begin to realize that what we don't know about the weather is colossal. Among the instruments used in the central office from which records are obtained, is the Canadian Standard Barometer. It is far different from the instrument with which most people are familiar, being a large metal affair, standing about three feet high. It is the same as the barometer which is the standard in Great Britain, and is called "Newman, No. 33." It is the most accurate that has so far been invented, though it was constructed many years ago.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. They accomplish much. They make other people good-natured.—Pascal.

## The Experience of the Grafter

By J. Frank Davis in Ainslie's.

Governor Preston sat at his big, flat library-desk, studying the returns from the last ballot at the convention. Across the room Bosworth, his secretary, was scanning the latest editions of the afternoon papers. The September twilight was fading and the electric lights had been turned on.

A servant knocked and entered. "Mrs. Ellison has gone to her room with a headache, sir," she said. "Miss Ruth is having her supper now. She wants to know if she can come in to see you before she goes to bed—at eight o'clock."

"Tell her yes, Mary," said the governor, glancing up. "Things ought to be over by then—one way or the other," he remarked to Bosworth.

"I should think so," replied the secretary. "They've been at it since noon. I don't believe any convention in this State ever lasted so long."

"Just let me look at that last ballot again," said the governor. "The one you received while I was at dinner."

Bosworth brought him the slip.

"Evans said there was a good deal of confusion and lots of excitement, but it looked to him as though you might be nominated on the next ballot. He said Gregson's men were likely to break for you at any minute. If they do you'll have a good strong majority."

Governor Preston studied the slip, analyzing the figures again.

"Yes," he said. "And I'd get Williamson's eighteen votes, too—or most of them—if Evans pulls off a stampede."

"The optimism of youth surged up in Bosworth. 'You're just the same as renominated already,' he said enthusiastically."

The older man nodded in half agreement. "Perhaps," he said, "but I'll be surer of it when the last ballot is taken. I know Jim Woolford. He knows all the tricks there are in politics—and works them, too. The one ambition of his life is to be governor of this State. He's got a hundred and sixty-eight votes out of two hundred and

thirty-six for the nomination, and if hook or crook will get him the rest—"

The insistent ringing of the telephone-bell interrupted the sentence. Bosworth seized the receiver.

"Hello," he said. "Yes, this is Bosworth. What? Don't talk so fast. I can't understand. They've done—what? They wouldn't dare—what?"

Covering the transmitter with his hand he turned a suddenly flushed face to the governor.

"It's Evans," he said tensely. "He says there's hell to pay. Somebody's spread a story all over the convention hall that you personally engineered that deal in the Legislature, last spring, that gave the Metropolitan Railroad that big grab up State. They are saying you sold out the State. The Ledger has got out an extra and is calling you a grafter in big type on the first page."

"Yes, yes," cried the secretary into the telephone, in response to the frantic "hellos" of Preston's campaign manager, at the other end of the wire. He listened again, with occasional monosyllabic interjections, while the governor, his square, clean-shaven jaw set into that rigidity that his enemies had learned to fear, stood silent, every brain-cell at work in the endeavor to meet and counteract this last move in a most desperate political fight.

"Evans thinks Woolford is at the bottom of it," said Bosworth, in a moment, turning from the phone, "but he isn't sure yet. He says the country delegates are wavering. Our fellows succeeded in getting an adjournment for supper, but if we can't do something to head off this story before they come back they're likely to stampede to Woolford on the next ballot."

"Give me the phone!" The governor was alert, sharp, incisive, stern. "Hello, Tom! This is Preston. What are you doing? Good! And have every countryman buttonholed within the next half-hour. Don't let them get at him first. Deny it absolutely. Use my authority all you want

to. Where is Woolford? Find out. And watch all his lieutenants. I'll keep in touch with things. If it's necessary I'll come onto the convention floor myself—precedents or no precedents. I was afraid of something like this. Because I know Woolford, that's why."

Governor Preston sat at his desk for a moment in deepest thought. Then he barked to his secretary.

"Call up every place where you think he might be and find Jim Woolford," he commanded. "Tell him I want to see him at once. No. Don't telephone. Send a messenger, or go yourself. Have him brought here the minute he is found."

The governor turned and began to search the drawers of his desk. Bosworth reached the door, then hesitated.

"Suppose he refuses to come?" he suggested.

It was a good point. The usual courtesy demanding that a State senator call at once upon the governor whenever requested might very well fail at such a time as this. The governor wrinkled his brows, thinking deeply.

"If he says he won't come," he finally said, "tell him he'd better come unless he wants the Ellington affair ruled up again, both now and during the campaign. That'll bring him—or I don't know him."

Left alone, Governor Preston continued to search the drawers of his desk. In a moment he found a package of large envelopes, held by a rubber band. Running over the inscriptions on each he took from the package an envelope marked "Metropolitan." He spread its contents out upon the desk before him and went over the papers, one by one. Coming upon what he sought—a sheet of foolscap covered with writing—he read it carefully, then returned the other papers to their envelope and replaced the package in its drawer.

The sheet of foolscap, folded, he concealed beneath the big Notting-god that covered his desk. Then he crossed the room and sank into his favorite Morris chair. There was nothing more, for the moment, that he could do personally. At the convention hall his lieutenants, he knew, were frantically working to save the day. And he had great confidence in Representative Tom Evans, his campaign manager.

At last it had come.

Somehow he had always known that some time, somewhere, he and Jim Woolford would come to a climax. They had always known one another. They had gone to school together, played together, fought together, and always disliked one another. As they grew to manhood they had loved the same girl—Governor Preston's face clouded—and she had married Woolford. That was why Preston was still a bachelor, living with his widowed sister. He had never asked any woman to marry him. He had no desire to since the day when he came home from Cuba in a feverish, determined to tell his love to Ethel Severance as soon as he should be sufficiently recovered—and had found, in the first mail he was allowed to open at Montauk, the letter that announced her engagement, to Woolford.

His mind wandered over the years that had passed since then—nearly ten. A feeling of age came over him—that feeling that comes, now and then, especially in moments of bitter struggle, to all men of forty as they look back over the hurrying years and the thought sinks into their heart that they have lived more than half their allotted days.

He had been successful in business and in politics. He had accumulated not great wealth, but a sufficiency of the world's goods. Running for the House in the days right after peace had been made with Spain, when it was a political asset for a man to have belonged to a regiment that saw active service, his energy, brilliancy, honesty, and ability to make friends and keep them had smoothed for him a pathway through the State Senate to the governor's chair. And now he was fighting for the nomination that should allow him to sit for another year in the executive chamber—for a nomination by his party had always been equivalent to election.

It had been a bitter fight. Those politicians who believe in a spoils system raised to the nth power frankly confessed that they had no use for Preston. The public-service corporations didn't like him—he was too prone to ask "Where does the State come in?" when they suggested beneficial legislation. He had done his duty as he saw it. Therefore there were powerful interests opposed to him. And Senator James Woolford, who had been second all day in the convention balloting and would win the

nomination if this last and most outrageous campaign lie had its desired effect, was the opposition incarnate.

Preston hardly doubted that he would be renominated, even now. He knew his weapons and he knew himself. And, withal, he was one of those men who never admit they are whipped. The configuration of his jaw showed that to any who cared to look. But as he sat this evening with his eyes half closed, waiting, it seemed to him that it was all not worth while. Successful in business and in politics—in everything but love, he thought regretfully, and love, after all, was the only thing that could count.

The door was pushed open softly and a curly black head was stuck cautiously through the opening. It was followed, an instant later, by a little body dressed in white. The child that owned the head and body shook her finger impressively at the doll she carried in her arms, to insure its perfect silence, and tiptoed elaborately into the room. In the middle of the floor she stopped, carefully laid the doll in a chair and said, with an effort at appearing "grown-up":

"Ahem!"

Governor Preston started from his reverie. When he saw who his visitor was his eyes lighted up. "Why, chick," he said, playfully, "where did you come—?"

The little girl, refusing to notice his outstretched hand, was going through a little pantomime very evidently pre-arranged in her mind.

Very gravely she attempted a deep and stately curtsy—a proceeding that resulted in her toppling over ignominiously, whereupon the governor smiled and she giggled hysterically. She recovered her gravity at once, however, began and this time completed the elaborate bow, and proceeded to make this speech, composed quite evidently as the result of memories of state occasions:

"Miss Ruth Preston Hamilton presents her compliments to Mr. Uncle Harry Preston, governor of this great and ga-lo-rious State, and begs to remind him that she promised to tell her a perfectly be-yew-tiful fairy-story."

The governor entered into the spirit of the thing. Perhaps it relieved the tension of his mind. Besides, it was common knowledge that he invariably spoiled this little orphaned niece.

He rose and bowed with as much ceremony as though he had been addressing the President of the United States. "Mr. Uncle Harry Preston presents his compliments to Miss Ruth Preston Hamilton," he said, with a dignity that made the child's eyes sparkle with mirth, "assures her that he distinctly remembers the promise, made quite recently at the dinner-table, but begs leave to state that he fears he cannot produce the said be-yew-tiful fairy-story at this time because of a great pressure of business—which business," he added, with a sense of how absurd this scene would look to the fighters at the convention hall, "has to do with his hope that he may continue to remain governor of this great and ga-lo-rious State—and, therefore, he begs to be excused."

The child did not understand all of this. She did grasp, however, that her request was refused. "Oh, Uncle Harry!" she cried, almost in tears. The grandiloquent manner was all gone. She was just a little girl again. He caught her up in his arms.

"I'm awfully sorry, chick," he said.

"But I'm so lonesome," she urged, with her head cuddled on his shoulder. "Aunt Evelyn's gone to her room with a headache, and Mary is downstairs talking to the policeman—and I just ex-cep-tion-ally wanted to hear that story. Besides, you promised me a long time ago that on my birthday you would let me stay with you a long time in the evening."

"Oh—it's your birthday," mused Preston seriously.

The child lifted her head from his shoulder and stared into his face with shocked surprise. "You—didn't—forget it, did you?" she demanded.

The governor lied valiantly. "Why, of course not," he said.

"I'm seven years old now," said Ruth complacently. "Pretty soon I'll be all grown up."

Governor Preston's mind went back to the night, just seven years ago, when the other Ruth, his favorite sister, had closed her eyes upon a tired world and left the new-born Ruth as a memorial. "As if I could ever send a reminder," he thought. Ah, well! Even though one must be a bachelor all his life—the thought was always a poignant one, even after ten years—it was fine to have such a sweet child to love. He pressed her closer to his shoulder.

"So you'll tell me the story," she said, interpreting the caress.

"Well, well," he gave way, as he usually did. "If you've been a good girl to-day."

Through a side door, opening through a hall into the grounds, came Bosworth, hurriedly.

"Woodford's here!" he said.

The governor set the child down and sprang to his feet.

"Where is he?" he asked.

"In the side hall. I thought you might not want people to see him coming through the main entrance just now. Found him myself. First he said he wouldn't come. Then I gave him that Ellington business pretty stiff and he changed his mind."

"Good! Bring him right in. Click!" He turned to the child. "You've got to run along out of this. Take her to Mary, Bosworth."

Ruth's lips began to quiver. "But you didn't tell me the story, Uncle Harry."

"That's so, dear. Well, I'm afraid some other night will have to do."

"And it was going to be a perfectly bewitching fairy-story. Please, Uncle Harry."

She was on the verge of tears. The world is often harsh—at seven.

"There, there," said the governor, kissing her. "I haven't got a minute now, but come back by and by, just before you go to bed, and maybe—mind, I don't say sure, but maybe—I'll be able to get time for the story."

Sunshine dissipated the threatened showers. "I'll be back," said the child, running for her doll. "And please tell it."

As she left the room by one door Bosworth opened the other and ushered in Senator Woodford. The governor had resumed his seat at his desk and affected to be so busy with the papers before him as not to see the outstretched hand of his visitor.

"Good evening, governor," said the senator, with smooth urbanity. "What can I do for you?"

"How are ye, Woodford. Sit down, Smoke."

Woodford, at ease and apparently not a bit displeased with himself, took the proffered cigar and lit it. As he tossed away the match the governor came to the point abruptly.

"Have you seen the Ledger?" he asked. Woodford was a little surprised at this sudden attack. "Why—yes," he replied, with a little hesitation.

"What do you think of it?"

"Why—The senator was a little sceptical. 'That's a question I have—'

"Figure it's going to nominate you on the next ballot, don't you?"

"Oh, I'd hardly say that. Of course if —" Woodford studied the ash of his cigar attentively—"if you don't happen to be in a position to disprove the story, the natural tendency—"

"Do you believe it?"

This cross-examination was a little disconcerting. "Do I believe what?" asked Woodford, sparring for time.

"The Ledger story. That I was back of the Metropolitan steal. That I sold out to the railroad. That I'm a grafter."

"Why, no, of course not, governor." Woodford's every word reeked of insincerity.

"Have you told your friends you don't believe it?"

"Now, governor!" The senator threw his hands out in a gesture of protest. "That's hardly to be expected. We've got a fight on for that nomination. You want it—I want it. If this thing comes up at the eleventh hour to hurt your chances I'd be a fool to throw away any advantage."

"Would you win on a lie?"

The contempt in the governor's cold voice roused Woodford to defense.

"There's a difference between law-tennis and politics," he said. "I play the game."

"So do I," retorted the governor. "but I play it square." Woodford shrugged his shoulders. "And it isn't square, Woodford, to take this nomination at the cost of my reputation — my character — my good name."

"You talk like the Y.M.C.A."

The governor ignored the snarl. "What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"About what?"

"This story in the Ledger."

"What can I do?"

"Call off your dogs. Refuse to win by any such contemptible trick."

Woodford continued to smile—all but his eyes.

"Contemptible is a harsh word, governor," he said.

"It's the word to fit this case. It's a vicious, vile, contemptible trick. See here, Woodford. You've known me all my life. You know as well as you know anything that I'm not capable of sneaking through that Metropolitan steal. You know I'd have vetoed it in a minute if the governor of this State had the veto power. It was a dirty piece of thievery. The two words that sold the State, body and soul, to the Metropolitan Railroad, were put into that bill after it left the Senate, and the Committee on Engrossed Bills either didn't or wouldn't see them."

"Ancient history, governor," said Woodford. "We know all that before."

"And now you start this story to the effect that I had the words put in—this outrageous—"

Woodford interrupted him with a fine assumption of surprise. "I? Bless you no," he said. "The Ledger dug up the facts."

"And the Ledger is the principal organ back of your candidacy. Now you're talking as if I were a political kindergarten."

"Really, governor, I'm sorry you think I had anything to do with these charges."

The governor leaned across his desk and looked Woodford full in the eye. "If you had known this story was going to be printed—could you have done what you could to stop it?"

"Woodford met his gaze. 'I should have at least given you the opportunity to disprove it'—he laughed a little—"if you can."

"My character—my reputation—my political record—these things ought to disprove it."

"Ought to—yes," agreed the senator unconvincingly.

"See here, Woodford!" snapped the governor. "You talk as if you questioned my innocence of this charge."

Woodford affected a yawn. "Oh, of course your attitude is admirable," he said, "and I hope you can clear yourself of the charge, and all that sort of thing." He looked at his watch and his manner changed. "But I'm too old at the game to believe it," he concluded.

Governor Preston swallowed hard. "You mean—"

Woodford ceased to smile. He rose, and his eyes, steel-hard, narrowed at the governor. "I'm afraid you've come to the end

of your rope, governor," he said, and snapped his watch-case together viciously. "The delegates will reconvene in forty minutes—and I've got things to do before then. Hades! you better resign from the contest before that time, and let it go at that? The evidence—your personal friendship for Wilde of the Metropolitan—the East Side real estate you bought right after the bill was passed—the other links in the chain—are too strong. Even your best friends must believe it. Naturally you have my sympathy, but even I—"

The governor came to his feet with every muscle tense. The men were facing each other across the desk. As he rose the governor placed his hand under the blotting-pad and brought it out holding the paper he had placed there. All his repression vanished.

"You!" he cried. "You hypocrite! You liar! Because I quickly pay out the rope you have the audacity to sit in staid condemnation when I hold here in my hand —" he thrust the paper before Woodford's face—"the evidence that shows beyond a shadow of doubt you are the guilty man."

"What is that?" demanded Woodford.

"The original memorandum sent to a member of the Committee on Engrossed Bills instructing him exactly where to insert the 'joker'—the words 'in perpetuity.' Woodford reached out his hand as though to take the paper for examination. The governor drew it back and held it out of reach. "Not on your life, Woodford," he said. "This paper is my salvation. It doesn't leave my hands until it goes to the people of this State."

A red flush swept up over Woodford's face. "That letter to Schuyler," he cried, "is a forgery!"

"Did I say it was to Schuyler?" demanded the governor. "No. But I will. And I'll say further that it is in a well-known handwriting—and that it bears, in lead-pencil in one corner, the initials 'W. E. J.'—which are your initials, reversed—that you wrote it, Jim Woodford—that you are the grafter—the sneak—the disgrace to his party and his State. You thought it was burned, didn't you? You didn't realize, with all your shrewdness, that a man who would sell himself to do your dirty work would sell out again to others. Don't try that, Woodford," sternly, as the senator made a movement as though he would

throw himself across the desk and take the paper by force. "I can lick you as well to-day as I did when we went to school together. Sit down!"

Woodford obeyed the command mechanically. There was silence for a moment, while he sat limply, readjusting his viewpoint. Then he spoke slowly.

"What—do you propose to do?" he asked.

"To send for the reporters and give them a copy of this memorandum."

"Don't do that, Preston. Remember—we've been friends since we were boys."

The governor threw him back his own sneer. "Politics isn't lawn-tennis," he said.

"I'll play the game—your way."

"It will mean ruin," pleaded Woodford.

"It will mean disgrace. My God! Preston. What will my wife think?"

The governor turned on him sharply. "Let's not bring her into it."

"How can I help it? Don't you see what it will mean to her? She believes me to be the soul of honor. She is certain I never did a dishonest thing or a mean thing in my life. She is sure—"

"Stop!" almost shouted the governor.

"This is a good time to consider her, when you have never considered her before."

When you first entered politics as the slave of the United Machinery did you consider what she would think if she ever found you out? When you killed Tom Stetson's reputation and ruined his life, so he could be defeated by a man you could handle, did you think of her? When you bought poor Ellington of the House and he got caught and blew his brains out for the disgrace of it, did you think of her then? You've played with fire all these years, Jim Woodford, and now you've got to burn."

"She doesn't know any of these things. They never got into the papers. No one ever told her. She believes me to be everything that's good, everything that's—"

"Then it's time she was undeceived."

"Let up on me, Preston. Don't give that paper out. I'll work for you. I'll help you go to Washington, to the Senate."

Governor Preston shook his head impatiently, while Woodford continued: "I'll reform. I'll go straight. Let's think of some other way."

"There is no other way," said the governor. "I gave you your chance when you first came here to-night. I put myself in

your hands. I asked mercy from you. You gave your verdict against me—and you were judging yourself."

"But my wife—"

The governor brought his fist down on his desk. "Your wife," he exclaimed. "Always your wife! Man, don't you suppose I've thought of your wife?"

For a moment Woodford looked into his eyes. Then he sprang from his chair and walked across the room and back.

"That's it!" he cried. "I was a fool not to think of it before. You used to be in love with her yourself. You're in love with her now."

He clenched his fists and the veins on his forehead stood out with rage. "Damn you!" He shook his head at Preston, now also on his feet. "You're not getting square with me for putting up with Ledger's story. You're taking a dirty, cowardly revenge on me for marrying the woman you wanted to marry yourself. Do you deny it?"

"That I wanted to marry her? No! I'm proud of it. You know it now, just as you knew it ten years ago. I never told her—"

you know why. When I went to Cuba with my regiment I hoped to tell her when I came back—if I came back—and when I did she was engaged to you. She never knew I loved her. She never will know it from me."

"And you've waited ten years to get square with me."

"No," said the governor. "I never sought revenge. I hoped you would make her a good husband. I wished her all the good fortune in the world—and you, too, because you were her husband. Why," as Woodford continued to glower incredulously,

"don't you suppose I wanted to make this memorandum public when it first came into my possession, five months ago? Didn't my duty and my inclination both point that way? Then why didn't I? Because you were her husband. Even to-night I gave you your chance, for her sake. If you had shown mercy to me, when you thought you had me down and begging, I should have made terms with you. But now—it's too late. This memorandum is going to the papers."

Woodford covered his eyes with a hand. "She'll leave me when she knows," he almost sobbed. "And then—"

he turned on Preston threateningly, his teeth showing like a wolf's—"You expect to marry her

yourself. I suppose you've begun to make love to her already. Maybe she is willing you should."

The governor struck him full in the face. "You rotten-minded dog!" he cried. Woodford did not return the blow, but, dazed, began mechanically to pat with his fingers the place where it had fallen. The governor turned from him.

"What are you going to do?" asked Woodford, brokenly.

"I'm going to the convention hall," replied the governor chokingly. "I'm going to read this memorandum to the delegates. I'm going to ruin you, do you hear—ruin you? I'll follow it up. I'll have you indicted, arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced, sent to prison, put in stripes. That's what I'm going to do. I've got you between my finger and thumb, so! And, by God! I'm going to squeeze you until you break. Now get out!"

Woodford, stunned, retreated as the governor advanced on him menacingly, mechanically wiping with his handkerchief the brown spot that marked the governor's blow. The door closed behind him.

The governor stood in the middle of the floor and pulled himself together. He had not so lost control of himself for years. He didn't like the experience. The thought flitted through his mind that he now understood something of the feelings of a man who, in the heat of passion, kills his fellow.

He relaxed his tense muscles, took a turn about the room, then securely placed the vital memorandum in an inside pocket and turned to get his hat and coat. He looked at his watch. There yet remained a half hour before the delegates would be called to order.

As he stepped toward the library door it opened and a woman came smilingly into the room.

"Ethel!" he breathed. And then, more formally: "Mrs. Woodford!"

It was no strange thing for Mrs. Woodford to call at his house. She was on terms of intimacy with his sister. Yet it seemed to the governor that he was looking at Mrs. Woodford for the first time in ten years.

Memories leaped upon him, confusing his brain. Her manner told him she had so inking of the scene he had just passed through. Her first words verified this.

"I just dropped in to see Mrs. Ellison," she said, "and find she has gone to her room

with neuralgia, so I stopped to say howdy to you, just for a minute. What's the matter? Aren't you going to shake hands?"

Then he noticed that her hand was extended. He wondered vaguely if she had been holding it out ever since she came in. It was strange how those lights in her hair remained just the same as they were so many years ago. And not a year older in looks, he said to himself—at least not as much older looking as he. He was speaking, lamely enough, as those thoughts ran through his head.

"This is a surprise—it's quite a while—I hardly know—"

She laughed merrily. "A surprise? Why? Because to-day is the convention day and Jim and you are both trying for the nomination. Nonsense! Then her face became serious. "Of course I wanted Jim to get it," she said, "but I'm sorry he's running against you. We're such old friends."

"Wanted him to get it?" The governor repeated her words parrotlike. "Don't you want him to, now?"

"Why, I suppose so. I hardly know. Harry—there was no smile in either voice or soft blue eyes now—"I saw that awful story in the Ledger, and I have been hunting everywhere for Jim to tell him he must hurry out and deny it. I can't find him, so I came here to tell you I know it can't be true. I know Jim will be glad I came."

"Then you don't believe the Ledger story?" said the governor.

"Believe it!" Mrs. Woodford was laughing again. "Absurd! As if anybody could, that knew you. Why, I would as soon believe it of Jim himself."

It was like a dash of cold water in the face. "Excuse me," he said. "Won't you sit down?" Then he continued, trying to speak lightly: "You don't think either of us would do a thing like that, eh?"

"Why, of course not."

"Somebody did."

"But isn't it cruel that they should blame it upon you—of all men?"

"They say all is fair in love, war—and politics."

Mrs. Woodford repelled the idea. "You wouldn't do a thing like that in politics," she said. "Jim wouldn't. Of course you'll tell them you had nothing to do with that horrid thing."

He smiled faintly at her innocence in supposing a mere denial would right the

matter. "Suppose they shouldn't believe me?" he asked.

"She replied with true feminine logic. 'They've got to,' she said. 'Why, if they knew you as well as I do they'd know it was impossible.'"

"They say they've got evidence." "I don't care what they say. I know you didn't do it."

"Suppose I can't prove it?" "She caught her breath at this new view of things. 'But don't you know who did do it?' she asked. 'You do!' she cried, as the governor merely smiled whimsically. 'And aren't you going to tell?'"

"Should I?" "Of course. At once."

"There are reasons why I shouldn't." "The woman's voice expressed incredulity. 'What reasons could there be for you to keep silence now?' she exclaimed."

"The governor avoided her look and toyed with a paper-knife on his desk. 'This would ruin him.'"

"Her voice rose indignantly. 'He deserves ruin.'"

"He has been tempted by his ambitions." "And he has fallen. Then he is weak—a coward."

"He wanted money, too, for the one he loves."

"A woman in the case! Worse yet," she said, scornfully.

"His wife," explained the governor softly. "She thinks him honest."

"Harry Preston, you make me indignant! Do you remember the nickname you had in school, when we called you Haroun al Raschid—the prince in 'Arabian Nights' who went about in disguise righting other people's wrongs? Remember how you got it?"

"The governor smiled faintly, but did not reply. His mind was back in the long ago."

"I do," she went on, "as well as if it were yesterday. Little Johnny Moore spilled ink on my spelling-book and you said you did it and took a whipping, when half the class knew better. I knew why you did it, too—'cause Johnny's mother was sickly and it used to nearly break her heart when Johnny was punished. Do you remember those days?"

"That was a long time ago," mused the governor.

"It wasn't right then for you to suffer for the wrong done by another. It isn't right now."

"After all," said the governor, smiling, "perhaps my friends wouldn't believe it."

"You must see to it," she cried, "that your enemies don't believe it."

"But his wife?" insisted Preston.

"His wife again?" cried Mrs. Woolford.

"Never mind his wife. She ought never to have married such a scoundrel."

"She didn't know he was that kind of a man," said the governor.

"She ought to know it now. Never mind her, Harry. Think of yourself."

"The governor sat for a moment in thought. 'Suppose you stood in her place?' he said."

Mrs. Woolford laughed. "That is so silly, with my honest, good, big-hearted Jim. I can't imagine it. But if I did—"

her voice became serious again—"if after all my years of happiness, all my joys, a wrong committed by my husband threatened to bring suffering and disgrace to an innocent man, I should say, let the consequences be what they might: 'Jim has sinned—let him pay.'"

"When the governor spoke again it was with some effort. 'You and—Jim—have always been happy, haven't you?' he said."

"Ah, yes," the woman's eyes reflected her wisely love. "Jim is a busy man. He has many interests and I don't understand politics well enough to enter into them as well as I wish I could. But he loves me and I love him. I honestly believe, Harry," she ended impulsively, "that I am the happiest woman in the world."

The door opened and Ruth appeared, clad in her night-dress, with which, as she became aware of Mrs. Woolford's presence, she modestly endeavored to cover her feet, sitting behind a chair with a startled "Oh!"

"Come on," called the governor. "Mrs. Woolford will forgive your evening clothes."

The child came to him. "Mary says," she began, by way of introduction, "that it's ab-so-lutely scandalous the hours I'm keeping." Then: "Is it most time for that fairy-story?"

Mrs. Woolford rose. "I must go," she said. "Tell her the story before the sandman comes. I'm glad I had the chance to see you and tell you how I abhor those newspaper lies, and how sure I am it will come out all right. You will put the blame where it belongs and exonerate yourself. I

ask it. Jim would ask it, too, if he were here."

When she had kissed Ruth and he had returned from seeing her to the door he sat at his desk, lost in confusing thoughts. If he let Woolford's story stand he stood before a suspicious world a betrayer of his trust—a grafter. If he exposed his rival and won the nomination and a cleared name he broke the heart of the one woman in the world. How the lights glided in her hair! What should he do? How young she looked—and how happy! What ought he to do?

The child tapped at his coat. "I'm getting ex-treme-ly sleepy," she reminded him.

"Oh, yes," he reassured himself. "There was a story, wasn't there?"

"A fairy-story," she said, climbing into his lap and settling herself comfortably. "And it must be a new one and a perfectly be-yew-tiful one."

"I'm afraid I can't tell it to-night," he murmured. "There is so much on my mind—so many big things—"

"They ain't bigger'n me," she protested. "I'm seven. And, besides, you promised."

"Once upon a time," he began, "there was a little boy and a little girl, and they played together day after day, and they grew to be very fond of each other. Well, one day, when the little boy had grown to be a great big boy, he went away to the wars. And while he was away the little girl found a beautiful jewel. It was such a wonderful jewel that there was nothing like it in the whole world, and all the people she showed it to marveled. And she asked what it was, and they told her it was Happiness—a gem without price."

The scenes of the past half hour seemed to be fading into the distance. The only thing now worth while seemed to be this little child's opinion as to right and wrong.

"Well, the little girl took the jewel Happiness home with her, and had it all for her own—her very own. It didn't really belong to her, because she had found it by accident; but she thought it did—and she enjoyed having it very much. Now, this jewel had been put where the little girl found it by a beautiful fairy, who had meant it for the little boy and expected him to find it. Only you see she didn't know he was away to the wars and wouldn't be out to play that day."

"Why not?"

"I don't know, dear." The governor's voice trembled. "Fairies know a great deal, but I guess they make mistakes sometimes, just like people. And by and by the fairy discovered that the little girl had the beautiful jewel, and that the little boy—who had come home from the wars and had been searching and searching and searching—couldn't find it. Then the fairy was puzzled. She wanted to do just what was fair, and good, and right—beautiful fairies always do—and it was right that the boy should have it because it really belonged to him. But the little girl had it, and she would certainly feel very badly if it were taken away from her." He paused, then went on. "Now what do you suppose the fairy did?"

Ruth's voice was drowsy. The sandman was coming fast. "Was he a very good little boy?" she asked.

"Er—er—why, yes—pretty good," said the governor.

"And was she a very good little girl?" "The best in the whole world."

Ruth nodded her head with grave decision. "Then the fairy let her keep it, of course," she said positively. And added: "Little girls are always of more importance than little boys."

The governor sat silent. The curly head swung lower and lower, until it rested on his shoulder. The child's breathing grew regular and heavy. The sand-man had arrived.

The minutes lengthened. A clock in the hall struck the hour and still the governor sat, immovable, staring before him. After a time he rose, carrying the child carefully.

"What did the fairy do, Uncle Harry?"

The governor answered her softly: "She let the little girl keep it, dear, just as you guessed."

The clock had struck again. Without premonitory knock the door slammed open and Bosworth, when he had found a voice, blurted out his news.

"There never was such a thing!" he shouted. "Woolford got the floor and said you were all right and the Ledger all wrong. He proved it by withdrawing and moving your reconciliation by acclamation. It went with a whoop!" Bosworth paused.

"But I don't understand it," he added.

He never understood, either, why the governor laid his head on his arms and sobbed like a child.

## The Business Woman and Her Future

By Jas. H. Collins in Hampton's Broadway.

SOMEbody is eternally writing about the Business Woman, either to announce that she has proved a failure and is disappearing, or that her ability is transcendent and she threatens to displace Man.

Her enemies class her with the suffragette. She is pictured as a strong-minded young person who goes into business to compete with men, and stays single to preserve her independence. She is denounced as a peril to home and country, and advised to drop it and get married.

Even praise is bestowed upon her more or less blindly. Some approve her pluck and energy in accomplishing work that, they believe, she was never intended to do at all. Others explain that she brings the refining influence of the home into the savage jungle of office life. Likewise, she is supposed to bring a sense of order. It isn't so certain that Woman possesses a sense of order, even at home. There is the damaging evidence of her bureau drawer. There is the divine disorder she brings into male existence. But in business she is widely assumed to be a neat commercial housekeeper for heedless Man.

The truth concerning the Business Woman seems to be, that she is in business because she has to be, to earn her living, and that few people really know much about her. Business itself is just beginning to perceive some of the purposes for which she is peculiarly fitted.

The popular notions are mostly wrong. Compared with the intricate systems upon which business is now conducted, her sense of order is rather a primitive faculty—just as mother's kitchen is an untidy place compared with a conscientious modern canning plant. Woman's refining influence is negligible in executive business, but she has other faculties that make her valuable, and which are more distinctively feminine.

As for the belief that business keeps woman from marriage and the home, it is frequently the woman with a considerable

experience of marriage who gets on best in business, and for very obvious reasons.

For instance, there was a girl engaged in the wholly feminine and unobjectionable work of teaching. After leaving normal school she was thrown upon her own resources, but worked her way up determinedly, acquiring by hard study a thousand dollars' worth of miscellaneous book knowledge for each twenty-five-dollar increase in earning power. At thirty she held a very fair position at a girls' boarding school, so far as salary went. But her hours were longer than those of the servants. Her days were passed in a world of girlish interests. A grown person was almost a novelty. Occasionally an exceptional pupil came, and it was pleasant to be instrumental in developing a fine mind or character. But just when this exceptional pupil matured into a friend, she was graduated, and a giggling little miss took her place.

This teacher married a man of the type known as "near-poet."

He was tall, and strong, and looked like Adonis, and talked like a Shakespearian commentator. His mother had spent half a small fortune in giving him a university education with European trimmings, and then died and left him the other half. It was not enough to live on with say liberality, nor yet so meager as to drive him to work. So from twenty-three to thirty-four he had puttered, dabbled in "literature." He knew to a comma how literature ought to be written, and wrote vague stuff that nobody would print. He said that the vulgar herd could not be expected to understand it, and talked expansively of his ideals.

He dawdled along, and she believed in him. A little tired and lonely, and genuinely in love, she married the near-poet to help him conquer the "bourgeois" world that was keeping him in obscurity, and realize those ambitions that he made so plausible—in talk—with the gas turned down a bit.

She was the sort of girl to marry a big rough diamond—to be the social developer of a mining king in New York, or the wife of an earnest young sockless Congressman at Washington.

When she undertook to develop the near-poet, however, he turned out a man of putty. For eight years they lived together on half commons—an energetic, resourceful woman, and a fireless, sentimental man. With her savings she brought out several of the vague books, and he laid back to pose in the phosphorescent light of a sickly "repetition." She campaigned for him. But he wouldn't buck the line. In the end he went utterly bad. For to write, you know, it was necessary to live—to experience everything—to plumb the depths of passion, and so forth. He had that belief common among near-poets, that a great soul thrives only in black muck. And so there were other women, and eventually a divorce, and the wife was thrown back into the world to make a living.

She was now a woman of nearly forty, with character ripened and ambition in no way dashed—glad to tackle life direct instead of by proxy. She got a five-dollar job in the office of a small concern making machinery specialties. Its head, an inventor, was absorbed in the factory, coming to the office only to read mail and turn it over to an elderly maiden lady who wrote replies. Miss Prime was half secretary, half stenographer, making a profound mystery of shorthand—full of whims, easily offended, and frequently indispensed. The boss, however, considered her an immensely capable person, slightly eccentric.

Within a week the newcower had both their measures. She studied shorthand evenings, learned the machine during the lunch hour, and two months later volunteered to do Miss Prime's work in an emergency while the latter was enjoying an attack of nervous prostration. After that it was merely a matter of sitting back and watching the lightning strike Miss Prime.

There was another mysteriously indispensable person in this concern—the sales manager, who sold the product. From the first day she saw him the ex-teacher had the conviction that he was a sneak. Handling the correspondence soon taught her how such business was conducted, and a few months later her acquaintance in the

industry enabled her to look into the methods of this sales manager. Intuition was right. He had been handling sales in a way that threw many of the best contracts to a competing concern. After the lightning struck him, she went out among customers herself, made friends, and organized new sales machinery. Through correspondence and advertising that company was given standing and an individuality it had never had while its head was buried in the manufacturing department.

Three years later this ex-school teacher was general manager.

She is fairly typical of the real business woman.

Thousands of unmarried girls and women are found in business life, earning pin money. The business woman with executive ability is about as scarce, in ratio, as the good male executive. When one is found, though, the chances are about one in three that she will be a widow or a divorcee.

There is a manifest difference between the girl working in an office to earn dress money or complete her education, and the widow with a child to support, or one who has finally got free from a profligate, shiftless husband. The latter are interested, and have, more fully developed, the particular faculties that make woman successful in business.

Of these, the commonest is patience in working at petty routine and dealing with petty people. As a rule, no woman need go through the divorce court to develop this.

A trust company opened a savings department for small accounts, giving a coin box with each initial deposit of fifty cents. The people who patronized this department nearly drove the regular tellers into a strike—boys and girls, peddlers, foreigners who spoke no English. The boxes were brought in with a dollar or two in dimes, nickels and pennies to be counted and credited, and withdrawals were on the same scale. That department never ran smoothly until women cashiers were employed. They had patience to count the "chicken feed," and could do it quicker than an experienced man. They could keep a line of people happy under delays, and explain the most obvious thing over and over again, and bear the infinite fussiness of people who knew nothing of banking.

Business first employed Women in such



work largely because she was cheap. Then it discovered that she was good-tempered under annoyances, and put her into the complaint department, to handle the customer who came in with blood in his eye. Then it found that she could sell small appliances for a gas or electrical company just as well as she could manage the man who believes his meter is fast. To-day, the things Business is learning about Woman are perhaps more important than the things Woman is learning about Business. As a telephone operator, for example, she was long valued because she worked quickly, patiently—and cheaply. But now Business has suddenly awakened up to the fact that, far from being a mere cog in a machine, she can be transformed into a producer and saleswoman in such work with a little training, and telephone companies are studying this side of her nature.

The "closer" in salesmanship is usually a high-salaried man who has the art of getting a customer's signature to a contract or order. One good "closer" often gets results on the work of half a dozen talking salesmen.

In the work of purchasing, too, a "closer" is valuable, and in certain lines the best possible "closer" is a woman.

The purchasing agent for an Eastern company has a woman who closes up every deal involving any detail. From five minutes to half an hour are given to general discussion of the proposition between purchasing agent and seller. Then the latter is turned over to the woman "closer." Life is almost always a \$10,000 to \$15,000 man. His time is valuable. The woman "closer" earns about \$25 a week, and has all the time there is. She goes through the deal bit by bit, settling quantities, quantities, deliveries, and other details as men seldom do. In the end the transaction is clearly worked out—and if anybody has been crowded a trifle in advantage, it isn't she.

Women have an instant insight that often proves serviceable in the warfare of business—especially if a little insight is needed into the follies of other women.

Two large stores in a certain city were fierce competitors. One of them gained a remarkable advantage in the spring trade one season by bringing out a novel line of dress goods. This fabric appeared on the leaders of fashion in that town, and then every woman wanted it. The other establish-

ment had nothing of similar texture or patterns. Moreover, none could be obtained of the manufacturers, because the first store had contracted for exclusive selling rights.

"Give me two hundred dollars and a few girls," said a woman buyer in the second store, "and I'll fix their novelty for them."

Next week the first store's sales were larger than ever, because this campaign fund was spent for dress patterns, girls making the purchases to conceal tactics. And the week after that, sales fell off to nothing. For the rival woman buyer, with these goods in hand, had had the beautiful stuff made up atrociously in gowns that appeared on the backs of two dozen honest colored washerwomen, and a little pin money added to the new gowns kept them circulating diligently through the shopping district long enough to kill sales.

From this attention to detail it is only a step to another feminine faculty that can be made of utmost service in business.

One of the vital points in any business is to get at true values—to know what others buy and sell for, and where customers and competitors stand.

Man contrives an institution like the Stock Exchange—where one party goes to really buy or sell, and three more accompany him to bet on his transaction. That is Man's way of fixing values. He whispers in a dark corner, and puts some hieroglyphics in a big book—and this is dignified as the science of credits.

When it comes to arriving at values, however, Woman is in an element peculiarly her own. For, at bottom, she probably sees world values. Since the days of the tribe she has been the business head of the family when it came to supplies. Turn her into a strange community. In a week she will have all the values whittled down to absolute truth. She will know the incomes, the rents, the lot and acreage prices, the cost of table board, building, butter, and spring hats. Some of this information she obtains by asking, and some by swapping, and the rest by looking at things out of the back of her head. Put her into a business office. The older she is, the more highly developed and accurate will be this faculty.

Far better, too, than her instinct for money values is her habit of putting a price on all the human values that come her way.

Man can often be wholly fooled by an impressive stock quotation or a fair rating in Dun. With him, it is possible to play a figure so deftly that he will never look at a face. But Woman always takes into consideration the way a stranger's hair curls, and wonders whether he is selfish, or good to his wife. The first time she sees him she rates him, and that rating governs subsequently, and is more often right than wrong. Herbert Spencer believed that she learned this in barbarous ages, by watching the face of her hairy husband to see what passion was rising, and dodge. No matter where she learned it, it is useful in business—and exercised in business affairs by thousands of wives who are seldom seen in an office.

A large company bought sixty per cent. of its supplies from a trust that not only monopolized the field, but was high-handed in terms and methods. Every time the president saw a bill from the trust he swore. Yet there seemed no way of getting goods elsewhere. Several tiny independent concerns just held their heads above water. They might go out of business any moment. Then their customers would be punished by the trust. If one of them grew strong, the trust would probably absorb it.

The president's woman secretary had nothing against the trust. But she disliked the trust's representative. He wasn't sincere. He was an old night owl. She detested the very color of his tie, and the way it matched his socks. None of his shortcomings had any direct bearing on business. But she made them a business matter, and never lost a chance to cast a vote again him.

There was a hard-worked representative of a little independent concern, and she liked him because he looked honest, and as if he was doing the best he could. She believed he would succeed, and felt certain he was not the sort of man who would sell out his friends.

The president pook-pooked her prejudices for a year. But finally she showed him a way to buy independent goods through an outside party. A small order was placed with the hard-working man's concern. The stuff was satisfactory. A larger order was placed, then a larger. In a year the company was buying all its stuff in that quarter. In three years this little

independent concern was a real competitor of the trust, and the trust tried to buy it out, and the man who had done the best he could refused to sell. So, what began as a woman's intuition, eventually worked out in sound business policy, and developed exactly what business is ever seeking—results.

Another magnificent trait that Woman brings into business direct from the family is her partisanship.

No matter where you find her, she is forever a party politician. The whole trick, in business or life, is to get her on your own side. Deep down in the very fibre of her being there is an instinct that leads her to stick to her own people. Perhaps she got this in the woods, too—or in the primordial ooze. But she will take sides, and regard all the world apart as strictly something else, and treat it with either indifference or hostility, as the case may be.

Business itself is naturally of an intensely partisan character. Even in the broadest sense it is a matter of holding your own and getting more. Some of the serious problems of business and industry turn on this very point of partisanship—the problem of making employees loyal, the problem of keeping subordinates interested, the problem of the hawkeye director or partner. In business, as a whole, of course, there are thousands of women and girls engaged in purely routine work. But take a woman of forty, confronted with the task of earning her own living and educating a couple of children. Give her a little confidence, a little authority and success, and a decent salary. She will be on the side of her company first, last, and always, and on the side of the people she works with. She will carry partisanship to a point where it may be necessary to intervene—buying things too cheap, or holding to her side of a bargain until she creates a deadlock.

This brings up the question of her shortcomings. They are not many—chiefly the defects of her virtues.

The one popularity associated with her, and for which business sometimes fears her, is her traditional inability to keep a secret. Business ought to know better by this time. At bottom, probably this tradition rests not so much on woman's fancied volubility as upon her consummate knack at worming out the secrets of other people.

In business generally, even the routine

woman worker is placed in positions where important matters must be confided to her. Some of the famous business generals have women secretaries. There are nearly one hundred thousand women stenographers at work in this country, and almost as many women accountants. Every woman in such a position knows things that she might easily sell. But the instances in which confidential information leaks out at all are negligible. Woman has a conscience. When anybody wants to buy anything of that sort in business it is best to go to a man. The memorable "Where do I stand?" letter of Mr. Harriman's, bought and published by a newspaper a year ago, was secured from a male stenographer.

Women's shortcomings in business seem to be chiefly those of perspective. She can often gauge the conditions of to-day with almost nicety. But she won't give much thought to conditions a year from now, and most important business is planned for the future. She has the persistence that the English symbolize in their phrase, "Dogged does it." With her inherent capacity for suffering, it must be something mighty big and ugly that turns her back.

A widow had been a factory operative before her marriage. When her husband died she turned to that old occupation for support. A factory advertised for help. She answered. The workpeople waiting outside were strange. In her day, operatives had been Americans, Irish and Germans. Now they were stolid Poles and Slavs.

"What do you want?" they asked, suspiciously.

"The place that is advertised," she replied.

"Do you belong to the union?"

"No—but I am willing to join."

"Have you served your apprenticeship in this city?"

"No—I have not worked for fifteen years."

"Well, before you can join the union you must serve an apprenticeship."

"But I want work! If you will not let me join the union, how am I to get it?"

They shrugged their shoulders, indifferent. "We do not know."

This woman went away and thought an hour, and then made her decision.

"If I can't work with those people, I

can boss them," she concluded. "I'll look for a place as forewoman."

And she did, and succeeded, and not only superintended those very people, but eventually rose to executive responsibilities that she might never have aspired to had not opposition roused her spirit.

She strangely lacks audacity in planning. As a bargainer she can be sublime up to the point where it may be necessary to break her hold. For her instinct is to leave the party of the second part nothing to wear away—and good business policy recognizes that he ought to have at least a shirt, so that he will come back some day and trade again.

Woman is uniformly a good lieutenant, but only occasionally a real captain. Her will, her energy, and her interest are most valuable in business, and they have to be accepted with limitations that go with intensity. Yet it doesn't do to be too exclusive about this, but occasionally a woman will manipulate business machinery in a surprising way.

Some years ago a middle-aged woman arrived in New York from the West with a more or less worthless husband and a small invention that seemed to have moderate possibilities. A shrewd business man was interested in the invention. The latter furnished several thousand dollars capital to exploit it. A corporation was formed in regular form. The business man was elected president and treasurer, the husband vice-president and secretary, and the woman was made a director on a board of three. Then the company's capital was deposited in a bank subject to cheque, and the business man went away for a rest, leaving the pair to organize plans for introducing the invention. He was no sooner out of town, however, than the woman called a meeting of the board of directors, which was attended by her husband and herself. They made a quorum, and ousted the absent director, elected the husband treasurer, drew the corporation's funds, and disappeared—a perfectly legal piece of company manipulation, it is said.

The prime shortcoming of all, however, is not one of business or temperament, but deeper than either: she makes friends in business. Then a friend. Then some morning she comes in with what is called 'a new light' in her eyes, and tells you that in a month she is to be married.

That completes the cycle. A good thing for Woman but sometimes bad for business. And she doesn't marry inside the business once in a hundred times—nor marry the boss once in a thousand.

In some quarters there is a notion that business offers a stepping-stone to marriage. So it does, frequently—but not in the way that is sometimes imagined.

"If Reginald should be taken away," says young Mrs. Reginald, in jest, "I really fancy I should take up business. I should find a humble position—oh, quite an unpretentious place!—at the office with Tom. Or Jerry. They are bachelors. Or at the works with Mr. Markham—he is a widower, and so devoted to business. And I should come down dressed quite plainly—half mourning, you know—and be so resigned, and pathetic, and lonely. One of them would be certain to marry me. Oh, I think business must be simply *g-o-r-g-e-o-u-s*!"

Woman wins many a victory, socially by playing one person against another, by a bit

of flattery in the right place, by setting her stage, and controlling the color scheme or lighting. But business is done in daylight, and with an absence of emotion, mood, sex—the values are surprisingly different. Hiring a helpless widow arouses about the same emotions as taking on a green office boy. Both have to be taught.

When a woman goes into business on a social basis, her time and energy are usually spent seeking introductions. The men of affairs who could be of service to her are not accessible by this means. There is only one way in which she can interest them—by being of service herself. She should be attacking the actual practice in a branch of some definite trade or industry—any branch of any business for a beginning. That she is a woman will mean nothing whatever except as she applies her feminine tact, insight, interest, and loyalty to a tangible end. The fact that she is a woman then, however, may mean a great deal indeed.

### When God Lets Loose a Thinker.

Beware when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk. It is as when a conflagration has broken out in a great city, and no man knows what is safe or where it will end. There is not a piece of science but its flank may be carried to-morrow; there is not any literary reputation, not the so-called eternal names of fame, that may not be revised and condemned. The very hopes of man, the thoughts of his heart, the religion of nations, the manners and morals of mankind, are all at the mercy of a new generalization. Generalization is always a new influx of the divinity into the mind. Hence the thrill that attends it.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

# How Arthur Spurgeon Became a Great Publisher

By W. Arnet Coick

THREE years ago the big publishing firm of Cassell & Co., with offices in London, New York and Melbourne, was financially in an unsatisfactory condition. Its two thousand shareholders, many of whom were widows and spinners, had for some time been deprived of dividends, whilst several of the managers of departments, drawing large salaries, were handling their work in incompetent fashion.

The general manager, the late Sir Wemyss Reid, through ill health, was unable to give that careful attention to the management of the company, which it required in the emergency. His death in February, 1905, left vacant a position, which the directors immediately set about filling with a man, who would be able to stem the tide of disaster. The man chosen was Arthur Spurgeon, literary manager of the National Press Agency.

Mr. Spurgeon had begun his career as a journalist in Norwich, and from there had gone to Lowestoft, where he had established a weekly paper for the company which owned the Eastern Daily Press of Norwich. In this company was J. J. Colman, of mustard fame. Mr. Colman was connected with the National Press Agency, and noting Mr. Spurgeon's brilliant success in Lowestoft, he offered him a position on the staff of the Agency in London. Mr. Spurgeon accepted and for several years acted as Parliamentary representative for the Agency, meeting and forming the acquaintance in this way of many notables, among whom were Gladstone, Bryce, Morley and others.

When Mr. Spurgeon accepted the literary management of the Agency in 1893, the concern was not making much of a success financially. But his skill as a manager soon put it on a sounder basis and dividends began to be paid. In 1905, when Mr. Spurgeon left to assume the management of Cassell & Co., he and his colleague had succeeded in building up a reserve fund equal to the capital.

The new manager was face to face with

this difficulty when he took hold of the affairs of Cassell & Co. On the one hand were the two thousand shareholders and the fourteen hundred employees, all dependent on the prosperity of the company. On the other hand, were the few high-salaried managers of departments, under whom the business was declining. Mr. Spurgeon calmly came to the conclusion that if any



Arthur Spurgeon.

interests had to be sacrificed, it must be those of the managers. The axe fell and cut clean. An entirely new set of men were installed, most of whom, let it be noted, were hard-headed Scotchmen. Immediately an improvement set in. A new enthusiasm spread through the entire staff, and from manager to office boy every employee set about repairing the fortunes of the fine old house.

As an indication of what has been achieved, Mr. Spurgeon in three years took \$250,000 out of the company's profits towards the reduction of the nominal value of the copyrights held by the firm. To-day everything is quite free and the company is in a splendid financial position. Encomiums have been showered on Mr. Spurgeon by the English press, who are always ready to recognize that Cassell & Co. are an institution in the English publishing world, just as much as the Times is in the newspaper world, and the Bank of England in the financial world.

One of the new manager's far-seeing moves was to establish a branch in Canada last year. He recognized the future of the Dominion and determined that Cassell & Co. would be early in the field. The branch office was established in Toronto in July, 1907, and it has proved a success under the able management of Mr. H. Button.

Mr. Spurgeon has never narrowed his interests to his own immediate work. When in Lowestoft he took an interest in municipal politics, serving for some years as a member of the Town Council, to which he was elected by the largest majority ever recorded to that time. He also helped to found the London Society of East Anglians, now numbering a thousand members, and acted as chairman for several years.

He has refused more than one invitation to stand as a candidate for the British House of Commons.

But probably his most public-spirited act, from which much good has flowed, was the establishment of the journalistic entente cordiale between the newspaper men of England and France in 1900, at a time when relations between the two countries were much strained. He had been appointed chairman of the committee of the Institute of Journalists, to arrange for an excursion to Paris after the meeting of the Institute, but the feeling in Paris against England became so hostile about this time, that the trip was officially abandoned. Mr. Spurgeon then personally took charge and 250 journalists went over with him. They were royally welcomed, distinguished men took part in the proceedings and the best of feeling prevailed.

Mr. Spurgeon has frequently been asked if any relationship existed between him and the great preacher of the same name. To this he replies that some generations ago the branch of the family to which he belongs and the branch to which the Rev. Charles Spurgeon belonged, were probably united, but that for some generations now the two branches have resided in different countries—one in Essex and the other in Norfolk.

## Smile! When You Can.

The choice is before us all to smile and make others happy, or to frown and make them miserable whilst they are compelled to be in our presence. We can be pleasant, and others love us, or we can be crabbed, and make them hate us.

The amount of happiness which can be radiated from a smiling face is incalculable. That man or woman who has a kind heart and speaks pleasant words is an angel of mercy, commissioned to scatter smiles over the earth. On the other hand, sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition chill everything.

It is the duty of all to smile whenever they can. A kind act leaves in the soul a lingering balm which freshens at night when we sleep, in the morning when we rise, and through the day when we are about our toil. There is no joy so pure and abiding as that which comes from making others happy.

## The Curiosities of Sleep

By Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the *American*.

THE first and chiefest curiosity of sleep is sleep itself. All theories and explanations of it, however carefully worded, have proved inadequate. We do not even know what we once thought we did about it.

Take for instance the long and widely accepted view which even to-day stands highest in the estimation of physiologists, as most nearly approaching an explanation of the phenomenon, that sleep is due to cerebral anemia, or a lowered supply of blood to the brain. That the amount of blood in the brain is distinctly diminished during sleep is abundantly proved both by observations upon the brains of animals through trephine openings made for the purpose and upon human brains exposed by fractures of the skull or openings made for the purpose of removing tumors. A less gruesome illustration is afforded by the slight sinking in of the fontanel, or "soft spot," on the top of a baby's head during sleep. Drowsiness and loss of consciousness may also be produced by pressure upon the carotid arteries supplying the brain. Further, anything that draws the blood from the brain—to the skin, for instance, by a hot bath, or to the stomach by a cup of hot milk or beef tea, or to the feet by warming them—helps to induce sleep.

We also know that part of the blood withdrawn from the brain goes to the skin, causing the characteristic rosy flush, and part to the muscles, causing slight but appreciable enlargement of the arms, limbs, hands and feet. This is why our shoes and gloves sometimes feel too tight for us when dressing in the morning. This rush of blood to the skin accounts for that most annoying aggravation of itching or painful sensations in diseases of the skin which so often occurs at bedtime. As one of our leading dermatologists whimsically puts it: "The skin wakes up as the brain goes to sleep." But this

fact is far from forming an explanation, since it simply raises the questions: What is the cause of the anemia?

How is it brought about before falling asleep, and how overcome before waking?

Moreover, it is an open question whether this anemia is not simply a sign of lessened activity on the part of the brain, an effect, instead of a cause, of sleep.

The most modern and up-to-date theory of sleep is the neuron one of Duval and Cajal. This is based upon the interesting fact which Cajal was largely instrumental in demonstrating, that the nervous system, instead of being one continuous tissue, is made up of a series of distinct and separate cells, whose only means of communication is by "touching fingers" with the tips of their delicate, twig-like processes (arborizations, dendrites), and that these "fingers" have the power of movement, can retract and thus break the connection or circuit. When the cells of the brain become fatigued, they are supposed to draw in these processes. This shuts off messages from the sense organs, and unconsciousness, or sleep, results. When rested, they yawn and stretch out their arms, so to speak, communication is again restored, and we wake up.

Unfortunately, the numerous attempts to demonstrate this retraction of the dendrites by examination of the brains of animals killed instantaneously during sleep have not carried conviction to the majority of observers, though a similar process is generally regarded as proved to take place in the deep sleep induced by chloroform and other narcotics. And of course, even granting this mechanism of sleep, it advances our knowledge but little to prove that the brain cells curl up and go to sleep, in place of the identical procedure on the part of the whole

body, which can be demonstrated in any kitten.

Then, there is Pfleger's attractive theory, that the brain cells during the day use up oxygen more rapidly than it can be supplied to them from the lungs, via the blood; and when this oxygen-starvation reaches a certain degree, the cells sink below the level of activity necessary to consciousness. During sleep, expenditure falls below the intake, and thus the balance necessary to consciousness is restored. This, like the cerebral-anemia theory, has a solid basis in fact, viz.: that of the total intake and outgo of oxygen during the twenty-four hours, only about forty per cent. is taken in during the twelve hours of daylight, while sixty per cent. is given off in the form of carbon dioxide; and, on the contrary, during the twelve hours of the night nearly sixty per cent. of the total oxygen is taken in, and only about forty per cent. of the CO<sub>2</sub> given off. In other words, the body during the day spends or gives off from twenty to forty per cent. more oxygen than it takes in, during the night takes in twenty to forty per cent. more than it gives off. Thus balmy sleep is literally "tired nature's sweet restorer" of the oxygen balance. Good poetry is often very close to good science. In support of this view may be cited the well-known drowsiness, deepening into unconsciousness, which comes on in atmospheres overcharged with carbon dioxide, ranging all the way from that of a stuffy room to the "choke damp" of the coal mines or the "foul air" at the bottom of a well. But it can equally be seen that these states are not true sleep, but slow poisonings, narcoses, tending not to refreshment and awakening, but to increasing sluggishness, and finally death.

This fact brings us to the crux of the entire problem, the one great positive fact which emerges from the negatives of all these theories, and to develop which alone was the purpose of their discussion here: that sleep is not a negative process, but a positive one; not a mere cessation of activity, but a substitution of constructive bodily activity for destructive. The "anabolic," or upbuilding processes are in excess of the "katabolic,"

or downbreaking, processes during sleep. During the waking hours the balance is reversed. It is not sleep that leads to death, but waking. Men have been known to sleep for weeks and even months at a stretch, with but little injury. Persistent wakefulness kills in from five to ten days. It is credibly reported that, with Oriental refinement of cruelty, death by sleeplessness is one of the methods of execution for certain higher-class criminals in China. The wretched victim is forcibly prevented from going to sleep until death from exhaustion closes the scene, which is said to be seldom later than the fifth or sixth day.

It should of course be explained that absolute sleeplessness is a very different thing from the insomnia of our nervous patients who "don't sleep wink all night"—which latter means that they were awake from three to five times during the hours of darkness.

Another of the curiosities of sleep is the singular difference of its quality in different individuals. Some fortunate men are able to get as much rest out of four or six hours' sleep as the average man does out of eight or nine; just as some men will get enormously fat on a slender diet, while others with a huge appetite and intake are walking skeletons. This fortunate power of rapid recuperation may almost be said to be one of the characteristics of greatness. At all events it has occurred with sufficient frequency in great and successful men to have done great harm among average individuals. By a ludicrously infantile process of human logic many of our self-constituted guides to success have assured the young idea that this great man became great simply because of his determination to work eighteen or twenty hours out of the twenty-four, therefore: "Go thou and do likewise, and like success shall be thine." The hugeness of the non sequitur is obvious, but this is far from being the only instance. Men of huge muscles, who happen to be born "brothers to the ox," write books and publish journals telling the average youth how to get strong by imitating their little peculiarities and bad habits. Doddering old centenarians, who happened to be born with the smoldering vitality (and often the

brilliant intellect) of the mud-turtle, prate fatuously of the onions and sour milk and frugal diet which they allege have brought them to this enviable degree of profitless persistence upon the planet. As well might the elephant endeavor to explain the secret of how to weigh three tons, or the boa constrictor write a pamphlet on how to grow forty feet long.

Of course the majority of great men require as much sleep as the average individual, and many of them more. Some of the greatest, so far from taking three or four hours' sleep a day, have been able to work only two or three hours out of the twenty-four. Two successive hours of work was a day's work for Darwin four for Spencer, and three hours a week for the philosopher, Descartes, who spent from eleven to thirteen hours a day in bed. But enough of them had this singular quality of getting as much rest in four or five hours as other men do in eight to enable the proverb-maker to find texts for his sermons.

Another curiosity of sleep is the many misleading analogies which have been drawn between it and other states. First among them is the beautiful poetic comparison which has almost become an article of faith, embodied in the phrase,

"Death and his brother Sleep"; and,

"We are such stuff

As dreams are made on; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleep."

From a physiological point of view, sleep and death are as far apart as the poles. The only similarity between them is that they are both accompanied by unconsciousness. The one is a positive, reconstructive, intensely vital process, self-limited and tending inevitably to an awakening. The other is negative, destructive, utterly lifeless, tending to dissolution and decay, with no possibility of any physical awakening.

Nor is there any similarity between true sleep and the drowsy, sleepy comatose conditions of fevers and fatal illnesses. They are narcoses or poisonings of the brain by poisonous materials, toxins either of germ origin or manufactured by the abnormal processes of the body

tissues themselves. They are not self-limited, but end only when the tissues of the body have succeeded in producing a sufficient amount of antitoxin to neutralize the poisons which cause them. If the body fails to do this, they deepen to coma and, finally, death.

This opposition between death and sleep does not, however, destroy one consoling analogy which has been drawn between them, and that is that they are both painless, and cause neither fear nor anxiety by their approach. It is one of the most merciful things in nature that the overwhelming majority of the poisons which destroy life, whether they be those of infectious diseases or those which are elaborated from the body's own waste products, act as narcotics and abolish consciousness long before the end comes. While death is not in any sense analogous to sleep, it resembles it to the extent that it is in the vast majority of instances not only not painful, but welcome. Pain-racked and fever-scorched patients long for death as the wearied toiler longs for sleep. The fear of death which has been so enormously exploited in dramatic literature, sacred and otherwise, is almost without existence in sickness. Most of our patients have lost it completely by the time they become seriously ill.

"While many of the processes which lead to death are painful, death itself is painless, natural, like the fading of a flower or the falling of a leaf. Our dear ones drift out on the ebbing tide of life without fear, without pain, without regret, save for those they leave behind. When Death comes close enough so that we can see the eyes behind the mask, his face becomes as welcome as that of his 'twin brother,' Sleep."

Nor is there a much better basis for the generally accepted analogy between true sleep and that curious "winter sleep" known as hibernation. The subject of hibernation is such an enormous one, and there is such a lack of definite information—and consequent difference of opinion—as to its true character, that only the merest outline of the drift of scientific opinion in regard to it can be given here. To put it very crudely, it appears to be a dropping from the animal almost to the vegetable stage of vitality. Every vital

process is reduced to the lowest ebb consistent with its continuance. All voluntary muscular movements, of course, cease absolutely, the eyes are closed, the animal, which has usually retired to some sheltered and protected spot, becomes unconscious, the respirations become so shallow that the closest observation fails to detect them. The temperature of warm-blooded hibernators falls toward the cold-blooded level. The heart is slowed down to the lowest possible rate and vigor consistent with life. Even the muscles of the alimentary canal cease to contract rhythmically, its glands cease to secrete, and its terminal opening becomes closed with a plug of dried mucus. Later observations seem to indicate that by cutting off the intake of oxygen, carbon dioxide accumulates in the blood and tissues until it produces a light permanent narcosis or anesthesia, and this condition continues for periods varying from weeks to months, until either change of temperature or the exhaustion of fat or other food material stored up in the body beforehand causes the animal to waken and come forth in search of food. In the majority of cases, the animal goes into this state just at the close of the season of plenty, with his tissues well loaded with fat, and emerges in the spring thin and gaunt, having presumably supported such low grade of life as existed by consumption of the energy stored up in his fat. It must, however, be admitted that there are a number of exceptions to this rule, at both ends, so to speak, some animals going into their winter sleep in moderate flesh or even thin and emerging apparently little changed in the spring; others going to sleep plump and fat, and awakening in apparently the same condition. So that the fat-burning hypothesis, plausible as it sounds, cannot be accepted without reservation.

On the other hand, it is only fair to say that in the last-mentioned instance, animals emerging within a few pounds of the same weight which they went to sleep at lose flesh with great rapidity after resuming their activities, and are ravenously hungry, thus raising the suspicion that the maintenance of weight has been due to an accumulation of water in the

tissues in place of the fat which has been burnt up and utilized.

Another interesting fact about this process is that it is not caused by cold, as was at one time universally supposed. This was first brought to our attention by the fact that fishes, amphibians, reptiles and some of the mammals living in hot climates go into this trance-like condition during the season of heat and drought. In fact, a new word has had to be coined covering this form of the habit, estivate (literally "summerate"), contrasting with hibernate. Secondly, it was found that only a small percentage of animals ever hibernate at all, and they of the class whose food supply is absolutely cut off in the winter, such as squirrels, mice, rats, bears, marmots, etc. These animals, if kept in captivity and supplied with plenty of food, will after a time lose the hibernating habit altogether. So that it appears to be literally an economy on the part of nature, a going down to avoid punishment in the form of starvation, whenever an adequate supply of energy through food is cut off. The change is exceedingly widespread through the animal kingdom, being habitual in nearly all terrestrial invertebrates, and in most of the cold-blooded animals, especially fishes, amphibians, reptiles, and occurring in a number of mammals, but in no birds—the latter for the reason that they can solve the food problem in another way, by migration either north or south, as the season demands. In fact, it may almost be said that most land invertebrates, amphibians, reptiles and fishes possess the power of going into this curious carbon-dioxide narcosis at will, if one can imagine these creatures having a will at all. So lethargic are they then, and so completely indifferent to their surroundings, that they may be exposed to extraordinary extremes of heat and cold without apparent injury. They may be dried almost to mummification, frozen or submerged in water for long periods, without apparent injury. Even warm-blooded animals like dormice and woodchucks, when asleep for the winter, may be put under water for hours at a stretch without apparent injury, so completely is respiration suspended.

Fascinating and mysterious as is the subject of hibernation, enough of it is known to make it perfectly clear that it has nothing in connection with true sleep. Instead of the oxygen intake being increased, it is diminished to the lowest possible level; instead of the animal waking refreshed and invigorated, he is weak and emaciated. Instead of being a recuperative process, it is a trial of endurance on the part of the tissues—how long they can possibly last without further supply of energy. Although so widely spread among his ancestry, there is no adequate proof of its occurrence in man. It is one of the "Lost Arts." What a blessing we would find it in this nerve-racked age, if we had not retained it!

Some of the trance-like conditions into which individuals fall and lie for days or weeks may possibly involve some trace of the survival of this ancient habit. But the vast majority of these conditions occur in semi-civilized, excitable men or hysterical women, so that there is always a possible question of simulation; and the majority of cases which have been carefully studied by competent observers have been found to be frauds, being surreptitiously supplied with food and drink by their attendants or family. The same is true of the alleged power possessed by Hindu fakirs and ascetics of all ages, of going into states of trance in which they allow themselves to be buried alive and dug up again and revived after several months have elapsed. In one instance on record an individual of this class allowed himself to be buried alive and his grave watched by a guard of English soldiers, and was dug up at the end of the time, exceedingly dead. In another the English officer in charge became alarmed on the third day and had the fakir "resurrected," when he was found still alive. A reed or bamboo at one corner of the grave to supply air would explain all these cases. The whole subject is involved in such an atmosphere of mystery and "fakery" (a word most appropriately derived from the title of its devotees themselves) that it is impossible to attach serious weight to the claims made.

Most of the claims, both Occidental and Oriental, to the power of existing

for indefinite periods in this trance-like sleep seem to rest simply upon the well-known power possessed by many weak-minded individuals, of throwing themselves by auto-suggestion into a hypnotic sleep. In this condition, or awake, life can of course be easily supported for many days, or even weeks, without food, as has been often illustrated by the feats of professional fasters who easily reach forty or even sixty days. It is, however, a significant fact that none of these "sleeps" can be carried on in a hospital where the patient is under the observation of competent and unsympathetic nurses. For, although food can be done without, water cannot, and these sleepers will invariably be found resorting to the water bottle and responding to the calls of nature within twenty-four hours. In their own homes, where they can help themselves surreptitiously to the water on the washstand, they may keep up the farce for weeks without detection. All "sleepers" investigated by physicians are found to take water regularly, and often food, and are usually cases of hysteria or mild insanity.

It might be incidentally mentioned, for the relief of anxious souls, that the risk of any individual passing into a trance and remaining in it long enough to be buried alive is exceedingly slight. There is no authentic instance of this having ever occurred. I took occasion to investigate this question some years ago, and communicated with a number of leading undertakers, and they all unanimously denounced it as one of the myths of the nineteenth century. One of them, at the time president of the National Funeral Directors' Association, informed me that he had carefully investigated every instance of "burial alive" reported in the newspapers for fifteen years past and found every one of them to be, in his own language, "a pure fake." However, I cannot fight that battle to a finish here, tempting as the field is.

The last remaining counterfeit of sleep, the hypnotic trance, is so obviously different in character that its discrepancies hardly need to be mentioned. Every one who has seen it will be struck with the difference. It has no relation to fatigue, but may be induced at any time and at

any stage of vigor, though most commonly and easily in individuals, whose mental processes are at such a low ebb that there really is not much difference between their sleeping and waking stages as far as any practical results are concerned. It is not recuperative, but rather depressing, and the patient feels, as he says, queer and dizzy when he wakes up. Instead of the brain being anemic, it is congested, the skin is pale instead of flushed, and there is no increase in the relative oxygen intake. In fact, the condition is an auto-narcosis, or perversion of consciousness, and does nothing but harm, instead of good. It may, of course, be used in expert hands as a method of treatment, but its field of usefulness in this regard is becoming more and more limited every year, and the tremendous claims made for it by Bernheim and the Nancy School have dwindled already to a surprising extent.

The chief question which has always confronted us in our efforts to utilize it, "How can a weak mind be made stronger by becoming absolutely dependent upon another?" still faces us unanswered.

Nor are the sleeps produced by hypnotics much more nearly akin to true sleep in either nature or effect. The more powerful of these, like opium and its derivatives (morphine, codeine and heroin), chloroform and ether, are so obviously pure narcotic poisons that they are seldom resorted to for this purpose excepting in "Baby's Friends" and "Soothing Syrups." The apparent slumber produced by these is a toxic narcosis like that due to the toxins of fever already discussed. They have of course a certain field of usefulness in expert hands in a limited class of conditions, such as after severe and painful accidents or surgical operations, where the tissues are ready and anxious for normal sleep but are prevented from getting it by acute pain. In these conditions, a sufficient dose of opiate administered by a competent physician may relieve this intense pain and allow the patient to sleep naturally and with refreshing results. It is of course obvious they should not be used to make sleep possible in this way in chronic painful diseases, or where the

pain is likely to recur, on account of the danger of forming a habit.

There is a group, however, of weaker drugs, such as chloral, sulphonal, trional, veronal, etc., which, being much less poisonous and producing few or none of the unpleasant after effects and discomforts of the stronger drugs, are extensively used by both the profession and the laity for this purpose. They nearly all belong, however, to the methane group of which chloroform and ether are the leading members, and are narcotic in their action, benumbing the brain tissues in order to produce sleep, and are poisonous if taken in considerable amounts. Just as we find out the dangers of one of them a new one is brought in by the pharmacists with a great flourish of trumpets, and announced as equally effective in producing sleep, and absolutely non-poisonous or harmless to the most delicate constitution; and it is eagerly pounced upon by the sleepless among the public and profession and sells extensively for several months. Then reports of death from its use begin to come in, and its users and prescribers take fright, and it drops back with the others.

The man who works all day in an ill-ventilated room and takes little or no exercise, or the woman who slaves over her housework or her silly fancy work and almost forgets that there is such a thing as open air, the business man who is driving himself too hard and keeps up on stimulants, the individual who is in an early stage of pulmonary consumption or Bright's disease, when they find that they cannot sleep, instead of regarding it as nature's danger signal, demanding investigation and change of habits, swallow some sleeping draught and persist in their suicidal course until a breakdown results that they can no longer shut their eyes to. There is no such thing as uncaused sleeplessness any more than there is uncaused loss of appetite, or strength, or weight. All of them are signals of trouble, and should be regarded and promptly investigated as such. Hypnotics have their place in medicine like other poisonous drugs, but that place is becoming steadily smaller as cases are more painstakingly and intelligently studied.

## Some Men and Events in the Public Eye

By S. A. Warner.

**W**ALTER SCOTT, printer's devil, compositor, publisher, politician and premier of his province. It is not an exceptional story for Canada offers to every youth the opportunity to ascend. Mr. Scott, who was recently elected for a second term to the highest office in the gift of the people of Saskatchewan, can review a career that is an inspiration to any young man of ambition. To find the secret of his success one must know the man. If asked to name the qualities which led to the distinction, enjoyed so early in life, his friends would say that courage and stick-to-itiveness combined with an affable disposition were the predominant characteristics. It is not every boy who serves as an apprentice at a trade who has the determination to soar beyond the calling he had selected for life. No one would have dreamed that back in the early days of Regina, when it was a small town, its only claim to note being the headquarters of the Territorial Government, that the boy sweeping the office, pulling proofs and doing other chores in connection with a country weekly, would reach the honor of being the chief adviser of His Majesty in one of the principal provinces of this great commonwealth. In political warfare Mr. Scott is a hard hitter. He wouldn't thrive in the West unless he were. He never strikes below the belt but when it is necessary to make a charge he does it without resort to suggestion, or surmise. What Walter Scott says anything unpleasant it's generally uncomfortably definite. He has little use for the petty slanderer and dealer in insinuations. In the recent campaign there was an unfortunate amount of recrimination but, when the Premier took a hand in it he made unmistakably clear charges, fully realizing the legal responsibility involved. He is being called on to face that responsibility and his admirers will be disappointed if

he flinches before the ordeal. As a speaker, he cannot be classed as an orator. He is not prosaic, however, and is pleasing to listen to. He has a free, easy, conversational style and holds his audience without difficulty. He is not a man to trifle with, as many an interpreter has learned to his chagrin. A story of the recent campaign will suffice to illustrate this point. The Premier was speaking at Lumsden, where there are some strenuous opponents. As Mr. Scott was talking one over-zealous Provincial Righter yelled the hackneyed word of contempt "Rats." Quick as a flash came the retort, "Has my young friend got them in his pocket or in his head?"

The politician, who, during the present election campaign, has kept large crowds in various Ontario towns and cities in good humor by his witty sallies and breezy anecdotes, drawn mostly from rural life, is Hon. George P. Graham, Minister of Railways and Canals in the Laurier Cabinet. At school he was a diligent pupil and excelled in English composition. Beginning life as a rural pedagogue, after one year's experience, he gave up teaching and entered a general store in the village of Iroquois. There he spent some months behind the counter. His father, the late Rev. W. H. Graham, was then stationed in the neighboring town of Morrisburg in Dundas County. Driving to Iroquois one day he called his son to the front of the store. "Well, George?" he said, "do you know what I have done? I have just bought the Morrisburg Herald for you and I want you to take charge of it." "Thank you, father," he replied. "I will do my best to make a success of the business." The office was then in anything but a desirable condition, but the ambitious youth went to work with perseverance and determination and soon placed it on a pay-



Hon. Walter Scott  
Premier of Saskatchewan

ing basis. He had tact, good judgment and executive ability, coupled with a boundless store of energy. His father had made only a small payment on the plant, but under the energetic guidance of the young proprietor, things began to move and in a few years the debt was cleared off and the property greatly improved. He was Reeve of Morrisburg for some time and a member of the County Council of Dundas. So closely did he

apply himself to the duties of private and public business that his health, which has never been too robust, was undermined and he was forced to give up newspaper work for some time. He sold the Herald and intended, after being in the publishing business eleven years, taking a trip to the West with the object of locating there. The late Mr. Gorman was then at the helm in the Ottawa Free Press, but owing to illness had to give up his duties

for some months. Mr. Graham was asked to take a position on the editorial staff of that paper and was leader writer for some months. Mr. Thomas Southworth, now Colonization Agent for the Province of Ontario, was the proprietor of the Brockville Recorder and his editor, Mr. John A. Mackenzie, having left to enter the service of the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Mr. Southworth had to look after both the business and editorial ends. He found these duties too exacting and offered Mr. Graham a position which he accepted. This was in 1893. At the beginning of the following year the business was organized into a joint stock company with George P. Graham as Managing Director. Mr. Southworth retired in 1895 to take the post which he now holds with the Ontario Government. Mr. Graham was given entire charge of the Recorder and was both its business manager and editor

up to the time that he was created Minister of Railways and Canals. On the platform, while not eloquent, Mr. Graham is a clear and ready speaker who is regarded as one of the best "stumper" in his party. His grasp of detail is one of his strongest points. He can present the most abstruse problem in a business-like and clear cut manner and is always listened to attentively. His arguments are concise. He does not travel all over the map to reach a climax, nail an argument, or drive home a truth. He is an indefatigable worker and it is not unusual for him to put in sixteen hours a day in his department.

Hon. Charles Murphy, who was last month sworn in as Secretary of State, succeeding Hon. R. W. Scott, is a young man of promise and ability. His predecessor in office has stepped down and out at the advanced age of 84 years, af-



Hon. Charles Murphy  
Canada's New Secretary of State



Hon. George P. Graham in his Office.

ter a useful public career of over half a century. It is not many years ago that the new Secretary of State was employed as a sawyer in the large lumber mill of J. R. Booth in the Capital. One day he met with an accident in which he lost his left arm. It was then that he resolved to study law. By application and tireless energy he forged ahead until he became one of the leading members of the Bar in Eastern Ontario. He had no advantages, no influential friends, no pull of

any kind in his uphill struggle. By his own unaided efforts and strength of mind and character he came to the front.

It is not often that a young man is called to the cabinet without first winning his spurs in a political fight; in recent years, there have been only one or two similar instances, Mr. Justice Latchford being made Commissioner of Public Works for Ontario in the Ross Government in 1899 and Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines in



the Whitney administration in 1905. The new Secretary of State is as well versed in law, systems of government and parliamentary procedure as if he had spent several terms in the House. He has always held aloft a high standard of citizenship, morality and honor. He held strong views and was never afraid to take a firm grasp for what he conceived to be right. He is a former law partner of Judge Latchford and has frequently appeared before committees of the Commons. A fluent, forceful speaker, a ready and clever debater, he will add strength to parliamentary oratorical ranks.

Charles Murphy is a young man who has a friendly word and kindly smile for all. He is president of the Federation of Liberal Clubs and a close student of the affairs of state. His friends are pleased that his selection marks an appreciation of his public spirit and exalted sense of duty and his elevation to the cabinet furnishes another of those decidedly rare instances where the office itself has sought occupant rather than the occupant the office.

Sir Louis Jette, who has recently left the gubernatorial chair of the neighboring province, after serving most acceptably two terms in the calm of the viceregal office at Spencerwood, has done as much as any representative of his race to cement the bond of friendship—between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians—the fruits of which were so amply evidenced on all sides at the Quebec Tercentenary. He now resumes his former post on the Bench of the Superior Court of Quebec, to which he was first raised thirty years ago. The son of a merchant, Sir Louis began to study law in Montreal when seventeen years of age and was admitted to the bar at twenty-six. He became an able, skilful pleader. In 1878 he was appointed professor of civil law in Laval University where he had the degree of LL.D. conferred on him. He subsequently became Dean of the Faculty. He was one of the Alaskan Boundary Commissioners to represent Canada and along with Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, declined to sign the award. In addition to his Canadian and British honors he holds honors from the

French Government. In September, 1901, he was made a K.C.M.G. and the investiture was made by the Duke of York.

Sir Louis was offered a place in 1878 in the Cabinet of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, but declined the honor. He is one of the most cultured and genial of French-Canadians, being a member of several literary and scientific bodies. He also spent some time in journalism. In the course of a broad-minded address, when opening the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto a few weeks ago, he spoke of the value of such occasions in engendering a better acquaintance of the two races in Canada and to the necessity of the encouragement of processes through which the measure of sympathy, now existing between the English-speaking and French-speaking people, may be broadened and deepened.

One of the remaining links—now so few in number—between the present generation and the stirring times of the pre-Confederation period is Sir Charles Alphonse Pantaléon Pelletier, who was recently sworn in as Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, succeeding Sir Louis Jette. A former Speaker of the Senate and latterly a Judge of the Superior Court of his native province, his career as a politician has been a spectacular one. Apart from his work his great hobby has been military matters. He was an officer in the Fenian Raid of 1866 and his son has done splendid service in the cause of empire in the Rell Rebellion of 1885 and in the South African war where he was wounded at Paardeberg. Sir Alphonse, in his stirring public life, has been a hard hitter but was eminently fair in his treatment of his opponents, believing that courtesy and truthfulness were always the best instruments. While running for the Local House in Quebec many years ago, party feeling ran high and it is said that his opponents received instructions, to prevent, at any cost, his getting a hearing on the public platform. While speaking he was shot in the back of the head and stunned by the bullet. He fell off the platform on to the ground, and was there assaulted by the crowd, who jumped upon him and pounded him as he lay unconscious on the ground. His

friends came to his rescue and before the melee ended there were other broken heads. It is stated as a fact that

rained upon him, he would have been killed. The father of Sir Alphonse Pelletier was a farmer who was financially



Sir Louis Jette

Who has Returned to the Bench after Serving Two Terms as Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec.

only for a heavy fur coat which Mr. Pelletier wore at the time and which protected his body from the blows and kicks

unable to assist his son in the pursuit of his ambitions. Nothing daunted, the young man came to Quebec with no as-

sets other than the memory of a proud lineage behind him, and ambitious dreams in his heart to lure him on. He studied

lege and university. He was called to the Bar in 1860, and practised in Quebec, where he was afterwards made City At-



Sir Alphonse Poirer  
Formerly, Assisted Lieutenant Governor of Quebec.

at St. Ann's College and later at Laval University, earning enough by private tutoring to pay his way through both col-

torney. In 1867 he ran for the Dominion House in the County of Kamouraska against the Hon. C. Chapais, one of the

## SOME MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Conservative Ministers. Party feeling ran so strong in the riding that riots took place, and, although young Pelletier was elected, the country was disfranchised and he was not allowed to take his seat, although he attended the session. He was re-elected in 1872, and remained their representative during the Mackenzie regime. In Mackenzie's Cabinet he was Minister of Agriculture and was also made a Senator and joint leader of that body. While Minister of Agriculture he was appointed President of the Canadian Commissioners at the Paris Exposition in 1878, and for that service he rendered his country he was made a C.M.G.

Eugene V. Debs, candidate for the Socialist party for President of the United States, has long been a conspicuous figure in the world of labor. He says he knows what is the matter in America and what to do about it. In an exceedingly interesting article in the October number of Everybody's Magazine, Lincoln Steffens says: "It may be deemed expedient to hang Debs some day, and that wouldn't be so bad, but don't try to hurt him. In the first place, it's no use. Nature has provided for him, as she provides for other sensitive things, a guard; she has surrounded Debs with a circle of friends who go everywhere with him, shielding, caring for, adoring him. They sat all through my interview, ready to accept what I might reject. So he gets back the affection he gives, and no strange hate can hurt him. It can hurt only the haters. And as for the hanging, he half expects that . . . I met Debs at a Milwaukee Socialist picnic (\$5,000 paid admission) where he was to speak, and, as he came toward me with his two hands out, I felt, through all my prejudice, those hands represented as warm a heart as ever beat. Warm for me, you understand, a stranger; and not alone for me: those two warm hands went out to all in the same way: the workers, their wives, their children; especially the children, who spring at sight right into Debs' arms. It's wonderful, really. And when, piloted, plucked at, through the jammed mass of waiting humanity, he went upon the platform to speak, he held out his handfuls of affec-

tion to the crowd. He scolded them. "Men are beginning to have minds," he said; "some of you don't know it." There was nothing demagogic about that speech. It was impassioned, but orderly; radical, but (granting the premises) logically reasoned. It was an analysis of the platforms and performances of the two old parties to show that they would do for Business as much as they dared and for Labor as little; and the conclusion was an appeal to the workers—not to vote for Debs: "I don't ask that," he



Eugene V. Debs  
Candidate of the Socialist Party for President of the United States

said, and sincerely, too. "All I ask is that you think, organize, and go into politics for yourselves." Delivered from a crouching attitude, with reaching hands and the sweat dripping from head and face, the speech fairly flew, smooth, correct, and truly eloquent. Debs is an orator. "If Debs were a priest," wrote Eugene Field, "the world would listen to his eloquence, and that gentle, musical voice and sad, sweet smile of his would soften the hardest heart." Half the

world does listen to Debs, and his eloquence does soften its heart. But it wasn't art that kept that Milwaukee crowd steaming out there in the sun and, at the close, drew it crushing down upon the orator. And it wasn't what he said, either; too much of the gratitude was co-opted in foreign tongues. It was the feeling he conveys that he feels for his fellow men; as he does, desperately. Debs is dangerous; it is instinct that makes one half of the world hate him; but doesn't. He loves mankind too much to be hurt of men; and that's the power in him; and that's the danger. The trouble with Debs is that he puts the happiness of the race above everything else: business, prosperity, property. Remarkable this to him, I said lightly that he was, therefore, unfit to be president. "Yes," he answered seriously, "I am not fitted either by temperament or by taste for the office, and if there were any chance of my election I wouldn't run. The party wouldn't let me. We Socialists don't consider individuals, you know; only the good of all. But we aren't playing to win; not yet. We want a majority of Socialists, not of votes. There would be no use getting into power with a people that did not understand; with a lot of officeholders undisciplined by service in the party; unpurged, by personal sacrifice, of the selfish spirit of the present system. We shall be a minority party first, and the co-operative commonwealth can come only when the people know enough to want to work together, and when, by working together to win, they have developed a common sense of common service, and a drilled-in capacity for mutual living and co-operative labor. I am running for president to serve a very humble purpose: to teach social consciousness and to ask men to sacrifice the present for the future, to 'throw away their votes' to mark the rising tide of protest and build up a party that will represent them. When Socialism is on the verge of success, the party will nominate an able executive and a clear-headed administrator; not—not Debs."

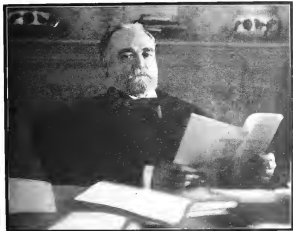
Every battle at the polls brings to the front, in a more or less notorious sense, some member of the administration

whom his opponents scathingly denounce as unworthy of a place in public life or in the confidence of the people, a man whom his friends love, "for the enemies he has made" and fondly point to as the "best hated man in the Government." In the cross-firing, that goes on in political life, the shafts of invective, sarcasm and vituperation are invariably levelled at some picturesque head. Some person has to stand the brunt. He is singled out as a shining mark and many charges hurled in his direction. His sins of omission and commission are referred to on every platform where his critics gather. The "honor" roll is a long one, since it must needs be that some one has to suffer. Many years ago Sir Richard Cartwright was known as "the apostle of jeremiads" and dubbed "the blue run knight." A few years after the late Hon. J. Israel Tarte was ironically styled "Master of Administration." Hon. Clifford Sifton had his turn and was derisively referred to as "The rich young baron" and "The young Napoleon of the West." The stormy petrel at the present time, the man occupying the centre of the stage in the fierce light that beats upon all the actions, sayings and doings of a public man, is Hon. William Pugsley, Minister of Public Works, former Attorney-General and subsequently Premier of New Brunswick. He is a picturesque figure and, while he has received some staggering knocks he has managed to deliver a few in exchange. The charges against him are that, while a member of the New Brunswick administration, he improperly handled public moneys and converted certain sums to his personal use; funds, which it is contended, belonged to the province and have not been properly accounted for. In answer to the allegations Mr. Pugsley has characterized these attacks as base and malicious and as grossly false and unwarranted. Mr. Pugsley is a hard hitter and aims with directness and force. If he gets a few blows in retaliation it creates no surprise in the public mind as there is an old maxim that if you are searching for trouble you can easily find it. In the meantime the electors, who are looking on, can see most of the moves which they doubtless will follow with

interest and patiently await the outcome.

There is endless variety of styles in dress, hats, furniture and houses. The desire to present something new and striking has lately found expression in the political arena. Across the border in their anxiety to reach as many electors as possible Messrs. Tait and Bryan, candidates for the Presidency, have been

gaging the attention of the electorate, is Mr. H. B. Ames, M.P. for St. Antoine division, Montreal. His picture gallery talks are given with aid of stereopticon, the novelty and originality of the enterprise arousing the curiosity and interest of the multitude. The views are very distinct and his talks are instructive, having been given in many parts of the country. By pictorial representation Mr. Ames, who is a widely known business



Hon. William Pugsley in his Office.

speaking into gramophones. The records of their remarks have been distributed in scores of cities and towns in order that as many people as possible may learn their views on the leading issues of the campaign. In Canada we have not reached this advanced stage, of preserved oratory, but we have instead the illuminated address. The man, who has introduced this scenic method of presenting the questions and topics now en-

man of a quiet, serious disposition and a close student of public events, unfolds some of the scandals which he has brought up in the House during the past session. He goes about his work in a systematic way, dividing his address into six heads, flashing views upon a large canvas of the alleged timber, grazing lease, land, irrigation, coal and inland fishery scandals against the Laurier administration. The pictures are all mount-

ed and well selected from the standpoint of driving his arguments home, while his tables of figures are explicit and simple. Mr. Ames has attracted attention since his entry into Parliament last term by calling for original documents and by his incessant examination of blue books, reports, tenders, contracts, and papers bearing on or dealing with public lands, timber and fisheries. Whether his ingenious manner of campaigning is one that has come to stay—spectacular and original as it is in Canada—is something that no one can as yet accurately foretell. Meanwhile he is in the limelight in a larger and more liberal sense than the usual interpretation of the term implies. Previous to entering Parliament he spent ten years in the Montreal City Council devoting much attention to the purification of municipal government and the reform of civic methods. He was largely instrumental in organizing the Volunteer Electoral League in his native city. He is a multi-millionaire, inheriting his wealth from his father, who made it in shoe manufacturing.

The Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, who is a strong figure



Norman E. Mack  
Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

in American politics and one of the few really big men in the Presidential campaign, is Norman E. Mack, who is a Canadian. He is a native of Middlesex County, Ontario, who has given to the world and to Canada in particular, some of the most eminent statesmen and educators of the time. In the Township of West Williams, near Parkhill, Mr. Bryan's general manager and financier of the Democratic party, first opened his eyes. A Canadian by birth, he is an American by naturalization, and a "Mack" by act of the New York State legislature. His name originally was Norman E. McEalshen. Of Highland descent he probably found nasal-toned Yankees unable to pronounce his name with the true Gaelic guttural, and rather than have it lose its Highland flavor he had it changed. "Mack" can still ask for subscriptions either for the Buffalo Times or for the campaign fund in "the language of the Garden." The October number of Hampton's Broadway Magazine in an appreciative reference, says: "When Mr. Norman E. Mack, of the rising, rous-

ing town of Buffalo, N.Y. the recently appointed Chairman of the Democratic Committee, selects an idol from the available idols of his party, all the others might just as well go out of the business so far as Mr. Mack is concerned. He is a political monotheist and is right on the job all the time. When the fame of William Jennings Bryan spread across the Missouri River and into strange lands a good many years ago, Mr. Mack gazed interestedly on it with a prophetic eye. Then he went out and got acquainted with its source and ever since then his political prayers have been said with his face toward Lincoln, Nebraska. He immediately began whooping things up in his Buffalo paper for Mr. Bryan and when he came to New York on his regular weekly visits he was a press agent, a steam calliope, and a Methodist exhorter in his efforts to get his particular idol into a job. If a medal for the most optimistic democrat had been offered at that time Mr. Mack would have won it hands down. Through all the desertions from the party which marked the democratic campaign in New York in 1896, the Buffalo Times, Mack's prosperous paper, stood by him with double-headed editorials, first-page news stories, and illustrated Sunday articles. In 1900 he was again at the job—just as cheerful as ever and more skillful because of riper experience. In 1904 he was thrown out of his regular employment by the hasty action of the St. Louis convention and supported Judge Parker in a half-hearted way. "Parker may come and Parker may go," reflected Mr. Mack, "but Bryan runs on forever." In 1906 his prophetic eye had recovered from the shock of

two years previous and he came out in an interview in which without any weakened "ifs" or "probabls" he said that Bryan would be the democratic nominee and would be opposed by Taft. He also added that Bryan would be elected, Mr. Mack is a self-made man and has done a pretty good job of it. He went into the newspaper business with less money than would now be required to pay the Times' salaries for one day. He now makes about \$40,000 a year out of it and lives in the most exclusive residence section of Buffalo. He is 49 years old. As a handshaker and a smiler he is untiring. He is regarded as the best dressed man in Buffalo. Mrs. Norman E. Mack would be well known even if she were not the wife of the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. She was a member of the New York State Commission at the St. Louis World's Fair and successfully directed the varied and intricate social functions of that body. She accompanies Mr. Mack on his political pilgrimages and at the Denver Convention she was one of the most prominent figures. She never appeared in the same gown twice and changed her jewels every day. In Buffalo, people have been taking notice of Mrs. Mack for quite a long time. In fact, she rather overshadows her famous husband there. A social affair where Mrs. Mack is not present could scarcely be called a function, and Mr. Mack accompanies her. When Mrs. Mack is at home, Mr. Mack is also there. In all of his work Mrs. Mack has been an able assistant, and if he ever gets elected—well, it would be a mighty big job that the two of them couldn't handle.



H. D. Ames, M.P.

The Organist of Federal Politics.

It is wicked for us to go about with faces which indicate that life has been a disappointment to us instead of a glorious joy. It shows that we have missed the real object of living, that we have never caught a glimpse of the realness of life, but that we are living in the shadows, in the gloom instead of the sunshine of reality, of truth, of beauty. It indicates that we have not even caught a glimpse of the real glory of life.  
—Success Magazine.

# We Do Just What We Have To

By Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

SIR HENRY IRVING played "Becket" on the very night of his death. His physicians said that he was undoubtedly dying throughout the entire performance. So buoyed up and stimulated was he by his great zeal for his work and the bracing influence of his audience that he actually held death at bay.

It is a common experience for actors who are ill to be cured for a time and to be entirely forgetful of their aches and pains under the stimulus of ambition and the brain-quickening influence of their audiences.

Edward H. Sothern says that he feels a great increase of brain activity when he is on the stage, and this is accompanied by a corresponding physical exhilaration. "The very air I breathe," says Mr. Sothern, "seems more stimulating. Fatigue leaves me at the stage door; and I have often given performances without any suffering when I should otherwise have been under a doctor's care." Noted orators, great preachers, and famous singers have had similar experiences.

That "imperious must" which compels the actor to do his level best, whether he feels like it or not, is a force which no ordinary pain or physical disability can silence or overcome. Somehow, even when we feel that it is impossible for us to make the necessary effort, when the crisis comes, when the emergency is upon us, when we feel the prodding of this imperative, imperious necessity, there is a latent power within us which comes to our rescue, which answers the call, and we do the impossible.

It is an unusual thing for singers or actors and actresses to be obliged to give up their parts even for a night; but when they are off duty, or on their vacation, they are much more likely to be ill or indisposed. There is a common saying among actors and singers that they can not afford to be sick.

"We don't get sick," said an actor, "because we can't afford that luxury. It is a case of 'must' with us; and although there

have been times when, had I been at home, or a private man, I could have taken to my bed with as good a right to be sick as any one ever had, I have not done so, and have worn off the attack through sheer necessity. It is no fiction that will-power is the best of tonics, and theatrical people understand that they must keep a good stock of it always on hand."

I know of an actor who suffered such tortures with inflammatory rheumatism that even with the aid of a cane he could not walk two blocks, from his hotel to the theatre; yet when his cue was called, he not only walked upon the stage with the utmost ease and grace, but was also entirely oblivious of the pain which a few moments before had made him wretched. A stronger motive drove out the lesser, made him utterly unconscious of his trouble, and the pain for the time was gone. It was not merely covered up by some other thought, passion, or emotion, but it was temporarily annihilated; and as soon as the play was over, and his part finished, he was crippled again.

General Grant was suffering greatly from rheumatism at Appomattox, but when a flag of truce informed him that Lee was ready to surrender, his great joy not only made him forget his rheumatism, but also drove it completely away—at least for some time.

The shock occasioned by the great San Francisco earthquake cured a paralytic who had been crippled for fifteen years. There were a great many other wonderful cures reported which were almost instantaneous. Men and women who had been practically invalids for a long time, and who were scarcely able to walk upon themselves, when the crisis came and they were confronted by this terrible situation, worked like Trojans, carrying their children and household goods long distances to places of safety.

We do not know what we can bear until we are put to the test. Many a delicate mother, who thought that she could not survive the death of her children, has lived to

bury her husband and the last one of a large family, and in addition to all this has seen her house and last dollar swept away; yet she has had the courage to bear it all and to go on as before. When the need comes, there is a power deep within us that answers the call.

Timid girls who have always shuddered at the mere thought of death have in some fatal accident entered into the shadow of the valley without a tremor or murmur. We can face any kind of inevitable danger with wonderful fortitude. Frail, delicate women will go on an operating-table with marvelous courage, even when they know that the operation is likely to be fatal. But the same women might go all to pieces over the terror of some impending danger, because of the very uncertainty of what might be in store for them. Uncertainty gives fear a chance to get in its deadly work on the imagination and make cowards of us.

A person who shrinks from the prick of a pin, and who, under ordinary circumstances, can not endure without an anæsthetic the extraction of a tooth or cutting of flesh, even in a trivial operation, can, when mangled in an accident, far from civilization, stand the amputation of a limb without as much fear and terror as he might suffer at home from the lancing of a felon.

I have seen a dozen strong men go to their death in a fire without showing the slightest sign of fear. There is something within every one of us that braces us up in a catastrophe and makes us equal to any emergency. This something is the God in us. These brave firemen did not shrink even when they saw every means of escape cut off. The last rope thrown to them had consumed away; the last ladder had crumbled to ashes, and they were still in a burning tower one hundred feet above a blazing roof. Yet they showed no sign of fear or cowardice when the tower sank into the seething caldron of flame.

When in Deadwood, in the Black Hills of South Dakota, I was told that in the early days there, before telephone, railroad, or telegraph communication had been established, the people were obliged to send a hundred miles for a physician. For this reason the services of a doctor were beyond the reach of persons of moderate means. The result was that people learned to de-

pend upon themselves to such an extent that it was only on extremely rare occasions, usually in case of severe accident or some great emergency, that a physician was sent for. Some of the largest families of children in the place had been reared without a physician ever coming into the home. When I asked some of these people if they were ever sick they replied, "No, we are never sick, simply because we are obliged to keep well. We can not afford to have a physician; and even if we could it would take so long to get him here that the sick one might be dead before he arrived."

One of the most unfortunate things that has come to us through what we call "higher civilization" is the killing of faith in our power of disease resistance. In our large cities people make great preparations for sickness. They expect it, anticipate it, and, consequently, have it. It is only a block or two to a physician, a drug-store is on every other corner, and the temptation to send for the physician or to get drugs at the slightest symptoms of illness tends to make them more and more dependent on outside help and less able to control their physical disorders.

During the frontier days there were little villages and hamlets which physicians rarely entered, and here the people were strong and healthy and independent. They developed great powers of disease resistance.

There is no doubt that the doctor habit in many families has a great deal to do with the developing of unfortunate physical conditions in the child. Many mothers call the doctor whenever there is the least sign of disturbance in a child. The result is that the child grows up with this disease picture, doctor picture, medicine picture in his mind, and it influences its whole life.

The time will come when a child and any kind of medicine will be considered a very inconspicuous combination. Were children properly reared in the love thought, the truth thought, the harmony thought, were they trained to right thinking, a doctor or medicine would rarely be needed.

Within the last ten years tens of thousands of families have never tasted medicine or required the services of a physician. It is becoming more and more certain that the time will come when the belief of the necessity of employing some one to patch us up, to mend the Almighty's work, will be a thing of the past. The Creator never put

man's health, happiness, and welfare at the mercy of the mere accident of happening to live near physicians.

He never left the grandest of his creations to the mercy of any chance, cruel fate, or destiny; never intended that the life, health, and well-being of one of his children should hang upon the contingency of being near a remedy for his ills; never placed him where his own life, health and happiness would depend upon the chance of happening to be where a certain plant might grow, or a certain mineral exist which could cure him.

Is it not more rational to believe that He would put the remedies for man's ills within himself—in his own mind, where they are always available—than that He would store them in herbs and minerals in remote parts of the earth where practically but a small portion of the human race would ever discover them, countless millions dying in total ignorance of their existence?

There is a latent power, a force of indestructible life, an immortal principle of health, in every individual, which if developed would heal all our wounds and furnish a balm for the hurts of the world.

How rare a thing it is for people to be ill upon any great occasion in which they are to be active participants? How unusual for a woman, even though in very delicate health, to be sick upon a particular day on which she has been invited to a royal reception or to visit the White House at Washington?

Chronic invalids have been practically cured by having great responsibilities thrust upon them. By the death of some

relative or the loss of property, or through some emergency, they have been forced out of their seclusion into the public gaze; forced away from the very opportunity of thinking of themselves, dwelling upon their troubles, their symptoms, and lo, the symptoms have disappeared!

Thousands of women are living to-day in comparative health who would have been dead years ago had they not been forced by necessity out of their diseased thoughts and compelled to think of others, to work for them, to provide and plan for them, because they could not afford to hire it done.

What does the world owe to that imperious "must"—that strenuous effort which we make when driven to desperation, when all outside help has been cut off and we are forced to call upon all that is within us to extricate ourselves from an unfortunate situation?

Many of the greatest things in the world have been accomplished under the stress of this impelling "must"—merciless in its lashings and proddings to accomplishment.

Necessity has been a priceless spur which has helped men to perform miracles against incredible odds. Every person who amounts to anything feels within himself a power which is ever pushing him on and urging him to perpetual improvement. Whether he feels like it or not, this inward monitor holds him to his task.

It is this little insistent "must" that dogs our steps; that drives and bestirs us; that makes us willing to suffer privations and endure hardships, inconveniences, and discomforts, to work slavishly, in fact, when inclination tempts us to take life easy;

## The Kind of Cigars King Edward Smokes

By Allan L. Benson in the Scrap Book

QUEEN VICTORIA's father, the Duke of Kent, smoked once a day—from the time he arose in the morning until he retired at night. Nobody except himself derived much nourishment from the smoke. His royal wife didn't like it, and his beautiful young daughter sometimes had to leave the room. So, when she herself became a full-fledged sovereign, and, in 1841, became the mother of little Albert Edward, she pointed to the lad one day and said: "There's a boy who shall never smoke."

Last month the man who was once the Queen's little boy ordered from an American tobacco company three thousand cigars that come eight to the pound and are warranted to burn two hours and a half in any climate. The bill was ten thousand five hundred dollars—three dollars and a half apiece.

Such are the uncertainties of fulfillment even of royal mothers' plans!

At the same time, the King sent along an order for a thousand cigars for his nephew, the Emperor of Germany. The British monarch is never niggardly in his gifts, but for the Kaiser's cigars he paid only a dollar and a half apiece.

Smoking, it seems, is in one respect like drinking. Italians who live in the wine-growing regions never drink much because, as one of their countrymen has said, "they are temperamentally always half-seas over, while the stolid Britisher requires much strong drink to place him even with them." And William II. of Germany, being normally a bundle of nerves, smokes a cigar that lacks a little of being half as large as that of his uncle's best brand.

Any time that you happen to be ninety miles southeast of Havana, you can look about you and see the country that produces, not only the King's cigars, but the tobacco that goes into the smoking material consumed in all the royal palaces of Europe except that of the Sultan of Turkey. The surrounding country is known as the *Vuelta Abajo* district. Contrary to general belief,

this territory from which tobacco for royalty comes is not small. Many a man bites off the end of a wrapper that grew next-hill to the King's three-dollar-and-a-half cigar. The difference is that Edward VII.'s smokes are all made of the largest, finest leaves, while the ordinary man's cigars are put together from what is left.

Growing tobacco for royalty is a business that requires the special knowledge of the tobaccoist and ingenuity of a Burbank. The first step is to get the best seed. Ordinarily, the top of a tobacco-plant is snipped off before it reaches maturity in order to prevent seeding and thus force all the sap of the plant into the leaves. But when a planter has in his pocket an order for cigars for a king he is very careful what tops he cuts off. The largest plants are permitted to go to seed, and this seed is used the next year to grow the leaves that are more valuable than one-dollar bills.

Once in the ground, tobacco seed immediately requires much water. Each plant is daily carefully sprinkled. In three weeks, it is time to transplant. Those that haven't made good are thrown away and the others are put in the ground three feet apart.

Then begins the difficult task of forcing into the leaves the ingredients that, when burned, make the monarchs feel at peace with all the world, whether they are or not. Potash is needed to supply part of the aroma and the flavor. Of this substance, each plant is fed all it wants. But the tobacco plant is also an enormous consumer of nitrogen, and, therefore, cotton seed meal, bone meal, and dried blood are frequently mixed with the earth. Many a Cuban cow has gone to the block without knowing that the blood in its veins would yet add a delicate flavor to the cigars of a king.

As soon as so much fluid has been forced into the plant that it threatens to run over by going to seed, a cork is put into the top, so to speak, by cutting off the end of the stalk, and the forcing process from the bottom goes on. In a little while, the leaves

Be strong!  
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?  
And fold the hands and acquiesce—Oh, shame!  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!  
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,  
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,  
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—G. H. S.

nearest the ground begin to turn yellow. That's a sign that they are ripe. When a planter who is raising tobacco for plain Bill Jones sees a yellow leaf or two at the bottom of the stalk, he cuts down the whole plant. But in raising tobacco for kings and emperors, only the leaf that is yellow is picked and the others are permitted to remain until they, too, are ripe.

The next step is curing. Curing tobacco is worse than curing lunacy. Nine-tenths of the cigars that are technically known as "dead" were killed in embryo by the gentlemen who pretended to cure the leaves of which they are made. First, the leaf must hang in the sun just so long. While it is hanging in the sun it must not touch any other leaf. Then, with other leaves, it must be tied in a bundle. And, by the time it has had some more sunshine, and is ready to begin the process known as fermentation, it has lost eighty-five per cent. of its weight. It has become the boiled-down sweetness of the tobacco plant.

Fermentation is for the purpose of reducing the quantity of nicotine in the plant and improving the aroma. In the performance of this task, heat is the sole agency. Tobacco can be fermented for a Broadway smoker in about two weeks. For a king, the time required is two years. In the first instance, the leaves are piled in a moist place, and the natural generation of warmth does the rest. In the second, the tobacco is packed in cases and stored in warehouses where the same result is brought about more gradually.

The men who make the King's cigars get a dollar apiece for making them. They make a dozen a day. Each cigar is nine inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter in the middle.

The first step is to get a perfect leaf. A year's time may have been spent in getting seed and tending a plant, but all of its leaves that are cracked or wrinkled are unceremoniously thrown over into the pile that is made into cigars for men who have no crowns and are not worth more than six or eight hundred thousand dollars apiece.

The perfect leaves are rolled into shape, and around the finished product is slipped a golden band bearing the monarch's crest. And packed a hundred in a box? Maybe for the Czar and the King of Spain, but not

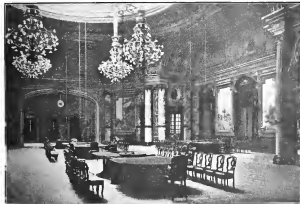
for your Uncle Edward. He takes his one in a box, hermetically sealed, with a little strip of glass for a cover so he can see through and be sure it's all right. More than that, each cigar is wrapped in a piece of delicate, hand-painted silk.

Then the cigars are sent to Sandringham House, Windsor Castle, or wherever the King wants them. But it should not be assumed that he fills his vest-pockets and passes them out to his friends at the races or at other places. He has another kind for that purpose—the kind that he himself smokes every day—the same quality of tobacco made into a dollar-and-a-half size. The three-dollar-and-a-half cigars are for use when he has company. If William is over from Germany, Nicholas has dropped in from Russia, or if President Fallières has come from France, then the boy is sent out to get the big sticks.

We have no exalted smoker in this country. President Roosevelt does not use tobacco. But we have plenty of millionaires who smoke as good cigars as any king does, and some that smoke more expensive ones. William E. Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation, smokes a five-dollar cigar. It is made of the same tobacco of which King Edward's cigars are manufactured, but Corey's cigars are ten inches long, while King Edward's are only nine.

J. Pierpont Morgan wants the strongest, best cigar that is made, but he is not particular about its being as big as the King and Corey like. Mr. Morgan's cigars are made from the same quality of tobacco that goes into the goods put up for royal consumption, but each cigar is only six and a half inches long, and not so fat as the King's. Mr. Morgan's cigars cost him a dollar and a quarter apiece. He is a great smoker.

Many rich Americans have adopted the European custom of smoking nothing but cigars that are at least five years old. The idea is that cigars do not acquire their best flavor until they have aged. A strange fact in connection therewith is that many millionaires now give orders for cigars to be delivered five years from the receipt of the order. The manager of one of the largest concerns in New York said he had his basement full of goods that were bought and paid for two, three, and even four years ago.



The Mela Gambling Room at the Casino, where Roulette is Played

## Monte Carlo and Its Game

By Arthur Hewitt in the Bohemian.

THE Casino gamblers were not a cheerful lot. Why were those pleasure-seekers' faces so sad? So I wondered at first—later I found the reasons.

I came to Monte Carlo at night; it was as though some palace of a fairer land had greeted me. Monaco's giant rocks rose heavenward, their lighted headlands blending with a starry, yet ink-black sky. You leave the train behind—there is an ascent of many steps, marble steps, a stairway of splendor adorned with bronzes. At the top, through a garden of great palms, you get the first glimpse of the Casino, a building of gaudy splendor, somewhat subdued at night; and your thoughts are of satisfaction and pleasure. But musings like these came to an abrupt end;

the crowd swept on the Casino, and the reality was before me.

Now came the formality of obtaining from the authorities the admission card. I experienced difficulty, and it was only after proving my identity and professional standing that the green card was handed me.

No one is wanted in the Casino who is a local resident; you have to live far away and be an employer rather than an employee; this rule is made to lessen the chance of the scandal often coincident with loss. After traversing the splendid hallways the card was scrutinized, and at last the doorkeepers, with profound obeisance, ushered me into the gambling salon.

You ask me for impressions—first impressions. Well, I will tell you—the

neurotic perfumes of this southern land, the noise as of raining gold, the atmosphere or aura of the place, unseen yet none the less forceful, these impelled me to dive into my pocket and test the goodness Fortune.

I gained a seat at a roulette table (of the game itself I shall speak later) and, suffice to say, I won, won, won. A single silver piece (for I touched a lucky number at once) became gold, and gold became notes. All the charm, the deadly charm, of the game was upon me; the box constrictor drew the rabbit into its coil.

Impressions—what are impressions? My nerves were on tension (I tell all). It was now a fever; my heart beat fast, duty and honor were no more, the very object of my coming to Monte Carlo was forgotten. All the mechanism of daily life had receded into another world. He who has never gambled cannot know it; environments of all sorts affect us in our daily life; but this was a wilder, keener touch. It changed the very muscles of the face, it broke every bond; he who loved, loved no more; every tie of sympathy was snapped asunder in the rage for sensation or gold. I do not exaggerate, for I write this in my London studio, in all the calm of retrospect.

I have traveled wide and far, and yet the evil of Monte Carlo is perhaps the most gigantic evil I have seen. I believe that in one year on the rock of Monte Carlo more lives are marred and often wrecked than by all the temptations and evil of a great country. I wished to find some attributes of good—I found none.

But I will now briefly describe the games themselves, proving the necessity for ultimate loss to all, and then I will speak of various people I met and of what they told me of themselves.

By far the largest number of persons play the game of roulette. The apparatus is simple: a large black wooden basin, around the inside rim of which are thirty-seven little compartments, each of which bears a number, 0, 1, 2, 3, and so on to 36. From the centre of this bowl a pivot rises by means of which the croupier can set rapidly revolving the detached circular bottom which contains the numbers. As he does this he drops

a small ball, sending it with a sweeping motion of the hand around the upper edge of the stationary bowl, in the opposite direction to the rotating half containing the numbers. Slowly the two momentary decrease, and at last, after a series of now quite erratic and chancier movements, the ball drops into a numbered compartment. The color and number thus indicated are the winners. The remainder of the outfit consists of two tables, each one continuous with a side of the table into which the wheel proper is set; marked on these tables, which are covered with green cloth, is a diagram, numbered and colored, showing the various chances of the play. You do not "go it blind."

There are the thirty-six numbers in three horizontal rows; a larger space tops these columns for the 0 (zero). Then at the sides of the columns the chances are labeled—*passé*, *manqué*; *pair*, *impair*; *rouge*, and *noir*. All these are chances for even money. Again, at the base of the diagram the various dozens may be played—1 to 12, 12 to 24, and so on; on these, as also the three columns, the bank offers 2 to 1. When you play you place your money, or ask a croupier to do so, on the various points of play as indicated on this table. Five francs is the lowest stake he will accept, 6,000 francs the highest; but this is only on even chances. When the stakes are all in position the croupier calls out, "*Messieurs, faites votre jeu.*" The wheel and the ball are set in motion. "*Rien ne va pas,*" he drones out—"Nothing more may be staked." Then chance gets to work and you lose or win exactly as you have placed your money; there is no cheating at Monte Carlo. If you have chosen the winning number and put your stake only on that number the bank pays you 35 to 1 for a five-franc piece, the croupier deftly pushes over to you 175 francs, and so on.

The charm of the game is apparent, the fascination and excitement are bound to hold you as they did me during many lucky days.

Then, too, there is the gorgeous beauty of the rooms themselves, the crowd of people all intent on the play, and the prodigious sums of money ever in view—

the unified activity, the action of combined thought in one direction. Each plays upon the senses until (I care not how strong your ordinary will) you fall prey to a temptation beyond your power of resistance. To be captain of your own soul in this place is indeed an arduous feat. I saw the strong and the weak alike enthralled—many people of many lands; and I think there were more women than men. Some played the game with definite system, some in the most erratic manner. The same fate overtook all.

At roulette, roughly, the bank wins three per cent. of all the money staked. As you play, this hard mathematical fact is establishing itself against you. You may win at the first, indeed many times. All your winnings first get back to the bank, and then your pocket will pay at least this subtle three per cent. for all your fine sport of many days. It is so simple, need I even explain, when the company which runs the place yearly reaps profits to the tune of over one and a half million pounds sterling?

The fateful zero takes your money, mathematically, once in thirty-six spins of the wheel; in the long reckoning it always appears, and each time the bank takes in the stakes.

There are systems, some will say, that will defeat the bank. I have not found one. Two factors settle all systems. One is the bank's limit, which prevents the doubling system so often advocated; the second the extraordinary idiosyncrasy of chance. Red or black will often run in long series. I saw fifteen reds come up in succession on one occasion; seventeen uneven numbers in an unbroken series on another. One evening, on a losing day, I was playing on the first six numbers and persistently for some hours the last twelve numbers invariably turned up. Once I saw it come up four times in succession, when mathematically it should have taken one hundred and forty-four coups to make it show that number of times—and still more strange that on this occasion each time it came up a gentleman had staked the limit on the number; namely, one hundred and eighty francs, winning in ten minutes something over 24,000 francs.

One readily sees by these instances the unexpected very often happens, in fact, more often than not.

The tables upon which *Trente-et-quarante* is played are similar to the roulette tables already described. They also are long and narrow and have a curved break on each side, in the middle of their length. Here sit the chief de partie and the croupiers, one of whom, called the *tailleur*, throws the cards that have been used. The top of the table is covered with green cloth and marked



Portrait of Maurice  
In Which Maurice is the Tailleur. He  
Invents Himself in Exposition.

off into spaces with lines drawn in yellow, in the same manner as the roulette table, from which it nevertheless differs essentially in its details.

*Trente-et-quarante* is a simpler game than roulette; it offers only four chances, all of them for even money. I shall not go into details of the manner of the play of this game; suffice it to say, it concerns the numbers and colors of ordinary playing cards as they are at random dealt out. Six packs of cards are shuffled together and dealt from.

New packs are always used for each shuffle. All this is done with great care.



for at times very large sums of money are on the table. Twelve thousand francs is the limit of the play, while a golden louis, or twenty francs, is the lowest sum allowed to be staked.

The game is quieter and more orderly than roulette, there are, as a rule, no mistakes or disputes, which so often occur at the roulette tables. Personally I always faced ill-luck when I played it, although I believe, given you have the capital, it is a safer chance than roulette, for the bank here wins only one twenty-eighth of the money staked. But the twenty-franc minimum is so formidable a weapon in the hands of the bank (as the side in command of the greatly preponderating capital) that if only the struggle be continued long enough every one who takes up the gambler must eventually be crushed. Here, then, again is the story of loss—inevitable loss.

As to the people I met, I must first tell of the Prince himself, the ruler of this strange country, to whose sovereign presence an errand of another nature than the purpose of this paper brought me. After a laborious drive up the steep incline of Monaco's hillside I found myself at where a soldier prevented my entrance until the elaborately uniformed concierge had given me passport and his baton had waved my vehicle forward. Then I entered the palace; many men met me, apparently from every doorway gallily dressed servants came forward and relieved me of all my encumbrances, each separate article being separately carried. I mounted the marble staircase and was received with formality by an officer of His Highness's forces. I was ushered into the Prince's presence. I found a simple, plainly dressed gentleman, with sad eyes and a stern mouth, charming in manner, secularly quiet in conversation and a fluent speaker of English. My camera portrayed him, then we chatted pleasantly. In himself this ruler of this country of the game is a strange contrast, his mind is often far away from his people and country. His joy is to drive his ship into the Arctic ice floes or to snap-shot a wild animal on some snow-capped mountain peak; while his scientific submarine researches have made him world-renowned.

As to the Casino, it is the very life of the State. The army, the schools, and the principality itself are financed by the gain at the tables; but that to the Prince is a right of heritage. Its follies and worse have little interest for him.

Now as to the gamblers. He was a good fellow, that tutor. I first met him at Cannes, in the house of friends of mine on the mountain side, where I stayed. They were growers of flowers, they had a poor little house—but what princely hearts! How they lavished of their all on me! Never shall I forget their kindness, those little acts which make life best worth while. The cheer of the wine, the brightest of suns, the bluest of seas, it was all there. But I am forgetting the tutor. The game long since had him by the throat. I met him in his losing days. How can I tell of all the agony of that man? The last time I saw him he was wandering penniless in the Casino, still eyeing furtively the game that had drained him. I asked him to luncheon from sheer pity. I believe he had been a splendid fellow at heart; but now his eyes were baggard and half-shut, he was unkempt, every nicety that marks self-respect had gone. He was glad of my invitation, and at the table he opened his heart; he told me fervently and yet with small emotion that he was that very night going to end his now wretched life. His tale was the tale of many, of long losses, of every article of value pawned, and all the other sordid details. But his eyes for all that were as yet unopened. I had to do something, for I saw the man was near the precipice over which Monte Carlo daily pushes her victims.

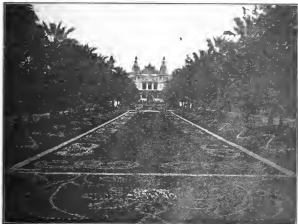
I told him fiercely of one chance of escape; flight and Paris. I begged him to be gone, the impossible alone was safe. I argued, and at last he became as a child, tired, utterly weary, and the train took him that night far away.

One night, as I was glancing at the players of Trente-et-quarante, I caught sight of a gentleman playing with the utmost deliberation and care. He was also steadily winning. He interested me, for he, I said, "knows the game; he has nerve and sense." Later I met him and ventured to remark concerning his

success. He shook his head and told me in fluent French how each year for seven years he had come to Monte Carlo, and how, in the end, he had always lost, because, as he described it, the nerves go round and cannot stand the strain. I was sorry, for after him the hope died that I should ever find a man that was match for the bank.

He was young and handsome, but a slave to the game. A man of courage,

Then there was the winner who went mad. I watched him at the tables in the Casino as he hugged tight to his breast a great bundle of "billets." To be exact, he had in his hands 132,000 francs; eleven packages, each containing 12,000 francs. Here was a curiosity. He had no thought of banking the handsome sum and quitting the game; he played on, played the limit—each time 12,000 francs, on the black at trente-et-



Surrounding the Casino are Wonderful Gardens and Tropical Plants, making a Veritable Fairy Land of the Place.

too, he had fought his duels, but his courage did not serve him in gambling. He had wealth, too, but he always gambled ahead of his income. The last night I spent with him he had to pawn a golden pencil, the gift of a Princess. Nothing else was wrong with him, in every way he was a man of appealing interest. He soon became a worry to me, his company was irksome, and after two or three chats I avoided him.

He quarante always on the black. He wandered from table to table, still throwing his notes where the noir was marked. An unnatural light shone in the man's eyes.

His luck had turned, he who had put the game to a standstill in the morning whilst the croupiers sent for more money, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon wandered from the Casino penniless (or at least minus his 132,000 francs) and unsteady



One of the Prince of Monaco's Small Army.

be sufficient. As I read my evening journal to-night I saw how the Monte Carlo Casino had just sent four hundred pounds to the fund for the families of the dead in the recent French naval disaster. It set me a-wondering. But oo, my opinion shall stand, that this thing has no redeeming quality. Nor is the gaming the only evil. Shame be it on the managers of the Casino that they should permit women of ill repute to frequent the place, and in large numbers. Why, I know not; certainly they were a nuisance to the gamblers. If you are winning, these women are very quick to find it out and you are requested to become their banker so that they may test their luck for their own benefit—beggars for your winnings.

A gentleman of prominence in Monte Carlo, a resident and a man of affairs, told me of the havoc of the game, told me of the destruction of private and public morals.

"The very atmosphere has a taint," he said. "I could count the hoosest people of the town on the fingers of one hand."

Then, too, I could add the stories of suicide, which is said to be frequent. I did see a man stagger and fall as he rose to leave the Casino, but he was hurried from the room by the numerous agents that are scattered about. I saw no suicides, I heard of many. That I prevented one I have no doubt. I cannot say it better than in the words of a great poet, "How mad and bad and sad it was."

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.  
The work begins when first your prayer was uttered,  
And God will finish what He has begun.  
If you will keep the meagre burning there;  
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

—Robert Browning.

## Some Curiosities of Diplomatic Life

By Herbert H. D. Peirce in *Atlantic Monthly*

EVERY diplomatic officer encounters many appeals for advice and assistance of one sort or another, not only from his own compatriots but often from foreigners, sometimes simply curious, and sometimes pathetic and deeply appealing. The appeals which the American diplomat receives from his own nationals are perhaps more frequent than those made to similar officials of other nations, for the reason that it is generally understood by citizens of other countries who find themselves in distressed circumstances in foreign lands, that the medium of governmental relief, if such can be extended, is the consular, not the diplomatic, officer of their country.

Most governments permit their consular officers to extend some measure of relief to such of their nationals as become stranded in a foreign country and desire to return to their own homes. Our own principle of individual independence, a principle which has done much to foster that spirit of self-reliance which plays so large a part in the national character, is opposed to anything that might encourage citizens in the belief that in distress they can confidently apply to the government for relief; and, conformably to this spirit of our institutions, neither our diplomatic nor our consular officers are provided with means of pecuniary relief for American citizens who may become stranded abroad, however much they may desire to return to their own land, except, under certain circumstances, in the case of American seamen. As a consequence, both the diplomatic and the consular officers of the United States frequently find themselves confronted with cases of such an appealing nature that, in common charity, they cannot refrain from offering relief from their own pockets.

Take, for instance, the case of the American who by adverse circumstances is stranded abroad, longing for nothing so much as to return to his or (harder

still) her native land; speaking at most but little of the language of the country; debarred both by nationality and by language from either earning a livelihood or seeking any but the most humiliating charity; willing but unable, in a foreign country, to exercise those means of bread-winning which in America might be reasonably relied upon for support. In the face of such an appeal, what can the diplomatic officer do but lend this aid to send the applicant home? Nor are such cases rare. They constitute a considerable tax upon the slender remuneration of the office. A generous charity toward his own nationals, tempered only by his personal means and due circumspection to provide against that imposition which is ever alert to impose on the unwary, becomes, therefore, one of the functions of the American diplomat.

It is, however, no part of the purpose of this article to rehearse the harrowing details of life's harsh discipline to the needy, but rather to relate some curious phases of those conditions which bring persons to an American legation for assistance by advice or for pecuniary aid.

That meanest of social parasites, the bogus-claim-agent, meanest because he preys, not upon the rich, but above all upon those struggling poor who strive to keep head above water in that sea of overwhelming expense, the imagined social requirements of a position which their means are inadequate to maintain,—this wretched bloodsucker plies his nefarious calling in every land.

One bitter winter's night in St. Petersburg, early in my first service as charge d'affaires, there came to me a poor colonel of infantry, whose meagre pay would hardly suffice to put bread in the mouths of his numerous family and maintain with decency his rank in the Russian army.

The well-brushed but threadbare uniform, the tarnished lace, the boots well

polished but split, all proclaimed the struggle, while the thin hand he gave me and the sallow sunken cheek betrayed the physical privation. He had traveled from his post, some seven hundred miles, distant, full of expectation, to ask information of me regarding the alleged fortune of a mythical millionaire in one of our southern states, by whose reputed death a claim-agent, to whom he had paid a hardly-earned bonus for the information, had told him. He had become his heir. Never shall I forget the fall of the poor gentleman's countenance as I explained to him the improbability of the truth of his information. Needless to say, my inquiries proved my predictions correct. How dastardly the act of the vampire who had sucked from him his poor savings and entailed upon him the expense of the long journey!

There is a story of a vast fortune, the existence of which an American, dying in a Spanish prison, revealed to a priest, which, periodically comes to light—always with a demand for a house before the secret can be divulged—with such regularity of reappearance, though with slight differences in dress, that it is known in the Department of State as "the Spanish story."

Marital relations are a prolific cause of appeal to the American diplomat. It is dangerous ground, of course, but the diplomatic officer must patiently listen to the recital of rights and wrongs on both sides, and finally do what he best may to promote domestic harmony. The marriage laws of the different civilized countries differ materially, and indeed perhaps there is no question of so-called "private international law," unless it be that of citizenship, which plays a larger part in the whole question of what is known as the international "conflict of laws." An American citizen married to a foreigner might, under certain circumstances, find his status in this regard quite different in his own country and in that of his wife.

A naturalized American of Russian birth who had, for sufficient reason, procured a divorce from his first wife, had married, as his second venture, a Russian lady of the Orthodox faith. Now the Russian Church and State, while they

grant divorce, do not easily recognize the remarriage of divorced people. Indeed, these two people certainly could not have been legally married in Russia. Both knowing the facts, they went to another country and there became man and wife by English law. Relations becoming strained, they both came to me, the husband to induce me to get the marriage dissolved, as invalid under Russian law, and the wife to insist upon her husband being held to his proper obligations under our laws. By dint of salutary advice, I brought matters to a satisfactory agreement, which, however, proved to be of brief duration; for, shortly afterwards, the wife appeared before me to request my good offices to get the marriage dissolved as invalid under Russian law; and she had hardly gone when the husband appeared to demand recognition of his marital rights under our laws, his wife having left him and being engaged in an attempt to remove the furniture from the house as her property.

Princess—, peace be to her and to her name—a name associated with some of the highest dignities of the Empire, but which I will not repeat in this place, for obvious reasons—held weekly a salon in St. Petersburg where one met the very elect of every walk in Russian life, and to which none might obtain access without the passport of culture and good breeding. She had long passed the period of feminine charm when I knew her, except that she remained grande dame in the highest acceptance of the phrase. Her dress, though somewhat eccentric, was of a character to emphasize the dignity of a truly noble bearing. No one understands this better than the Russian lady of high birth; she can even smoke her ever-burning cigarette with an air of supreme dignity.

As I sat one evening at work in my study, my servant brought me the card of a gentleman, well known in the Imperial Court, who awaited me in the salon. My visitor handed me a note from Princess—, which requested me to come to see her at once, at a certain house, not her own, on a matter of great importance. Laying the note down upon the table near me, I begged my visitor to say to the Princess that I would go

to her as quickly as I could make some necessary changes in my toilet. The moment I put it down he seized the note and tore it into a thousand pieces, which he crammed into his pocket, explaining with breathless haste that the matter would permit of no delay, and begging me to go with him at once. A short drive brought us to a house I frequently passed in my daily comings and goings, and here a sign to the concierge and an evident signal at the doorbell caused the door to be quickly opened. As it closed behind me, I found myself in an apartment filled with white-frocked monks of the Roman church, an unusual enough sight in Orthodox Russia, where, of all religions, that of Rome is looked upon with most suspicion. By a tortuous and narrow passage, my guide led me to a back room illuminated only by a single lamp, and this heavily shaded, except for a square opening in the lamp-shade emitting a comparatively brilliant stream of light in the darkened room in which sat my summoner, clothed in her habitual flowing black robe. Upon my entrance she rose and, still standing in the stream of light, introduced to me a young man of a well-known family who, she dramatically informed me, had committed what in Russia is regarded as a high political crime, though under our system it would be regarded as the exercise of a natural right. He had been concealed from the police for thirty days in that same apartment. Now an opportunity offered for sending him out of Russia through Finland, and her purpose in requesting my presence was to ask from me an American passport in his favor. Of course it was utterly impossible to comply with such a demand, and, very shortly after, my new acquaintance took his departure in company with a party of these Carmelite monks.

The penalty for the political crime of which he was confessedly guilty was deportation to Siberia for life. My sympathies were therefore keenly aroused, although it was quite impossible for me to assist him; and it was with no small feeling of anxiety that I saw him depart upon his journey, which might very likely be interrupted by the police with disastrous results. Very shortly afterward

my friend the Princess was taken seriously ill and died. I never saw her again, and it was not until five years later that I learned, by chance, that the young political offender had escaped safely.

Some of the applicants in Russia presented interesting claims. One, a native of Vermont, told me that he had come so far from the home of his Yankee birth to play in the Roumanian gypsy orchestra in one of the restaurants in St. Petersburg. Another, who received each year a special form of recommendation to the authorities, as a "ward of the United States," was a true Sioux Indian who had come to Russia in Buffalo Bill's "Wild West Show," and had been left behind owing to his love for Russian "fire-water." Physically, he was a fine specimen of the race of which his features and bearing were the very type; and, with the mass of coarse black hair hanging down on the massive shoulders from beneath the broad sombrero, it was curious to find him transplanted into Russian soil and speaking the language of that country about as well as he did English.

It is a just interpretation of our country's liberal laws, based upon the principle of the right of the individual to change his national allegiance at will, that abandonment of country and permanent residence in a foreign land, without intention to return to the United States to reside, and to perform there those duties of citizenship which should be performed for the state in return for the advantages and protection which citizenship confers, should be construed as indicating a purpose to abandon citizenship itself. For, that the mere claim of nationality, and demand for the national protection abroad, should give to the individual immunity from those claims upon him which the citizens or subjects of the country of his residence must meet, and that at the same time he should be enabled to avoid, by his absence, his duties and obligations to his own country, is a one-sided arrangement, out of consonance with the true and underlying principles of the mutual rights and obligations of communities and individuals. Moreover, there has been no little abuse of our naturalization laws by

foreigners, who, desiring to escape military service in the country of their origin, emigrate to America just before they can, by their laws, be called upon for such service, and, remaining just long enough in our country to obtain their papers as American citizens, return to the land of their birth, with no intention of ever coming back to the United States, but demanding of our government immunity, by virtue of their newly acquired allegiance, from all of those obligations which the country of their residence requires of its nationals, while enjoying all the advantages of its social organization and escaping the performance of every duty to their new allegiance.

Such an abuse was, of course, never contemplated in framing our immigration laws, nor in defining the principle of the inalienable right of the individual to change his allegiance. It is a simple measure of self-protection for our government to say that, while it does not undertake to deprive any citizen of his lawful rights, it is fair to assume that, when he abandons, permanently, his residence in this country, thereby avoiding all those duties of citizenship which the state may justly require, he has abandoned, in real truth, American allegiance.

Yet, as no general precept can meet every case, this just and equitable interpretation of our laws works hardships in some cases, which come with pathetic appeal to the attention of the American diplomat. A combination of untoward circumstances may leave a whole family stranded in a foreign country. The death of the parents may throw the children, altogether unprepared, upon their own resources, and, with the most earnest longing to return to America, they may be unable to find the means to do so. Each year cuts them off more entirely from home ties, and makes the possibility of their earning a living in America more remote, and yet there remains the same intense desire to claim and retain American citizenship. I remember several such families in Russia, who had come out with their parents at the time of the building, by American contractors, of the railway between Moscow and St. Petersburg, and who, their parents having died, leaving them penniless, had become Rus-

sian in everything but in name and in their intense sentiment of patriotism toward the country they could only dimly remember from childhood.

Of stranded Americans in Russia, I recall, among many others, the case of a troupe of eleven colored "vadeville" performers, whose manager had left them in the lurch. To assist so many at one and the same time was quite beyond the means at my personal disposal, so I was obliged to have resource to a benevolent society, to which I was a subscriber, to borrow aid for them. It is a pleasure to be able to recall that these people repaid the loan voluntarily and without any steps, on my part, to require it.

Needless to say, the diplomatic officer encounters his full share of impostors. My last in this line was an amiable and adroit humbug, but he did a fair day's work for every krone I gave him, and, but for his final abuse of my confidence, I should feel that I had not suffered in anything but the imposition on my credulity, and this so cleverly done as to amuse rather than annoy me.

He came just as I was getting settled in my house in Christiania; my garden was full of the boxes in which my furniture had been packed, and which must be broken up and stored before the rapidly approaching winter set in. He represented himself to be a discharged American seaman, but without papers—as such sea-tramps often are—or other means of identification than his knowledge of City Point, South Boston—which seemed accurate enough—where he represented himself to have been born, although, as he said, he had been at sea most of his life. Curiously enough, though, he knew City Point so well, he knew nothing about Boston or even South Boston. He could not tell me even where the State House stands, nor what it looks like. Yet he spoke English without other accent than that which is common enough in certain parts of our country, a slight Irish brogue. The sole wish of his heart was to get back once more to City Point, to his dear old mother, whom he would never, never leave again, once he was at her side. Giving him a crown for his supper and night's lodging, I told him to call on me the next day.

Meanwhile, I arranged with a steamship line to give my American sailor transportation to Boston, for a sum within my means, and engaged him to work for me at fair wages until sailing day. I never got better labor for the wages than this delightful humbug gave me. The day before the sailing of his steamer he disappeared, but the ship had hardly left port when he turned up again with a story of unavoidable detention. Two weeks later, another was to sail, and again I arranged for his passage, still employing his services about the place, where his diligence and intelligent labor accomplished wonders in getting things to rights. Sailing day came again, and again my American was missing; but the following day up he bobbed with a story of a row and arrest by the police—a story which, on investigation, proved to be pure fiction.

I yielded to his importunities to give him a little more work, and set him at splitting kindling in the cellar.

The next morning, my servant came to me, saying, "If the Minister pleases, the American is drunk." — "Well, send him away," said I. — "I can't, sir. He will not go; I did lock him in the wine-cellar." — "Why? Why did you lock a drunken man in my wine-cellar?" — "I did find him in the wine-cellar," it is here," handing me a regular burglar's skeleton key. There was nothing to do but to hand him over to the police, who informed me that he was a Swede and "wanted" in Stockholm on a criminal charge.

There comes to me frequently, at this Legation, a poor demented old man, who fancies that he has some grievance

against the Norwegian Government. He clearly is not an American citizen, but he alleges that he served in the Confederate Army. He carries always the same bundle of papers, which I have read many times, and which have no sort of bearing on the claim that he thinks they establish.

As I try to make him comprehend this, he dives down into all his pockets, fishing out other equally irrelevant scraps, until every chair is the repository for some of these poor worthless bits of paper. He stands and looks at them all with despairing eyes, then puts his hand to his head, saying, "There is something, but I can't remember. My head is bad." It is a sad and oft-repeated scene. All I can do is to give him a little charity and send him away.

These are but a few of the curiosities of diplomatic life, taken, at random, out of my experience. Many others crowd in upon my memory, but the foregoing will serve to show how varied are the appeals for assistance, in one form and another, which come to the American diplomat.

Of the tragedies of life which one encounters, where often a few dollars would go so far to relieve distress, I have said but little. One often longs for means to dispense a more generous charity. Our national government could hardly undertake to provide such means, and it is only a few of our diplomatic officials whose circumstances enable them adequately to meet all the calls upon them. But the relief of worthy Americans in distress abroad, through our embassies and legations, offers a wide field for private charity, which would be subject to but little if any imposition, in view of the ability of the officials to investigate.





W. H. Cottleham, Vice-President and General Manager of the Stevens-Wilkins Co. of Cleveland, is his office. Mr. Cottleham is a prominent Canadian, born in Ontario, Ontario, in 1886.

## The Greatest Game in the World

By Walter H. Cottleham in *System*

THE field of business is world-wide in extent. Its cultivation affords the ambitious man greater scope and opportunities for his activity and ability than any other. There are no limits to the possibilities of a business career, excepting the limitation of human capacity and endurance.

And this is the day of business. In no period of the world's history has it occupied such an important place.

Time was when men devoted themselves to conquest by the sword, but now the world's greatest contests are fought and won on the fields of commerce by the great captains of industry. To be "in trade" is no longer a reproach, for business as it is constituted to-day affords ample opportunity for the highest honors, for the most enduring fame and for unlimited wealth and power. It is a

field to attract the able and ambitious and in which to exercise the greatest talents.

The world is progressing to-day at a greater speed than ever before. Developments and improvements are on every side. They are the results of the genius of business. They are the rewards of tireless industry and superior ability.

Let no one think that the best days for business opportunities have passed. We are in the midst of them. Right now the chances for success are greater than they ever were. Remember this: better training and greater knowledge are now necessary to successfully conduct the vast transactions by which the enormous business of our time is operated than in the days of small things.

Business is a race. It is a struggle for supremacy from start to finish. The field

is crowded with trained competitors, eager and alert to outdo one another at every turn. The start is important. It means a great deal to get under way right.

The very first step then is a firm and determined resolution to succeed. Make up your mind before you enter the race that you will go into it to stay, that you will keep the goal of success ever before your eyes, and that you will never give up until you have crossed the line a winner.

Such a resolution many men never take. The majority seem to be possessed of an idea that success is largely a matter of luck, that when they get into business fortune will come to them in some way. They fail to take a serious view of the subject at the start. They utterly fail to realize the tremendous effort and hardship necessary to get even a foothold, and so they drift along aimlessly without a plan to guide them.

Emphasize the importance of a sober and firm resolution at the start. Resolve with all the strength you can command that you will win, and then determine with all your might that you will keep that resolution—and go to work.

The first necessity of training for any race, and especially for the race of business success, is work.

Work, in order to be highly successful,

must be done because of love of it, because of the desire of accomplishment. It is only under such conditions that one is able to do his best. The heart and soul, as well as the hands, must enter into the task if it is to be of the record-making kind. It must become a part of your very self.

All the great works of art, literature and science are great because they are part and parcel of the being who created them. They are the expression of an ideal, developed by intense application, not for love of gain, but for the love of achievement and the desire to excel. The man who finds work a drudgery and an everlasting grind, who is always looking for the quitting time, will never do really good work, for his heart is not in it. He is but a machine working for a mere existence. He works only because he has to, and is kept up to it. Of this kind of workers there is an over-supply in the world, and so the price is low.

But for the man who works because he desires improvement and advancement, because he desires to accomplish, because he wants to do something better than what has ever been done before, because he wants to be a prize winner in the great race for success, there is no limit to what he may do, the whole world is open to him, and welcomes him and will reward him richly.

### A Few Thoughts

We seeds must love the highest when we see it.—Tennyson.  
The miller thinks the wheat only grows to keep his mill going.—Goethe.

A very great part of the mischief that vex the world arises from words.—Burke.

The whole object of literature is to prevent truths becoming truisms.—Chatterton.

A man's output for the species is more important than his moral elevation.—Wells.

## The House of Life

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Cosmopolitan.

All wond'ring and eager-eyed, within her portico,  
I made my plea to Hostess Life, one morning long ago.

"Pray show me this great house of thine, nor close a single door;  
But let me wander where I will, and climb from floor to floor.

"For many rooms and curious things, and treasures great and small,  
Here in this spacious mansion lie, and I would see them all."

Then Hostess Life turned silently, her searching gaze on me,  
And with no word she reached her hand and offered up the key.

It opened first the door of Hope, and long I lingered there;  
Until I spied the Room of Dreams, just higher by a stair.

And then a door, whereon the one word "Happiness" was writ;  
But when I tried the little key I could not make it fit.

It turned the lock of Pleasure's room, wherein all seemed so bright,  
But after I had stayed a while it somehow lost its light.

And wandering down a lonely hall I came upon a room  
Marked "Duty," and I entered it, to lose myself in gloom.

Along the shadowy walls I groped my weary way about,  
And found that from dull Duty's room the door of Toil led out.

It led out to another door, whereon a crimson stain  
Made sullenly, against the dark, the words, "The Room of Pain."

But oh, the light, the light, the light, that spilled down from above!  
And upward wound the stairs of faith, right to the Tower of Love.

And when I came forth from that place I tried the little key,  
And lo! the door of Happiness swung open wide and free.

## The Prolongers of Life

By Michael Wilkins in *Munsey's*.

THE most noteworthy fact connected with the recent progress of science is the ever-increasing attention it pays to problems affecting human happiness and human life. Some of the best intellects of the age are removing the basis of Tolstoy's reproach, when he said that science was practically useless, because it concerned itself only with details and unimportant little facts, like the coloring of a butterfly's wing, or the muscular structure of a timemouse, neglecting the questions of deep human significance—such questions, for example, as how best to eat and drink, to sleep and exercise, in order to live healthily and long. Yet it was by paying attention to details that science learned how to handle the larger problems of which details are a part; and to-day men of microscopes and calorimetric bombs are investigating the regions once explored only by philosophers and poets—the mysteries of life and death.

Of all the problems which concern humanity, perhaps none is more interesting than that of achieving long life. Upon this problem many of the chief scientists of to-day are concentrating; and there is to be found, in their results and conclusions, an agreement that the road to man's long life leads—as one of our oldest proverbs states that the road to his heart also leads—through his stomach.

Man is his food. We are what we eat and drink. Thinking men and women are beginning to recognize the full truth of the German adage, "As a man eateth, so he is," and of the old Saxon saying, "Every man has lain on his own trencher." The important part that eating plays in the business of life is a commonplace; yet it is beyond question true that the majority of men and women eat what they like, or what they have been "brought up" to eat, without giving special consideration to the question

of wholesomeness, and without inquiring what are the real needs of the body, and how these needs may best be supplied. Of late people have begun to realize the necessity of asking such questions as the following:

What is the best dietary for health?

What foodstuffs will best sustain mental and physical effort?

What substances are best adapted to building strong and enduring muscles, pure blood, active and well-balanced brain and nerve?

In a word, what shall we eat in order to live long?

Thousands of people have been forced by ill-health to consider such problems; but few, until recently, have found anything like a satisfactory answer. Every physician will admit that medical dietetics is, of all subjects with which he has to deal, perhaps the most contradictory and unsatisfactory. This is due to the fact that until lately it was almost wholly empirical, and not scientific; being based upon imperfect and inadequate observations, and very largely abandoned to the rule of the quack or the unscientific food faddist or enthusiast.

Now, however, there is a general awakening to the need for paying scientific attention to the question of food. Thoroughgoing laboratory researches, and experiments made upon hundreds of thousands of persons, have supplied trustworthy data; and although the science of nutrition is still far from being settled and accepted, it has emerged definitely from the mists of charlatanism and faddishness, and through the devoted work of a noble band of men and women it is placing knowledge of the utmost importance at our disposal. It declares with no uncertain voice that human life may be prolonged far past the traditional three-score years and ten, and that a century of useful existence



Dr. Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris.  
Who Holds That Men Should Live One Hundred and Twenty Years."

need no longer be regarded as a chimera, or as a relic of the dreams of Ponce de Leon and other searchers after the fountain of youth.

Men of many nations are numbered in the ranks of the scientific prolongers of life; but, as Professor Lafayette B. Mendel, of Yale, recently said to the writer: "There is no possibility of discussing the nutrition study of to-day without first mentioning the Germans." In this branch of scientific investigation, the Germans display their racial genius for thoroughness; and they have contributed many of the fundamental discoveries and ideas to the science of prolonging life.

The greatest figure of the new knowledge passed out of the arena a few months ago in the person of Karl von Voit, who died at Munich after a long life that was devoted from the first to the investigation of the problems of nutrition and of physiology. He was called "the Nestor of his science"; and no characteristic could seem more just. His doctor's thesis, away back in 1856, was a study of the circulation of nitrogen in the animal system; in other words, a study of the way in which the body avails itself of one of the most essential of the materials from which nerves, muscles, and cells are built. At the age of twenty-six, he had demonstrated a meth-

od of determining how the human system uses proteid—that substance in food without which life would be impossible. When he was thirty-five, his work had

kofer he also discovered the amount of proteid metabolism—or amount of proteid changed into living substance—in persons of average health subsisting on



Horace Fletcher

A Retired American Business Man who has Devoted His Later Life to the Study of Questions of Nutrition.

resulted in the construction of the first apparatus for determining mechanically the amount of nitrogen consumed by the body. This was the Pettenkofer respiration apparatus, and with Dr. Petten-

kofer he also discovered the amount of proteid metabolism—or amount of proteid changed into living substance—in persons of average health subsisting on

various diets, during fasting, and during work. These experiments put the principles of nutrition on a scientific basis for the first time, and although later investiga-

tions and discoveries have exposed many of his theories to adverse criticism, and to radical change, yet it may be said that Voit laid the foundation on which other men are now building. He was devoted to his arduous labors; he found real joy in them; and his pleasure at any new discovery on the part of another scientist was an inspiration to his numerous pupils. He was characteristically Teutonic in his deliberation, and in his depreciation of any hurried announcement of the results of his experiments. His last published article gave to the world work accomplished seventeen years before.

Other leaders among the German students of the science of long life are men whose names are classic in the laboratories and lecture-rooms of the world, although popularly they may not be so widely recognized. There is N. Zuntz, with his pupils, notably A. Loewy; there is C. von Noorden, who now resides in Vienna, and whose speciality is the study of metabolism, or the processes whereby the organic material contained in the different foodstuffs is transformed by the body into living cells; there is Max Rubner, of Berlin, an eminent authority; there are Eduard Pfleger, of Bonn; Fr. Müller, of Munich; Robert Tigerstedt, now in Helsingfors, Finland, and many others.

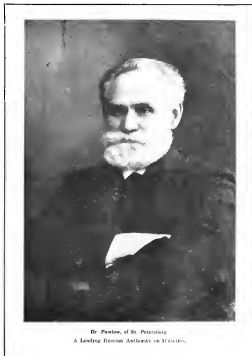
In Italy, among many eminent names, two stand out for special reasons. The first is that of Angelo Mosso, of Turin, who has made a study of the production of poisons in the body through the action of muscles in exercise. The "fatigue toxins," as such poisons are called, seem to bear a close relation to the problems of nutrition. This appears through the fact that certain foods make muscles of a quality that stand more fatigue than muscles built up out of other food; and thus they add to the endurance of the human machine. The simpler foods, whether of meat or of cereals, fruits, and the like, are better body fuel and body material than foods that are rich and highly seasoned.

The second name connected with the study of nutrition in Italy furnishes a link that carries the record to England and to the United States in a singularly

interesting way. This is the name of Ernest Van Someren, a physician residing in Venice. Some years ago, Dr. Van Someren found that his investigations were likely to be cut short owing to the fact that his own nutritive machinery had broken down. Just at this juncture, he met a retired American business man, Mr. Horace Fletcher, who also lived in Venice, and learned how Mr. Fletcher himself had faced death because of the breaking down of his digestive system, and how he had won back his health and strength through the establishment of a habit of thorough mastication of all food, both solid and liquid, with the attention directed not to the act of chewing, however, but to the enjoyment of the food itself.

Dr. Van Someren tried Mr. Fletcher's method, and in a remarkably short time recovered his health. He thereupon investigated Mr. Fletcher's case from a scientific standpoint, and speedily became convinced that there were solid reasons that supported the business man's theory. Before the meeting of the British Medical Association, in 1901, he read a paper which attracted the attention of Sir Michael Foster, the dean of British physiologists, and of Professor Russel H. Chittenden, of Yale, who has been called the "father of physiological chemistry in America." Sir Michael Foster invited Mr. Fletcher and Dr. Van Someren to Cambridge University, where tests were made of both men that proved them to be in exceptionally fine physical condition. Yet, not long before, both were sick men. Mr. Fletcher, indeed, had been in such a state that no life-insurance company would accept him as a risk.

That demonstration was followed by the now world-famous experiments at Yale, conducted by Professors Chittenden and Mendel, with Mr. Fletcher as the first subject, and later with subjects drawn from all sorts and conditions of men. It was speedily proved that one of the great Karl von Voit's ideas was open to correction. This was the so-called "Voit standard of protein need." As a result of exhaustive studies of what men in ordinary ways of life all over the world actually consume, Voit had announced that the average man needed



Dr. Pawlow, of St. Petersburg.  
A Leading Russian Authority on Digestion.

a daily amount of protein—which is the principal element of such foods as meat, eggs, nuts, cheese, and milk—roughly equivalent to about one hundred and eighteen grams. The Yale experiments showed that less than one-half of this amount—about fifty grams—is all that

the average man requires, and that any more may be dangerous, since the organs of the body are forced to work too hard in order to handle the excess of material.

Fifty grams of protein is equal to about an ounce and three-quarters, a



quantity which Dr. Edward Curtis, another of our prominent American authorities, says is represented by the proteid content of nine and a half ounces of lean meat, or of seven eggs or of twenty-seven ounces of white bread. Nine and a half ounces of meat is about the weight of a slice measuring seven by three inches, and cut a quarter of an inch thick. But as nearly all foodstuffs contain proteid in greater or lesser quantities, you do not need to eat so much meat or bread as the amounts given in order to get your daily stint of proteid.

The net result of the remarkable experiments at Yale may be summed up in the statement that over-eating, especially of rich foods like meat, is the national dietetic sin of America, and that the cutting down of the commonly accepted standards of living is the first step necessary if you would follow the road that leads to long life.

Another leading American investigator of the problems of longevity is Dr. Jolin Harvey Kellogg, of Battle Creek. While Dr. Kellogg's views are regarded as extreme by many other investigators, because of his advocacy of a meatless diet, yet the contributions he has made to the growing fund of hygienic knowledge are recognized as among the most important of the age. He has made an especially close study of the problem of auto-intoxication—of the self-poisoning of the body through the toxins, or poisons, that are produced by the action of many of the organs, and also by the fermentation and putrefaction of foods in the colon, or lower bowel. His experiments with alcohol and tobacco are noteworthy; but perhaps the most interesting point about Dr. Kellogg's work is the fact that he puts his ideas into practise in a very original manner through the schools of health which he has established on a philanthropic basis at Battle Creek. His sanatorium in the Michigan city has nearly a thousand men and women connected with it in various capacities, and all give their services in return for barely living wages, the profits being devoted to the extension of the work.

Other Americans who should be mentioned are Drs. Harvey Wiley, the governmental expert on foods; Dr. Bene-

diet, head of the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory; Dr. Herter, of New York, who has contributed important discoveries to the study of meat foods, and Dr. W. B. Cannon, of Harvard. Dr. Cannon, for instance, proved by his original X-ray experiments with cats, in which he made visible the whole process of digestion, that emotions of anger and fear have a decidedly injurious effect upon the digestive juices and processes. It has often been said that he who laughs grows fat, and that the dyspeptic is apt to be a cantankerous citizen; and now we have the scientific reasons why.

In this branch of work a Russian expert, Dr. Pawlow, of St. Petersburg, has borne a notable part. His experiments were closely akin to those of Dr. Cannon, but he used dogs as his subjects, instead of cats. In neither case was vivisection the method employed; both the cats and the dogs, indeed, leading lives that might possibly be envied by some humans, inasmuch as their chief duty was to eat. Now and then, however, the subjects are teased or irritated, and then it is observed that the flow of gastric juice ceases, or lessens, and is of a lower quality than when they are permitted to enjoy the pleasures of the table.

These experiments support the view promulgated by Horace Fletcher, Professor Chittenden, Dr. Kellogg, Metchnikoff, and others—that one of the best recipes for attaining old age is to be cheerful, and to eat only when you are in a good-humor, and have something you like on your plate.

The mention of Metchnikoff, another Russian, brings up the work being done in France, which is of great importance, and which has corroborated the general conclusions reached in this country by Chittenden, Kellogg, Fletcher, and others. Armand Gautier, Tissier, Combe, and Masson of Geneva, are names that stand high in the ranks of the prolongers of life; and chief of them all—in popular fame, at least—is Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute. It was Metchnikoff who discovered that the white cell of the blood fought for the body's health by warring upon invading disease germs. He also discovered that certain cells of the body are apt to turn traitor to the body's wel-



Max Rubner, of Berlin.  
A Leading German Authority on Dietetics.

fare, and, by devouring nerve-centres in the brain and elsewhere, to bring about premature old age and death.

Going on with his investigations, Metchnikoff now announces his belief that the fermentation and putrefaction of excessive quantities of food in the lower bowel, and of foods not adapted to the requirements of the stomach, are responsible for the degeneration of the body's living cells. If we eat in moderation, and endeavor to eat only food

adapted to our real requirements, says Metchnikoff, the white cells of the blood are able to fight back the attacks of disease germs, and long life is attainable by all. He holds that men generally should live to be more than one hundred years old; and, like his confreres in other countries, he declares that moderation in eating is one of the master words of the new science of health.

So widely have the various currents of the modern health reform movement

spread that in this country there has now sprung up a Health League, which has for its object the education of every citizen in hygiene, and the establishment of a national bureau or department of health at Washington. This movement was started by a committee of the American Association for the Advancement of

Science—a group of men and women numbering among its members many of the most notable people of the republic. Its work has been indorsed by President Roosevelt, by William H. Taft, by William J. Bryan, by the late Grover Cleveland, and by representative men and women of all shades of opinion, who

## THE PROLONGERS OF LIFE.

agree with Emerson that "health is wealth."

Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, is the chairman of the committee. A few years ago Professor Fisher was a victim of tuberculosis. Curing himself, he then began a personal crusade for the betterment of public health, which has already proved of immense national value. The Health League, of which he was the chief originator, now numbers more than ten thousand members, and is growing

so steadily that it promises to reach every city, town, and hamlet in the land.

The first object of the league's educational work is to keep the general public informed of what the pioneers and leaders of the scientific investigations of the problems of health are discovering and proving. The prolonging of life is now a science; and those who search into its problems believe, with Professor Chittenden, that "knowledge has value in proportion to the benefit it confers, directly or indirectly, on the human race."



Harvey W. Wiley

Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture.

## Do a Little More.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, in a recent address before a graduating class in New York, gave some excellent advice to the young men on how to attain success in life. Among other things, he said:—

"There are several classes of young men. There are those who do not do all their duty, there are those who profess to do their duty, and there is a third class, far better than the other two, that do their duty and a little more.

"There are many great pianists; but Paderewski is at the head because he does a little more than the others. There are hundreds of race-horses, but it is those who go a few seconds faster than the others that acquire renown. So it is in the sailing of yachts. It is the little more that wins. So it is with the young and old men who do a little more than their duty.

"No one can cheat a young man out of success in life. You young lads have begun well. Keep on. Don't bother about the future. Do your duty and a little more, and the future will take care of itself."

# The Master-Man

By Elbert Hubbard

THE master-man is simply a man who is master of one person—himself.

When you have mastered yourself you are fit to take charge of other people.

The master-man is a person who has evolved intelligent industry, concentration, and self-confidence until these things have become the habit of his life.

Industry in its highest sense means conscious, useful, and intelligent effort. Carried to a certain point, industry is healthful stimulation—it means active circulation, good digestion, sound sleep.

Industry is a matter of habit.

We are controlled by our habits. At first we manage them, but later they manage us. Habits young are like lion cubs—so fluffy and funny! Have a care what kind of habits you are evolving; soon you will be in their power.

It is habit that chains us to the treadmill and makes us subject to the will of others. And it is habit that gives mastership—of yourself and others.

The highest reward that God gives us for good work is the ability to do better work. Rest means rust.

So we get the formula: Acquire and evolve physical and mental industry by doing certain things at certain hours.

The joy and satisfaction of successful effort—overcoming obstacles, getting lessons, mastering details which we once thought difficult—evolve into a habit and give concentration.

Industry and concentration fixed in character as habits mean self-confidence.

Industry, concentration, and self-confidence spell mastership.

So from the man we get the master-man.



Answering their Call at "The Merry Widow."

## The Production of a Play

By Hartley Davis in Everybody's

(Continued)

IN finished manuscript form, before it is produced, a play is a most uncertain thing, so far as its commercial value is concerned. The most astute managers declare, especially after a failure, that it is all guesswork, and that their business is practically gambling. When a new play meets with popular approval, however, the manager is likely to say that, though there is more or less guesswork about production, good judgment and clear insight are the determining factors.

Charles Frohman, who has produced, and each year produces, more plays than any other manager, his average now being about thirty plays a season, has a record of having guessed right six times out of ten in the past dozen years. That is to say, nearly half of the plays on which he risked large sums of money were failures. And, mind you, some of these had been successful in Europe. His great ambition is to average eight suc-

cesses out of every ten plays. But he does not expect ever to reach that goal. As to the playwrights, he maintains that even the masters of the craft cannot hope to average more than two successes out of five plays.

This uncertainty in estimating the commercial value of a play is in some degree inevitable, because there are so many things to consider, the most important of which is the way audiences feel and think—a constantly varying factor. It would be a much easier problem for the managers if they had the capacity and the inclination to study and think clearly on this point. They have learned from experience that certain things are "sure fire" and that others do not appeal, but they don't know why. The result is that they slavishly follow precedent and so make painful and costly blunders. It frequently happens that a technically good play fails because it



unnecessarily offends popular prejudice, and that a very bad one succeeds because it appeals to popular prejudice. The time is likely to come when the big managers will employ experts to tell them about the public, experts who will be quick to see changes in the sentiment of the crowd and who will know the reasons.

Though the attempt to fix the value of a manuscript play is still practically guesswork, its production is a fairly exact science, or art, whichever you are pleased to call it. By production is meant



A Quick Change at "The Merry Widow"

the taking of a play in manuscript and preparing it for the stage. It includes planning, building, and painting the scenery; getting together the properties, which means everything on the stage that the scenic painter hasn't provided for; lighting, the selection of the players, determining the manner in which the lines are to be spoken; the "business," that is, the physical action of the players, from a slight gesture to falling down stairs, and many other things. Frequently it also means the changing of lines or even whole scenes. A budding playwright is fortunate if there is enough

left of his original manuscript for him to recognize it.

When a manager decides to produce a play, he may work in conjunction with the author or ignore him altogether; it depends upon the strength of the playwright's position. A successful dramatist is inclined to be autocratic, and the manager resigns himself to spending twice or three times as much as he would spend if the author didn't interfere. Clyde Fitch, who sometimes produces plays in conjunction with a manager, is the most reckless of all dramatists in lavishing managerial money on productions.

Generally the manager decides upon the players as he reads over the manuscript. The scenic artist is then called in and the color scheme is determined. If the play has only interiors, the difficulties are likely to be few and the cost is comparatively low, though it increases with the introduction of doors and windows. Nowadays there is a tendency to have a great part of the woodwork—doors, jambs, mantels, moldings, wainscoting, etc.—real wood instead of painted imitation, and this doubles or trebles the expense. Though the scenery of an interior, if merely paint and canvas, costs less than an exterior, furnishing the interior may make up the difference. If the room represent a fine mansion, the draperies, carpets, and furniture sometimes require an outlay of thousands of dollars. If it be a cottage, it may cost very little. The range of the cost of production is wide, from \$3,000 to up ward of \$100,000, but the greater number of plays are produced for less than \$10,000, so far as scenery and properties are concerned. Charles Frohman says the usual cost of his dramatic productions is about \$15,000, but plays like "Peter Pan," which cost something like \$60,000, bring up the average.

A theatre-goer need not be very old to realize the tremendous advance that has been made in stage settings. My recollection runs back to a melodrama called "The World," which was, I believe, the first spectacular melodrama produced in this country. It was first given in 1881, and it ran for years. Its "thriller" was a raft scene, a simple arrangement of a platform resting on a ball-joint in the

centre, with wheels like castors on the four corners. The raft was easily manipulated to give a striking effect of being tossed about at sea. There was a great fuss over the fact that the company carried a whole carload of its own scenery and that the cost of the production was \$15,000. Compare this with the production of "Ben Hur," which cost \$65,000, and requires two trains of six and seven cars each to move from place to place; with "The Prince of India," which cost \$110,000; with "The Round-Up," which cost \$50,000. All of these were produced under the direction of one man, Joseph Brooks, and give an idea of the advance that has been made in a little more than a quarter of a century.

In the old days the theatre furnished the scenery for traveling companies. Even after companies began carrying their own scenery, it was flimsy stuff, for the most part, and one set of furniture, disguised with different covers, sufficed for a whole play or even several plays. Contrast this with the late Mr. Mansfield's delaying a production two days to find a certain piece of colonial furniture that he wanted in one scene. Incidentally, he played that very scene with an electric light to illuminate the room, with never a thought of the anachronism. Or contrast the old way with David Belasco's paying \$250 for an antique sideboard for "The Warrens of Virginia."

The greatest advance has been made in the lighting, electricity having added incalculably to the possibilities of creating illusion. Nearly all stage effects are pure illusion, largely mechanical, and gained by the most extraordinary devices. There are wind, rain, thunder, and snow-machines, and if something new is demanded, it is promptly invented. The problem is, not to produce the desired sounds and lights and other effects, but to provide a natural excuse for using the devices, as, for instance, a window through which light may come, or a lamp overhead—a lamp whose light is about one-fiftieth of that which comes from the wings.

When the general idea of the scenes has been decided upon, the scene-painter makes a model, a complete setting in

miniature, so arranged that all the lighting effects can be shown. It is at this point that the producer's detail work be-



Maxime La Mance is the Facemograph Machine in "The Three Tons."

gins. David Belasco, who stands head and shoulders above all other producing managers, illustrates best the pains that may be taken to perfect a setting. With



Part of the Costume Department of the "Merry Widow" Company.

him the play is a secondary consideration; he selects only those plays that give opportunity for him to show his genius in production. The pictorial effect is always uppermost. Time and time again he has won tremendous financial success with plays that were intrinsically bad and that, in the hands of another, must have failed woefully. He has yet to produce a downright failure or a really big play.

Mr. Belasco was two years in preparing "Du Barry" for the stage, and it cost \$86,000. William Buckland, his general stage director, spent weeks in the museums of London and Paris, gathering material for the stage settings, the properties, the costumes. It was the same with "Adrea." Mr. Buckland, by the way, has had a fine training for the place he fills. After a technical course as an electrical engineer in Stevens Institute, he turned to architecture, which he studied for years. Later he made his living as an illustrator. Subsequently he went on the stage, under Augustin Daly, and then he took up stage management.

When "The Music Master" was in preparation, Mr. Buckland haunted the

east side of New York to find a locale, to study types, to gather bits of dialogue and properties. For "The Warrens of Virginia" he spent three weeks with Ernest Gros, the scenic artist, near the scene finally selected, making sketches, taking photographs, gathering boughs of trees and shrubbery upon which artificial leaves and flowers were subsequently fixed; buying furniture, observing character types, and collecting colloquial expressions. That is the regular Belasco program with each play, whenever possible, and that is why his productions impress one as a mosaic.

The Belasco scene models are all made to scale. Even the furniture and the smallest things, drawn to scale, are shown. Everything is worked out in advance, as far as possible, and then is subject to change during rehearsals. The lighting schemes are thought out carefully, all the distances determined exactly, and the carpenter who builds the scenery works from plans like those furnished by an architect.

In Mr. Belasco's new theatre, the Stuyvesant, the switchboard is one of the most elaborate ever constructed. There

are four rows of footlights of different colors, which can be turned down to a mere glow; five rows of border lights; many strips, which go in the wings; spot-lights; bunch-lights; search-lights—all kinds of lights; and every possible effect is at the command of the master. With each production he experiments for days. When he is satisfied, a lighting plot is made for each scene. Every important character has a particular shade or strength of light, just as, in the old days, each had his particular strain of music. The orchestra always gave the cue for the villain, and the woefully saturated heroine had the tender wail of the strings to guide her. Now lights and colors take the place of the music, and the new way is infinitely better, for its effects are produced far more subtly and naturally. In fact, few people are ever conscious of the means at all; they realize only the results.

It is in interiors that lighting offers the greatest opportunity; the cost is quadrupled. And it is in interiors that the scene-painter revels. Frequently they give the property man his opportunity, also. Obviously there is vastly more scenery needed for an exterior than the three walls and the ceiling of an interior. In addition to the more substantial articles, shrubbery, trees, flowers—and this kind of thing is enormously expensive, particularly artificial flowers employed in profusion—are the province of the property maker. He must be, first of all,

a thorough mechanic, and a good deal of an architect and a painter as well.

The big scenic artists do little actual painting beyond making the model, unless they have a panoramic effect. That they do themselves, standing on the paint bridge, many feet from the floor, while the canvas is raised or lowered. The panoramic effects are difficult to handle. The one used by Maude Adams in "The Jesters" last season was the fifth painted, and each cost Mr. Frohman \$500. The difficulty was to avoid fluttering when a draft swept across the stage. Mountains that tremble hazily are not conducive to illusion.

With the elaborate productions of late years the importance of the builder of scenery has increased. Formerly, when the scenery consisted merely of canvas stretched over a wooden frame, it was simple enough. But the struggle for realism and sensational effects has developed difficult problems for the builder of stage scenery to solve. Every piece of scenery must be made so that it can be folded into strips five feet, nine inches wide, because the doors of the baggage cars in which it is transported are only six feet in breadth. Also every piece must be light, and so constructed that one scene can be removed and another put in place within ten minutes. It may take thirty hours of continuous work to get the scenery "set up," to use a technical expression, after it is brought into the theatre. After that the work of changing a scene is comparatively easy.

The "bettering" fever seems to be an epidemic among the girls of to-day—they always want to be shining.

There are some people who merely echo other people's remarks, and thus save their brain the effort of producing an original thought. This is a process of husbanding one's brain capital much to be commended.

When all noses are alike, begin to take in your coats by the scuffles. The millennium will be at hand.

It is an unheard-of thing for a woman's smile to be an enigma.

Habit makes the hardest work easy.—From "Shadowed," by Barbara Glynn.

## The Entangled Church

By Elliott Flower in the *Sunset*.

THE Stratford Avenue Church was not a church militant politically, as a general thing, but it went into the campaign to defeat Tom Haley for the legislature with all the ardor of an organization of crusaders. It even put aside temporarily its plan for a large, new church in order that it might give its whole attention to the fight for decency and an honest administration of public affairs.

In a general way Tom Haley's record as a grafter was known of all men, but unfortunately it was not capable of legal proof, wherefore, Haley was running for the legislature instead of defending himself in the criminal court. Furthermore, everything pointed to his election. There was opposition, but the opposition lacked cohesiveness, while his support was cohesive and well organized; the practical politicians were with him while his opponents lacked leadership, and there was a considerable part of the district in which the practical politicians were powerful. It sometimes happens that the most antagonistic elements find themselves tied up in one district-package.

The decision to fight was reached at a meeting called to formulate plans for the building of the new structure. Feeling ran so high that the gathering resolved itself into a party of protest, and the ostensible object was almost forgotten. When one anxious member—a contractor with an eye to business—recalled the reason of their coming the excitement was so intense that he was almost booed down for interfering with the more important business of the moment. The new church could be built any time, but Haley had to be defeated now.

The Reverend Samuel Warner made a ringing speech on the disgrace of having their district represented in the legislature by such a notorious corruptionist as Haley, and he was followed by Hiram Atwater and Joseph Stanton who repeat-

ed the common gossip as to misdeeds of this disreputable man. This was no question of politics, it was declared, but one of common honesty, and it was the duty of every decent man to show his good citizenship in a forceful and practical way.

"I do not believe," said Hiram Atwater, "in a church mixing itself up in a purely political fight, but it should assail evil wherever it finds it. Haley is the incarnation of all that is evil in public affairs. I do not know whether he is a Republican or a Democrat, but I do know, as everybody knows, that he is a grafter."

"Let us be practical," urged Joseph Stanton. "It does no good to tell each other what we all know; we must get out and fight in a vigorous and practical way—appoint a campaign committee and awaken public sentiment by holding mass meetings and arranging for aggressive action all along the line."

The good people of the church were so stirred at the close of the meeting that they pledged themselves to do the utmost for the opposing candidate, although some of them had to ask who he was. No one cared particularly about him, all being interested merely in the downfall of Haley, the notorious.

Of course the church as an organization did not take official action in the matter but the hottest campaign ever known in that district was born of a church meeting, the leading members of the congregation were active and aggressive, the pastor condescended to make some political addresses, and the church was credited with being the soul of that particular reform movement. Haley knew that, if defeated, his defeat would be due to the Stratford Avenue Church, but he did not expect to be defeated; the circumstances compelled him to make an unusually hard and costly

fight, but he was fairly confident of winning.

Then certain significant facts came to the ears of Joseph Stanton, and Stanton conferred with Hiram Atwater. Later the two discussed the subject with other prominent members of the church, including the pastor, and a daring plan of action was evolved.

Tom Haley, before aspiring to an elective office, had been a street-paving inspector, and it was currently reported that certain contractors had made this a remunerative position for him, but in this, as in other matters connected with his record, there was an annoying lack of legal proof. Now, however, Stanton had learned of a specific case of wrongdoing—of bribery, to be exact. The sum paid was given and also the fact that the negotiations were conducted through a certain Alf. Carney who had since dropped out of sight. Inability to locate Carney was said to have given Haley some uneasy moments when his record was under fire.

The first impulse of the church people was to throw a verbal broadside into the Haley ranks. The Reverend Samuel Warner advocated this strongly, believing that he himself, if other champions were lacking, would be able to present the case in a way to carry condemnation to the enemy, but Stanton objected and Atwater joined in the objection.

"The thing for us to do," said Stanton, "is to play practical politics."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the pastor.

"Well," answered Stanton, "an unproved charge does not amount to much in this kind of a fight, and we lack the evidence to convict, but," he added significantly, "he does not know that, and I think the information we have can be so handled as to force him to withdraw."

"That seems like bargaining with the devil," objected the pastor.

"Not at all," argued Stanton; "it is only playing practical politics—fighting the devil with fire, as you might say."

"If we had the evidence to convict," explained Atwater, "we would take him into court at once. Not baving that we want to use what we have in the way that promises the most certain results. It is

the defeat of Haley that we are after. Now if Haley thinks we have got hold of this Alf. Carney, he will be scared to death, and we can startle him with details that will make him think just that. We can overwhelm him, I believe, and accomplish far more than by any sensational speech-making.

The pastor still demurred, but he was first overruled and then convinced of the advisability of playing the political game according to the practical method. After all it was not the exposure of Haley that was desired now, but his defeat. He had been exposed so often that it had become monotonous.

Haley was not a man to be easily bluffed, as a general thing, but there were reasons why he should be much worried about Carney; there had been a misunderstanding previous to Carney's disappearance, in addition to which Carney was not a man who inspired his associates with confidence. Circumstances had made him a convenient and almost necessary agent in one case, but he never had been used in any other. There had been several occasions when Haley had feared that some unfriendly man or men might get hold of this weak and disgruntled fellow, but it was now so long since he had faded from sight that the danger seemed to be past. Nevertheless, the church had stumbled upon the very weakest spot in Haley's defenses.

Stanton and Atwater, to whom the arrangements had been left, developed considerable skill in playing their points, considering that they were inexperienced in any such matters. They first sent for Haley, and Haley returned word that anyone desiring to see him could find him in his office. Whether they went to Haley or Haley came to them might seem to be a small matter, but Atwater shrewdly argued that the first who weakened would be at a great disadvantage, so this message went back to the candidate:

"Mr. Haley may save himself much trouble in the Carney case by keeping the appointment made for him."

Haley weakened and kept the appointment; he could afford to take no chances in the Carney case.

"What do you want?" he demanded gruffly when he appeared.

"We want you to withdraw," answered Stanton bluntly.

Haley laughed scornfully: "Have you been hitting the pipe?" he inquired. "You talk like you've been having funny dreams."

"We thought," persisted Stanton, "that you'd rather retire than have any trouble over the Carney affair."

"I don't know what you're talking about," blustered Haley. "I never had any dealings with Carney."

"Then why are you here?" asked Atwater quietly. "I notice you changed your mind about coming mighty sudden when Carney was mentioned."

It was "first blood" for the church and Haley realized it; he had weakened his position by surrendering to a threat, but he still blustered. He was curious, he said, to learn what sort of an absurd story had been rigged up.

"Well," returned Atwater, "we'll satisfy your curiosity in some measure. The story relates to a considerable job of paving in the Third ward. It was done by the Thompson company, and there were reasons why the Thompson company wished the inspector to be blind. The inspector was blind for a consideration. Is that enough?"

"Nothing doing," answered Haley with a scornful laugh. "Do you think you can scare me out with fairy tales?" However, he was inwardly worrying over where Carney came into the story.

"The company," Atwater went on, "offered two hundred dollars but the inspector demanded five hundred dollars. A compromise on three hundred and fifty dollars was finally effected. Alf, Carney carried on the negotiations and he paid the money into your hands after deducting his commission as agent. Am I right?"

"Where is Carney?" demanded Haley quickly.

"That's a detail that we don't care to discuss," answered Atwater.

"You can't produce him," declared Haley, although the story told was so accurate that it seemed certainly to have come from Carney himself.

"If you think so," returned Atwater, "you can easily settle the question definitely by refusing our proposition.

Have I stated the case fairly, Mr. Stanton?"

Stanton nodded approval. He was the one who had accidentally unearthed the story, but he realized that Atwater was a better man for the verbal sparring.

"It's all a lie, anyhow," insisted Haley. "Carney couldn't tell anything about me." "You ought to know," said Atwater, and his air of cool confidence was more disquieting than any argument could have been.

"I'll think it over," said Haley, weakening.

"No," retorted Atwater sharply; "you'll decide now or you'll face the consequences."

Haley threw away a half-burned cigar and lit another, thus endeavoring to cover his agitation, for he found his predicament a serious one. Even if they had not the necessary evidence to convict, he had reason to believe that the sensational exploiting of the affair would produce it. They knew enough to frighten some people who could talk, and Carney himself, if not already discovered, might easily be brought to light by the publicity of the charges. No man likes to linger in the shadow of the penitentiary.

"I won't withdraw," Haley announced finally.

"Very well," said Atwater, with sharp decision, "we shall proceed at once—"

"I won't withdraw," repeated Haley, interrupting, "but I will be defeated."

They looked at him with surprised inquiry. "I can't withdraw without making things worse," he explained, "but I can be beaten without much trouble."

"That isn't safe," objected Stanton.

"Give me two days," said Haley, "and I'll put myself out of the running. You will still have your story if I fail."

An agreement was reached on this basis. The story was to be buried and forgotten and Haley was to eliminate himself as a campaign possibility according to his own methods.

Haley's task was easily accomplished. He disappointed three political meetings that night and it was reported that he was drunk. A little thing like that would not hurt his reputation among those who really knew him, but it could not fail to deprive him of some votes. Then the

rumor circulated that he had suffered a sudden attack of "cold feet," and that was a much more serious matter. A close-fisted campaign policy was something that the rank and file of his supporters simply would not stand; they were interested in political work as financial rather than a moral or physical proposition. In their own words Haley was "a dead one" as soon as his unexpected penuriousness became generally known.

The church returned to its building problem with the consciousness of a good job well done, although only a few knew just how it had been done. The majority thought the defeat of the notoriously unfit candidate had been due to the open fight made against him but the few knew better. Incidentally, the little incursion into practical politics seemed to have made the whole church more practical; it refused to go blindly into debt for the new building, holding that the total cost must not exceed the sum now in hand or definitely pledged. This was certainly conservative for a church.

The first plans submitted by Mr. Benham, the architect, proved to be altogether too costly, so he tried again, and again the estimated cost exceeded what the church thought it could afford. The architect trimmed his figures a little and the wardens decided to eliminate for the present such features as could be added later, but the estimate was still unsatisfactory.

"I am especially anxious," said the pastor, "that this church shall not put itself under a burden of debt, as so many others have done, but, nevertheless, we must build for the future and not merely for our immediate needs."

This reflected the views of nearly all. The church was very practical.

"Where else can we shave the expense a little without modifying the plans too much?" asked Stanton.

"It might be possible," returned the architect thoughtfully, "to save about six hundred dollars on the foundations."

"Would it be safe?" asked Stanton.

"You mean the building?" queried Benham.

"Of course."

"Oh, perfectly safe, in my judgment," said Benham. "The plans call for founda-

tions of unnecessary depth and thickness."

"Then that's easy," remarked Stanton, relieved.

"Not quite so easy," returned Benham. "The building laws, unfortunately, call for such foundations for such a structure."

"Do you mean," demanded the Reverend Mr. Warner indignantly, "that the building laws of this city compel us to spend six hundred dollars unnecessarily?"

"No doubt the aldermen who passed it, in their inexperience, deemed this provision necessary to safety," explained Benham, "but in the judgment of myself and other architects and builders the requirements are absurd. We have to put in foundations that would be strong enough for a building of twice the size and weight."

"That is outrageous!" exclaimed Mr. Warner.

"But," added the architect, "It is not always done. Some of the foolish requirements are neglected in many buildings. I have no doubt your alderman could arrange it for you."

"Oh, no!" protested Mr. Warner.

"We could not countenance even indirect bribery!" asserted Stanton.

"Oh, nothing of that sort at all," the architect assured them. "As a matter of courtesy the alderman will get the Building Department to pass the plans. It is done all the time. The department quite understands the absurdity of some of the provisions, and in its discretion virtually modifies the law. I would suggest that you see your alderman. I shall be glad to go with you and give him my assurance of the absolute safety of the structure planned."

"It will do no harm to see him," admitted Stanton.

"I would not put up a building," said the architect virtuously, "that I did not consider absolutely safe."

"We seem to be drifting back into politics," commented Atwater thoughtfully, but he agreed that it would do no harm to see the alderman. The idea of wasting six hundred dollars was as repugnant to him as to any of the others. The committee that called upon Al-

derman Cayvan consisted of the pastor, the architect, and Atwater and Stanton. The alderman was very nice about it, and there being no taint of boodles in his record his assurance that the matter could be arranged easily had no sinister significance.

"Surely," he said pleasantly, "the building of a church should be made as easy and economical as is consistent with safety, and our building laws admittedly go to extremes in many details. For that reason they are rather loosely enforced. It would seem to me that a building upon which Mr. Benham, your architect, is willing to risk his reputation is not likely to be a dangerous one."

"We would not care to risk our own lives, either," suggested Stanton.

"Of course not," admitted the alderman. "I can imagine no case in which a modification of the law in its enforcement is more justifiable, and it can be arranged easily."

"And honestly," interposed the pastor. "We wouldn't pay a cent—"

The alderman turned on him sharply. "Sir," he said, "if any question of bribery, direct or indirect, entered into this I would not listen to you for one moment."

"Oh, not for you," the pastor hastened to say.

"Or for anyone," declared the alderman. "Surely that was enough to satisfy the most particular."

"What's to be done?" asked Stanton.

"Simply go ahead with your building," answered the alderman; "get your foundations started before you apply for your permit, and then let me file your application. It will be passed as a matter of courtesy, especially when the building is already started."

"It does not seem quite straightforward," objected Mr. Warner.

"I do not agree with you," said Stanton. "There is nothing underhanded about it, for we state when we file our plans exactly what we intend to do, and we get the city's permit in an entirely proper way."

"One must be practical in business matters," suggested the alderman.

"Oh, yes, we must be practical," conceded the pastor. "The main trouble

with churches is that they are too often impractical in what they attempt to do."

"And we shall save six hundred dollars," added Atwater.

"The city," reasoned the pastor, "has no right to compel us to throw away money. No doubt dishonest or careless people have to be restrained by law, but we are more interested than anyone else in the safety of our church."

"The proceeding is not unusual," the alderman assured them.

"I feared," said Atwater, relieved, "that we might be getting back into politics, and only great public necessity would warrant that."

"No politics about it," said the alderman.

So, after due consideration, the church proceeded to save the six hundred dollars. There was, however, considerable anxiety during the preliminary work. Secure in the integrity of its motives and methods, the committee planned with a clear conscience, but the bare possibility that the building permit might be refused was distressing. Then Haley was discovered idly watching the work one day. Haley had been beaten for the legislature, but he still had strong local political affiliations, and it occurred to Stanton that this unscrupulous politician, if he knew the circumstances, might block the permit in some way. A man of his influence and devious practices doubtless could do it.

There was no interference, however. Haley was seen there only once, and it was more than likely that he merely stopped in passing. He had given Stanton a surly scowl, but had made no comment, and Atwater, with whom Stanton at once consulted, had pointed out that Haley, not being a practical builder and having no knowledge of their plans, would not be in a position to know whether the foundations met the technical requirements or not. However, they were not wholly at ease until the permit was finally issued.

"Because, somehow," Atwater explained, "when you get into politics it isn't always easy to get out, and politicians have so many ways of being annoying."

But all of this had been forgotten when they finally heard from Haley. In spite

of their precautions there had been financial difficulties, and work on the structure had progressed slowly with many interruptions. It was finally completed, however, and they held a jubilee service, to which the newspapers gave much attention. There were pictures of the church, of the pastor and of the leading members, and a laudatory account of the building of the splendid structure.

Then when the church was momentarily in the limelight, Haley sent for Atwater and Stanton to come to his office. Something in the tone of the message made them think of the time when they had commanded the presence of Haley, and even as Haley had done they indignantly refused to go.

"When Mr. Haley has any business with us," was the message they returned, "he knows where to find us."

To this came the insolent reply that "Messrs. Atwater and Stanton would save themselves much trouble in the matter of the church foundations by keeping the appointment made for them." It was evident that Haley had preserved the note sent to him on the previous occasion.

"What does he mean by that?" asked Stanton anxiously.

"It looks to me," returned Atwater gloomily, "as if we were getting back into politics, or else we never got out of it."

"But our record is clear," insisted Stanton with unnecessary vehemence; "we got a city permit covering everything that we did, and our building is perfectly safe. That's all that the building laws seek to provide."

"Nevertheless, I think we'd better see him," said Atwater. "This is a most unfortunate moment to have any question about the church raised, no matter how clear our consciences may be. We'll take Mr. Warner and Benham with us."

The committee on this occasion lacked the confidence that had been its strength before. While satisfied that its motives would stand the closest inspection, there was something in the situation that seemed to emphasize the fact that the building laws had been violated. Of course those laws were merely meant to restrain the dishonest and the crim-

inally careless, among whom the good and cautious people of the Stratford Avenue Church could not be included, but it was not so stated in the code. In consequence the members of the committee were uncomfortable, while Haley seemed to have all the confidence that they lacked.

"You're a nice bunch to talk to me about graft!" Haley began insultingly.

"Mr. Haley," expostulated the pastor, "we did not come here to be—"

"Whoa! Back up!" interrupted Haley rudely. "You're here to listen to what I have to say or I'll have the whole foundation of your church out and make a fresh start necessary!"

"Our building permit was issued in due form," asserted Stanton.

"What of it?" demanded Haley. "Nobody can give you a permit to violate the law. It's about the worst case of graft—"

"We won't listen to such talk!" cried Stanton.

"Then your church comes down!" threatened Haley. "You'll have to put in new foundations."

"There was no graft about it, Mr. Haley," said the pastor with mild insistence. "No one was paid a cent."

"That's what you say," retorted Haley, "but look at the facts: You were allowed to violate the law, and the Building Department don't take those risks for fun. I don't say you paid anything—I couldn't prove you did, anyhow—but you'll have a mighty hard time making the people believe you didn't when the facts are known." This was a new point of view, and it was a most distressing one. "You'd think that mighty strong evidence against me," Haley added, which was true.

"We can prove our integrity in this matter by Alderman Cayvan," suggested Atwater.

"Sure!" snorted Haley contemptuously. "he's in it, too."

"He looked after the permit."

"That don't help any."

"He knows that there was absolutely no improper inducement offered."

"That don't save the church," asserted Haley. "Nobody had a right to issue a permit on those plans."

"It's a common practice."



"I'm considering only one case now," said Haley significantly. "This thing will rip the Building Department up the back, but it will get your church."

"It will make a frightful scandal," remarked the pastor regretfully, "and will cost us a lot of money if this man is right." He turned inquiringly to Benham.

"He can do it," the architect responded. "There never has been any trouble over such things, but he can probably stir up a row in the Building Department that will compel us to conform to the most absurd requirements of the law."

"And that isn't the worst of it," said Haley. "I can show you up as grafters."

"This passes the bounds of forbearance!" cried Stanton angrily. "A foolish law may enable you to put a great hardship upon us, but to talk about grafting!"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Haley. "Just stop and think it over. What is graft? It's the money that comes from evasion of the law, ain't it? Grafting is breaking the law or permitting it to be broken for profit, ain't it? What did you do?"

"There was no question of money," protested Stanton.

"Six hundred dollars," said Haley with deliberate emphasis.

"What?" The members of the committee were so startled that all spoke at once.

"Six hundred dollars," repeated Haley. "That was your graft price; that's what it was worth to you. Oh, I've taken the trouble to get all the facts and I know where you stand. You tricked the law for a cash consideration. That's graft—'as surely graft as anything that was ever charged against me—it is nothing but graft."

The architect was the only one who remained in his chair. The pastor's face was white with anger; Atwater was both angry and anxious for he saw their predicament more clearly than the others; Stanton shook his fist at Haley but found no words to voice his indignation.

"You sold yourselves and your church for six hundred dollars!" thundered Haley, bringing his fist down on his desk. "You can't make anything else out of it! I can put you before the public as sanctimonious, hypocritical grafters."

"We're in politics again," said Atwater lugubriously.

"In addition to tearing out the foundations of your church," persisted Haley, "I can make you the centre of a scandal that will rip this town wide open, but," he added in a milder tone, "I won't do it."

An almost audible sigh of relief went up. Atwater alone seemed to lose none of his anxiety, for Atwater knew that a generous action in such circumstances was wholly foreign to Haley's nature.

"Mr. Haley of course knows," said the pastor gently, "that our motives were wholly above suspicion."

"What Mr. Haley knows cuts no ice," retorted Haley roughly. "What the public will say and think is what counts. You've been caught grafting; you can't get away from it; you're in the muck and it's the worse for you because of your pretensions. I can tear down your reputations with your church; I can put you in the public pillory, but," he said again, "I won't do it—unless I have to."

"What do you mean?" demanded Atwater quickly.

Haley favored them with an unpleasant smile.

"I am going to run for the legislature again at the approaching election," he said, "and I expect to be let alone."

A protest came to the lips of each member of the committee, but each member smothered it and there an uncomfortable silence. Graft had become suddenly a thing less remote than it had always seemed before, and they had a new and better understanding of it.

"Think it over, gentlemen," said Haley, waving them to the door. "I'll be a candidate for the legislature again and what are you going to do about it?"

## A Jap School for Spies

By Walter Kuten in the Lone Hand

ABOUT four miles from the Bund of Shanghai, along the road towards the great sprawling arsenal of Kiang-yang, lies the little squalid village of Tun-Wen. The narrow, mucky street, close populated with elementary humans, saw-backed hogs, and lank mongrels, meanders hither and thither in its nastiness, until a gateway, with some pretensions to modernity, and with large gilt ideograms on its face, opens on to the grounds of the Tun-Wen College. Armed with a card from the Japanese Consul-General, upon which some indecipherable characters were scrawled, I presented myself to ex-Commander Nedra, late of the

Imperial Japanese Navy, and now president, or principal, of one of the most unique seats of learning in the world. Founded immediately after the China-Japanese War—provision having been made therefore in the capitulations—the Tun-Wen College has for its object, when all frills are stripped away, the training of young Japanese in everything necessary to secure Japan's preponderance in the Chinese Empire. No better evidence of China's helplessness and hopelessness could be forthcoming than that afforded by this fact.

It was voiced by a Chinese official in conversation with me while discussing this institution. He said: "It is the Franco-Prussian War over again. Then the Germans knew more about France than the French did themselves. These Japs are doing the same here, and we cannot stop them; they have their treaty rights."

The students are selected, and sent from every prefecture in Japan, each of which

supports its own nominees. They are chosen for their intelligence and adaptability, and they afford a very excellent and comprehensive sample of a people who have those qualities—in conjunction with other and less desirable ones—very highly developed. I arrived at the college shortly before midday, and was thus able to see the young men, not only at their work, but at their food and recreation also. The course of study is comprehensive, the curriculum including a thorough political and commercial training, as disclosed by the syllabus or "announcement." Each course of study terminates with a tour of investigation, the significance of which may be disclosed by what follows.

The buildings of the college are essentially Japanese, simple and cheap as regards their appearance and construction, and with a total absence of ostentation in their architecture. They scorn show, and are built solely for use. This is typical of that gigantic force which considers only the usefulness of everything, which recognizes the value of thoroughness, even in such matters as considering the influence which locality and surroundings

have on temperament and study—as it has done in this particular case—and which is now extending and consolidating its power by every useful means, after the same fashion pursued in its struggle with the Muscovite.

After I had seen one roomful of students in the midst of a severe examination in the English language, and another lot studying Chinese under a professor of Asiatic reputation, a big gong sounded, and I was per-



Student in his Study Reading. "The Simple Life"



Students Undergoing an Examination in Chinese.

Note the Long Hair of several of Them. This Will be Plaited into a Pigtail when the Student Goes Out on his Tour of Investigation.

mitted to see them at their midday meal. They ate it standing; it was rice, with a slight seasoning. Each youth had a bowlful (about a pint), and he used chopsticks. (These last him for three meals, and are then burnt.) Then, as they passed a water-tap and tank-arrangement on their way out of the eating-room, each diner took a bowlful of water, and, after washing his mouth and teeth, swallowed enough to quench his thirst. The time occupied by the meal might have been ten minutes, then each went either to his sparsely-furnished study or to the recreation-ground for an hour previous to recommencing work. There were no elaborate gymnasia or other athletic fixings. Bars, vaulting-horses and trapezes stood in the open, and, like everything else, were for use only, and were put to great use. In a corner of the quadrangle stood a roughly-built shed, with light plank walls and lattice-work apertures; the floor was strewn with thick grass mats, covered with canvas. It was the jiu-jitsu school. Two of the college champions gave me an exhibition—I presume their rice was already digested—and I should be loth to engage in a rough-and-tumble with either of those five-foot-nothing terrors, despite my six feet and 185 lbs.

In one study sat a round-faced, close-

cropped youngster, reading. He handed me the book and asked my opinion about it. It was "The Simple Life," and that book was never read in more appropriate surroundings. The entire kit and equipment of the room might have cost thirty shillings. The reader was in the commercial department, preparing to take up one of those good billets which are now going to the Japanese every day at a title of the remuneration hitherto paid to "foreigners." Other students were their hair in different stages of length; they were on the "political" side, and the hair is worn long with an object. On first entering the college the political—and some of the commercial—students cultivate the growth of their hair by every possible means. Then, towards the conclusion of their term, they adopt the pigtail of the Chinese, shaving their heads in the accepted manner, and plaiting into their own property—if required—the easily-bought tails of human hair, with the silk combinations necessary to make a proper pigtail. The transformation is perfect and complete. The hair and eyes of the Japanese are identical in every way with those of the Chinese; there is no variation in coloring (both races have black hair and brown eyes). The eyelids of both slant inward,

and the prominent cheek-bones and other racial characteristics are identical.

The Jap student of to-day strips off his simple uniform or kimono, dons the dungaree garments of John Chinaman, strolls out unchallenged to the furthest corner of the Celestial Empire—notebook in sleeve, and eyes open for anything useful to his country—in appearance a Chinese, in fact and in reality the Japanese "investigator" of to-morrow. It was from this college that the Japanese spies, who did such great work for their country during the recent war, were drawn. It is from this college that the Japanese Government recruits its Intelligence Department in its campaign of political and commercial conquest of the Chinese Empire. Indistinguishable from any Chinaman, equipped with every necessity, and unhampered by any superfluity, the ex-student of Tun-Wen penetrates Yamen (official residence) and Hong (merchant's

office) alike on his tour of investigation. Rice and water is his only commissariat, the clothes of day are likewise his bed at night, he is the penultimate practitioner of the Simple Life; and, despite all vituperation, this is one of the great factors in success.

I came away from Tun-Wen College full to the brim with food for thought. A nation that made war after the way of the Japanese (that is, making use of identical methods in its campaign of commerce), that in the main consists of a population, orderly and Spartan in its habits, patriotic in every sense of the term, and immensely industrious—that nation must inevitably go still farther, and will have no small influence on the making of history, not only the history which is written in blood—the tale of the camp and the campaign—but also in the records of the Chancellery and the market-place.

## The Northwest

By Margaret Arneson in the Pacific Monthly

Here lies, wide-reined, the fabulous domain  
Wherein no man shall lack what he desires—  
The land of all good promise, that our area  
Long dreamed of, yet scarce hoped the race might gain.  
Here heavy, crimson-weighted branches strain  
With nectared fruit; here million-pointed spires  
Of living green rise high; and sunset fires  
Turn to pure gold the gleaming fields of grain.  
Why should men live in an unwearied toil  
Where ancient streets their starving squares spread,  
When they might from this rich, unmining soil  
Draw stores of wealth, and eat their ample bread  
In changeless peace? They dwell as hunger's spoil—  
Why feed they not from Plenty's hand, instead?



Village Life in the Interior, South America.

## A Trade Opportunity That has Been Neglected

From Tropical America

Views by M. B. Colman

THIS is not an article for the exporting house or factory, which has already built up a sound and profitable trade with the countries of Latin-America. Such a concern already knows all that is here set forth, and a great deal more besides (and is mighty glad of it). Nor is it an article that pretends to cover a subject that is altogether too big and important for any one man or any one concern to master in its entirety. It is simply a peep through the telescope of commercial astronomy at the innumerable constellations of opportunity in the southern hemisphere of the modern business world. If it gives a little aid to some of those who are now looking toward the southern markets for the first time, with that feeling of helplessness which unfamiliarity begets, it will have accomplished all that is intended.

Certain it is that within the past few years the investors and manufacturers of the United States, Canada and Great Britain—and this is especially true of the business interests of Canada and the United States—have at last come to a keen realization that South America, Mexico, Central America and the West Indies constitute a very wonderful field for developmental and commercial enterprise. So much is admitted, for it has been proclaimed times without number, in every language, and by every method known to the twentieth century business man and government bureau.

Now comes the real phenomenon of the situation. It is this: Despite the universal recognition of an obvious fact, despite the really large amounts of money invested in Latin-America during recent years, and the increased ef-

forts of the north to develop closer commercial relations with Latin-America, it still remains true that the new capital placed there, and the reaching after new business, have been but a bagatelle in proportion to the opportunity.

Why? It is true that talk usually outruns action, but not to such an extent as has happened in this case. It is not usual for investors, men of affairs and business houses that are ordinarily alert and far seeing, to recognize opportunity and yet not accept it. We are speaking in bulk—not of the comparatively few who have undertaken a work mutually advantageous to themselves and our southern neighbors—but of the multitude who have paused at the threshold of endeavor and have not entered into the arena of performance.

The backwardness and hesitancy of the northern business world in availing itself of Latin-America's cordial invitation to legitimate and mutually helpful co-operation has inspired a collection of explanations countless in number, and all but infinite in variety. But may it not be true that these so-called explanations are in reality nothing but symptoms that themselves need to be explained?

It has been declared, for instance, that the north could better co-operate with Latin-America in the broader development of those southern countries if more international banks were established in the great cities of our neighbors; if there were more and swifter means of communication between our ports and theirs; if each had a better understanding of the other's methods; if we had one common speech instead of several tongues. Let these propositions be granted, and there still remains the question: Why aren't the bank established; why aren't there more ships; why isn't there a closer understanding and co-operation.

Back of these things is to be found the fundamental answer. It is because the north, in the person of its men of action, has not applied to this comparatively simple problem the standard principles by which it daily solves the similar questions that arise at home.

The situation, in its elements of hesitation and uncertainty, is substantially identical with that indecision which pervaded the public opinion in the United States soon after the Civil War upon the question of the resumption of specie payments. Everybody agreed that resumption would be a most excellent and admirable thing, and so everybody stayed awake all night trying to devise some plan for bringing it about. There



Cathedral at Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.

were almost as many plans as there were people. Then up rose old John Sherman one day and remarked: "The way to resume is to resume." "Sure enough," echoed everybody else, "how odd we didn't think of it before." How absurdly simple is the philosophy of truth.

When a bank is needed in the United States it appears. If it is wanted in a particular hurry—on occasions like the opening of Oklahoma to settlement—it arrives in a wagon and lives in a tent; but it is a bank, and does business. It fills the bill.

So with international banks in Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Mexico City, Santiago, Havana, Lima and other centres of Latin-America. When the business interests of Germany, Italy, England and France have desired such institutions to facilitate the affairs of international commerce, they have not organized debating societies to discuss the question. They have organized the banks.

The fact that the daily affairs and merchandising of Latin-America are carried on in Spanish, Portuguese, French and one or two other languages does not, by any means, constitute an insuperable barrier to the transaction of business between our neighbors and the English-tongued people of the north. To speak the language of one's friends and neighbors, when among them is assuredly an advantage, but that sole attainment never has, and never will, result in the buying and selling of goods, to the mutual benefit of both parties to the transaction.

Success in business is built on the universal language of commerce, wherein prices are the nouns, qualities are the adjectives, courtesies are the verbs and the fair methods are the conjunctions that bind them all together.

When a northern, English-speaking business man bears of a possible new market in the north that may, if properly studied, absorb \$25,000 worth, or \$100,000 worth of his product yearly, and supply him with a like amount of raw product or material for his own mills, he gets to that territory, either in person or by reliable proxy, as quickly as steam will take him. He studies that potential market in all its phases; carefully notes its peculiarities. To take such action, under such circumstances, is axiomatic. He scrupulously strives to make himself, his goods and his credit, worthy of the confidence, good will and friendship of those with whom he desires to buy and sell. According to the measure of his success in those respects is the measure of his reward. That is the whole thing, in so far as it relates to a newly discovered market

for a few thousand dollars—in the north.

But that principle has not been applied to the vast purchasing and selling market of the south, a market which—descending to vulgar figures—buys and sells more than \$2,000,000,000 worth of commodities every year. The United States, for instance, bought only about \$350,000,000 worth of goods from all South America, Central America, Mexico and the West Indies in 1907, and sold to those same countries about \$250,000,000 worth of goods. Yet the total imports of the United States that year amounted to nearly \$1,435,000,000 and her exports to about \$1,880,000,000.

Her trade with all those vast and wealthy regions amounted to considerably less than one-sixth of her total foreign commerce. Of the United States' exports in 1907, amounting to \$1,880,000,000 in value, only about \$82,000,000 worth was sold to South America.

That is enough of figures. Any one can get them. The point which they show with an emphasis too plain to be misunderstood, is, that the industrial and commercial world of North America has not applied, to the cultivation of close and cordial relations with Latin-America, the principles which it uses at home. It has not made, in sincere good faith, enough effort to get acquainted —to understand the good qualities and habits, the likes and dislikes of the other fellow. It has not sought for knowledge at first hand on the scale that world conditions justify.

The liners that cross the Atlantic are crowded with business men—heads of houses—who go personally to investigate the markets and trade system of Europe, in order that they may keep in closest possible touch with those conditions, and act in accordance with them. The Pacific boats carry many other responsible men who are going to study the like things in Asia. But few indeed are the manufacturers and business men of North America who have gone to make a study of the great market, both for purchase and sale, that lies to the south. When they do get the habit, and do learn, by personal study,

the conditions that there prevail, they will esteem the business friendship and acumen of their southern neighbors much more highly than they do to-day.

Here is what one business man of the United States has said on this subject. The author of the words is Mr. Frank Wiborg, a member of a large export manufacturing firm of Cincinnati, Ohio. He went to South America to see for himself, and after he came back he wrote a little book, from which the following passages are taken:

"Business men have said to me: 'Why go to South America? Haven't we all we can do here at home?' This sort of reasoning cannot be serious, for American business men know too well that even if to-day we have all we can do at home, it behooves us to prepare for tomorrow. A flourishing business at a standstill is a contradiction of terms: yet it is what those men are looking forward to who think home markets will be enough to engage our attention for all time.

"The progress of American trade in South America has very often been ham-

pered by the class of representatives that we have sent. A smattering of Spanish, or Portuguese does not, in my estimation, make up for incapacity as a salesman, nor for ignorance of the products in hand.

"The men sent to South America should not expect to use the same business methods that are in vogue here. The American salesman believes that American business methods are the best on earth. So they are—for the American. But the South American is very differently constituted from the American, and many an argument that sells goods in Chicago avails nothing in Rio. For instance, one of the prime requisites of an article in America is that it should be 'up-to-date.' Now this quality of 'up-to-date-ness' appeals to the South American buyer very little. To something entirely new he much prefers what he has been accustomed to use.

"Lastly, I would suggest that more heads of firms, business men of standing in their various lines, visit South America and see conditions for themselves."



A Fiesta in a Country Village, Colombia, South America.

## The Man and His Job

By Herbert J. Hapgood.

WHEN you enter the employer's office to apply for a position let it be with a clear idea as to the prize you are going to put on yourself and stick to that figure. Do not, however, be afraid to lower your figure slightly at the start, provided you think the opportunities for advancement good. It invariably creates a good impression for a man to say, "Mr. Employer, I am worth more than you want to pay. However, I am willing to start at \$200 to show you what I can do, with the understanding that if I make good you will advance me to \$1,200 at the end of the month."

Both lack of confidence and over-confidence are to be avoided. A few months ago a well known banking firm was in great need of architectural draftsmen, and was considering a young man who had only limited experience, but demanded the highest price they were willing to pay. The chief draftsman was rather doubtful, but an anxiety to obtain a man he could not take him on two weeks' trial. Before time to report to work the young man telegraphed that he was sick and could not take the position. The truth was that he realized that he was not worth the large salary he was asking and would not last longer than the probation period. There his overconfidence had him a valuable, permanent connection which might have been his by accepting a slightly lower salary at the start.

Over-confidence often leads a man to say that he can fill a position before he knows what it really is. In fact, this is a trap frequently set by employers to catch the unwary applicant. The kind of man they want is one who says: From what I know of the proposition, I believe I can handle it, but I would not like to say so definitely until I know more about the work. Intelligent inquiries about the duties of a position are always more effective than empty boasts.

DIFFERENT men use their brains to the best advantage at different times of the day and night. You will find one man whose best is the clearest the first thing in the morning, while another man's best ideas will come to him at a late hour at night. It has been established by eminent psychologists that the thinking apparatus can be so trained as to react at any time the will directs; and that the time for the conception of brilliant ideas is determined solely by habit. The editor of a morning newspaper who comes to work at six o'clock in the evening and stays at his desk till two o'clock in the morning, gets his mind into such a condition that his best thoughts come to him during those hours.

I once knew a reporter who distinguished himself by writing clever accounts of fires and other emergency assignments for a morning newspaper. His work was so good that the opposition daily, an evening sheet, took him away at about five o'clock. The cause was surprise. The editor could not see why the young man's work was so far below the standard he had attained in his former position. His stories were exceptionally dark, and his write-ups of even the most sensational news were unaccountably stupid.

The secret of the depreciation of the man's work lay in the fact that he had been used to working at night, and when he was compelled to be on the job at seven o'clock in the morning, he had prepared most of his copy between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock in the afternoon, his mind actually refused to set. The editor had about reached his final failure when at the end of the first week his work showed a decided improvement, and from then on was just as good or better than formerly. His mind had acquired content in the situation and he became accustomed to turning out bright ideas during his changed business hours.

## The Romance of Success: Life Story of Daniel G. Reid

By Dorothy Richardson in New York Sunday Herald

"SUCCESS—you ask me to tell you the story of my success?"

Slowly Daniel G. Reid, the millionaire head of the great tin plate industry of America repeated the question put to him. Keen of face, dark of eye, debonaire, this man who has made the making of tin plate one of America's great industries does not look his fifty years. He does look, however, every inch the millionaire and captain of finance that he is, and it may be said right here that he stands six feet in his stockings at that. He is a figure you would unconsciously single out anywhere in an assemblage of men, and of that figure you would unhesitatingly declare that it belonged to a man who had done things and was doing things, a man with nerves of steel and will of iron, a man as only America could have produced. And yet withal a man of sentiment, rich in the humanities and generous to a fault.

We were sitting in one of the great twin loggias of his country house at Irvington-on-Hudson. The place was thronged with a week-end house party, the young friends of Miss Rhea Reid, the daughter and only child of Mr. Reid, a beautiful girl of twenty-two. The stately stone pile, a faithful replica of an ancient English abbey; liveried servants moving across the terrace bearing tea trays laden with priceless china, of which Mr. Reid is a great connoisseur; other liveried servants following with other trays laden with rare old decanters and tall thin glasses water a king's ransom; the echo of young girls' laughter from the tennis court on the other side of the formal garden; the cry of a pair of prize spaniels rebellious against the firm, but gentle, hand of a groom carrying them to regions beyond the conservatories; a strain of Chopin wafted from the long, cool, Louis Quinze music room; the perfume of flowers—every sight, every sound bore testimony to what money combined with exquisite taste may buy for a man in the way of all that is sybaritic and fair and beautiful, all that

which, in the popular mind, makes life worth the living.

And the man himself, the man who by reason of better brains and steadier nerves and greater courage than his fellows has been able to acquire the wherewithal by which to command this princely luxury—this man looked, or so I fancied, just the least bit weary of it all. But the weary look was only momentary, for Dan Reid is too healthy a man to remain introspective for long. Gradually his keen face softened into a smile and, taking his cigar from between his teeth, the tin plate magnate laughed as men laugh only when they are thinking of absurdly happy things.

"I was just thinking what a good time I did have anyway in those days back in Richmond, Indiana, when I first started out to make my fortune in the pig market. My father's farm was just outside the town. In addition to running the farm father also conducted a grocery store down in Richmond."

"Now, there was no foolish pride about being in trade in Richmond. On the contrary, it was in my boyish estimation a distinction. Indeed, my first ambition was to grow up and wear a seersucker coat and weigh out sugar and tea for the good people of Richmond and the surrounding country. I often wonder if there was ever a boy who did not at some time or other come through the period of wishing to run a grocery store?"

"In spite of my father's double means of earning a livelihood money was always pretty scarce around the Reid homestead. There was a large family. My father and mother had both been married twice, and I had five half brothers. Of spending money we boys had little or none. Now, it was the ambition of my boyhood to own a bullseye watch. Down in the jewelry store in the town there was a beauty marked \$3.50. My father suggested that if I were to save up my pennies I might some day have enough to buy such a watch and by way of

encouraging me he gave me one of those small toy banks in which you drop coins through a slot in the roof. I was now eight years old, and for the first time in my life began a conscious effort to accomplish a definite purpose.

"This effort lasted three years. I ran errands. I sold all the old iron on the place and all I could induce the other boys to sell me for a cash discount. I went into the rag business and scoured the neighborhood for miles around in search of cast-off gum shoes and other junk, which I speedily converted into cash. When I was eleven years old I had saved up \$3.50, and you may be sure I lost no time in cracking open my little iron bank and running with its contents to the jeweler's.

"For a week or so afterward I lived in the clouds. I had now a real watch and a chain, too. I must not forget about the chain. It was made of brown hair, curiously twisted and braided. Hair chains were all the rage in Richmond then, and this one had been presented to me by a little girl schoolmate, who, knowing I had been saving my money for a watch, had in the meanwhile to this end learned to make hair chains. On the end of this chain I fastened a charm, one of those golden hearts made of two pieces of glass laid vis-a-vis over a layer of gift paper, which I had acquired through a shrewd trade with a neighbor boy.

"I was very happy in the pride of these gewgaws; that is, for a week or so, and then somehow, they did not seem to be such wonderful things after all. I began to suffer from ennui, and it did seem for a while as if I should never again see anything upon which I could centre my vaunting ambition as I had upon that bull's-eye watch, which, alas! had lost its charm for me."

Here Mr. Reid's shrewd, dark Scotch-Irish eyes twinkled with merry memories. He is not a man given to analytical discussions upon the subject of human nature, for he is a man of action, not a dry student; but I doubt whether Henry James himself is as good a psychologist of real men and women, and above all of real boys, as is this man whose name spells tin plate.

"But, fortunately, I did not suffer long from this reaction," he continued, laughing. "About this time I went visiting with my father and mother to the farm of some rela-

tives living in the other end of the county. These relations had a fine stock of pigs, full-blooded Berkshires, and if there was one thing which took my fancy as a small boy it was pigs.

"There were three tiny little fellows I particularly admired and coveted, and, seeing the way the land lay, my cousin, to whom they belonged, offered me the three in exchange for my fine watch and chain and charm. I jumped at the bargain, and that afternoon, when we left for home in the wagon, I was minus my chronometer and plus three infant porkers. Now, it never occurred to me until we were driving past the farm where the girl lived who had woven me the chain that it might not have been either strictly ethical or good form to part with it in such an unscrupulous manner, and, above all, for so unpoetical an equivalent. But a boy of eleven, I have since discovered, is a poor sentimentalist.

"The next morning my father tackled me. 'Where do you expect to get the food to feed these hogs on?' he asked in a very unsympathetic tone. Kind and indulgent as he was to his family, father was, nevertheless, a man with hard and fast ideas about teaching children early in life the value of money, the sense of responsibility and, above all else, the necessity of their being self-reliant. Then I made him a proposition; I would give him one of the pigs if he would agree to fatten the remaining two for me. This father thought was a square deal, and we clinched the bargain.

"And how those pigs grew! They were a fine strain, and soon became the talk of half the county. People came miles to look at them, and I had a lot of fun watching them grow. They were lots more fun than a million bull's-eye watches—until—until the man with the gun came to our house. Such a wonderful gun as that was; it's upstairs in my gun room now. Indeed, it was and is the nucleus of the collection I have been making ever since.

"Made of Damascus steel, with German silver lining, it looked a thousand times more magnificent to my unsophisticated eyes than any of my tiger or elephant guns for which I have paid twenty times as much. The man, who stayed all night with us, allowed me to lift the precious weapon and to click the hammer. He said he would take \$20 for it, as he needed the money, but that it was worth much more. That

night I got up three times, lighting a candle and went down to the sitting-room and looked at that gun. The next morning my father, who had seen the impression it made on me, offered to buy the gun for me if I would give him one of my two remaining pigs, an offer which I snatched at. That night I took the gun to bed with me. I slept well.

"The remaining pig I kept until hog killing time in the fall, when I sold him for \$33.75, every penny my own. I was now eleven, and having thus early tasted of the joys of moneymaking I decided that I must immediately embark upon a career. School again! Not much! I went down to the Second National Bank of Richmond and got a job at \$12.50 a month, as messenger boy. No billionaire ever felt so important as I did when at the end of the first month I laid that \$12.50 on my mother's kitchen table.

"I was now a man, and how I did enjoy the independence which the status of a wage-earner insured for me in our family circle! Clad in blue seersucker coat and pants—we said pants without apology in Richmond in those days—I walked into town every morning from the farm, my luncheon under my arm. And such lunches as my mother did know how to put up!—home-made bread spread thick with yellow butter from our own dairy and golden honey from our own bees; head-cheese and great slices of ham fried to a red-brown and huge wedges of pie made of the huckleberries and blackberries that grew in the swamp, and doughnuts—what doughnuts! Well, I was what you might call a little gourmet, but, after all, I think it was a good thing I was.

"I will say right here that I wouldn't give a continental for any boy who wasn't a little glutton. The right kind of boy is always hungry, and the right sort of discipline for that boy is to feed him and feed him mightily well. I agree with a lot of the modern scientists in my belief that the food we eat when we are young children has much to do with our success later on in life. I believe that if everybody could be well fed for a few successive generations crime and disease, moral, mental and physical, would practically be eliminated from mankind."

"But you do not attribute your success wholly to alimentation. You will perhaps concede that heredity, that education, that

your early moral and religious training may have had something to do with it."

At the word "religious" Daniel G. Reid shot a glance at the interlocutor which was half amusement, half suspicion.

"Say!" he laughed, "if you are going to lead up to asking me what my religion is, I shall have to answer as Benjamin Disraeli did to a similar question. 'What is your religion, Mr. Disraeli?' somebody asked.



Daniel G. Reid

Who Rose by Rapid Steps from Messenger Boy to Become Millionaire Head of the Great Tin Plate Industry

'My religion,' retorted Disraeli, 'is the religion of every wise man.' And what may that religion be?' his inquisitor persisted. 'No wise man ever tells,' retorted the great statesman.

"Now I shan't be quite so rude. I will say that I did have a very stern religious training, how stern you may realize when I say that my father and mother were very straitlaced United Presbyterians and that I joined the same church at an early age and am indeed still a member of it, although not a very straitlaced member, I

will confess. And I will say, too, that my religious training has been, no doubt, indirectly, of course, a tremendous factor in whatever success I have had. It does in everybody's. A training that is truly religious; that is, in the highest and best sense, cannot fail to be a splendid thing in the character building of the young.

"The harm comes only when the religion so called is a cloak for hypocrisy. There is an old saying, you know, that mass and meat hurt no man, and it's perfectly true; only I should add, 'plenty of meat.' I sometimes think, however, that we had too much religious training. I think it ought to be evenly scattered out over one's life, instead of getting it in heroic doses when we are too young and helpless to defend ourselves. I think I'd be a more religious man to-day if I had got a little less catechism on those long, dismal Sundays of my boyhood years. And still it is better to have received too much religion than not to have received any at all.

"For I doubt whether anything else save just such a training as I received could have given me the same strong sense of duty which I felt when I went to work in the bank. With me duty was a religion, and it must be so with anybody who would succeed in anything. I worked from eight till six, and I worked hard. For two years I remained a messenger and general utility boy at the same wages.

"The third year I was promoted to the janitorship, which I executed in addition to my regular work as messenger. For the joint job I got \$200 a year. The fourth year I added to my work as messenger and janitor that of night watchman, and for the tripartite job I got \$24 a month. The fifth year I became teller of the bank. Later I became assistant cashier, and ceased to wear sneakers clothes or to carry my lunch. And then still later they made me the vice-president, which job I have continued to hold to this very day. So you see I can truthfully say that I have never lost my job."

At this juncture Mr. Reid's face grew strangely soft and mobile, his voice vibrant with suppressed emotion.

"Meanwhile," he continued, taking the unlighted cigar out of his mouth and laying it carefully aside. "Meanwhile something very important happened to me, the

most important thing that can happen to an ambitious young fellow; I fell in love. I fell heels over head in love, and, having done so, I showed what good sense a boy of twenty-two sometimes does have, by marrying Miss Ella Dunn just as quickly as I could.

"I was then making a thousand a year, and married the girl of my choice; the world was mine. We immediately went to housekeeping. No apartment hotel or flat life for us. We went to live in a real house. It had six rooms and a nice porch, and a front yard, and, what's more, it was our house. We bought it, bought it on payments, of course; but what are payments to a new married couple. After much figuring we decided that we could afford the services of a certain Dutch girl whom we could get for \$3 a week, and that we could likewise afford to spend \$10 a week on our little household.

"Now it was always a mystery to me then, and it has so remained a mystery to this day, how Mrs. Reid ever managed to make \$10 go so far. We wanted absolutely for no comfort, in fact, for no luxury, as luxuries went in Richmond, Ind.; and all on \$10 a week. Imagine my surprise, then, when at the end of three years and the last payment on our house was due, my wife divulged the fact that she had saved up \$250 out of that \$10 a week I had been giving her. Isn't that just like a woman?"

"They certainly do manage these things wonderfully—the right kind of women do. And after all they are the only real and great financiers—these faithful, gentle, loving women, whose last motive in the world for marrying a chap would be a mercenary one. Ah, it is a great thing for a young man to marry the woman he loves, but it is a still greater thing when that woman happens to be just the right woman for him."

Here Mr. Reid interrupted himself long enough to conduct me through the great hall of his house and up the broad staircase to the library to show me some of the mementos of those early days. There was, for instance, a photograph of the little old-fashioned United Presbyterian Church he used to go to as a boy, the church which, as its richest member, he some years ago replaced with the gift of a handsome stone structure with a splendid organ and a beautiful chime of bells.

There was also photograph of the little house to which he had taken his girlish bride, the same little house where, as he explained in a hushed voice, he had looked upon the face of his first born, the little daughter Rhea, and where a year or so later was also born the little boy who died when he was seven. And no better commentary upon the sort of man Daniel G. Reid is can be offered than the statement that to this day no money could buy that little house in Richmond, any more than money could have bought the horse and the dog the little boy had loved in life. When eventually Mr. Reid's increasing business obliged him to leave Richmond to go to Chicago to live he left the old dog and the old horse behind in charge of a trusted keeper, who kept watch and ward over them, supplying them with every comfort and luxury a sybaritic equine or canine could desire, until they died, the horse at thirty-one years of age and the dog at sixteen. And last, and evidently most sacred of all these tender souvenirs, he brought forth a pair of old-fashioned jardinières which had been painted by "Rhea's mother," as Mr. Reid seems to love best to designate the wife of his youth, who was destined to die before she could see the full fruition of her husband's career, in which she had had so much to do in its initial stages.

And the softness with which he now pronounced those words, "Rhea's mother," could leave no doubt in any one's mind that there was no treasure of all the wonderful treasures of art and craftsmanship in that beautiful house which in its master's estimation was so precious as that pair of jardinières wrought by the hands of the girlish wife who had been indeed a helmsman. After dinner, seated in the same broad loggia, now flooded with the light of the full midsummer moon, Mr. Reid continued the romance of his success.

"After I paid off the mortgage on the house I managed, with Mrs. Reid's help, to save enough money to buy some stock in the bank, thus making myself eligible for a directorship. Shortly afterward I became interested in a little tin plate mill at Elwood, about sixty-five miles from Richmond. This mill had never been made to pay and was something of a white elephant on our hands. At this time everybody save

a few of us scouted the idea that tin plate was a possibility for this country. Everybody thought it could be made successfully only in Wales.

"I thought differently; so did a few others. We believed that if we could succeed in building the right sort of plant and installing the right processes we could make of tin plate a great American industry. In 1891 we organized a company and built and equipped what we in our infinite ignorance supposed to be a tin plate mill. But it wasn't. It was only a pile of junk, as we discovered two years later. Our machinery was too light, everything was too something or other that it ought not to have been. The stockholders were disgusted. Something had to be done, and then we secured a man in Pittsburg, William Banfield, who knew a lot about mill construction. He was a Cornishman, and for generations his ancestors had made tin plate in Cornwall and Wales. We sent for William Banfield. He came and built us a mill that was a real mill, not a junk heap. Pretty soon our little four mill plant was making money for us, and making it fast. By this time I was giving practically all of my time to the tin mill, going back and forward to Elwood every day—a hard, unpleasant trip those sixty-five miles each way in the local train.

"At last I decided to leave the bank and devote myself entirely to the mill. This the president of the bank, a conservative man who had grown wealthy for that part of the country, advised me not to do. He said if I would stay on I had a good chance of succeeding to his job and of growing rich, too. The position would have been a specially good one for me, as I knew 20,000 of the 35,000 inhabitants of the county—knew them well enough to call them by name, and they in turn knew me well enough to warrant them hailing me as 'Deany.'

"But I told him I had hopes of making more money than the bank would ever be able to make for me if I gave my undivided attention to the tin mill. And so I left the bank, and from that day for years I thought of nothing but tin plate. We prospered, and by 1897 we had thirty-one mills instead of the original four. We then moved our offices to Chicago, and I went there with my family to live.

"Meanwhile other tin mills, following

our good example, had sprung up all over the country. Competition was keen. The question of consolidation came up. Gentlemen's agreements had proved worthless, and in 1898 all the tin mills in the country, 270 in number, were merged into one organization, which was named after the original company in Elwood, the American Tin Plate Company. Then, in order to guarantee our steel supply, we organized, in connection with W. A. & J. H. Moore, the National Steel Company. Still later the American Steel & Hoop Company and the American Sheet Steel Company were organized by the same people. When the United States Steel Corporation was organized, some time afterward, all these four properties went into the consolidation and are to-day a part of what is commonly known as the Steel Corporation."

Here Mr. Reid stopped to light still another cigar, and I took occasion to ask him bluntly, in *Li Hung Chang* fashion, how much he is worth to-day. He parried the question, for, like most Americans who have grown wealthy, Mr. Reid is a modest man when it comes to openly acknowledging the extent of his riches, and he leaves

to others their approximation. I learned later that Mr. Reid never in any circumstances discusses his wealth. As a matter of fact nobody knows the exact dimensions of the fortune to-day of this man who began thirty-nine years ago as a messenger boy at \$12.50 a month. Indeed, Mr. Reid is quoted as frequently saying to his intimates that for a while it made him absolutely dizzy the way the wealth poured in upon him for a period of a year or two, a statement which can be readily believed when we consider the system of modern finance under which he and his associates have conceived and carried through the successful issue project after project—the Tin Plate Trust twice reorganized and merged with the Steel Corporation, the Rock Island Railroad system reorganized and made to grow from a few thousand to more than seventeen thousand miles in a few years; either one of which projects would have netted a vast fortune to a financier of the inner circle, and combining them, as Daniel G. Reid has done, it can readily be conceived that the profits accruing would necessarily total a vast sum.

The most said is least meant.

Women and fruit are easily bruised.

The devil does his choicest work through fools, not rogues.

It is generally the people who mean well that do the most ill.

In nine cases out of ten the point of honor is the fear of seeming to be afraid.

Stay, and it's but once in your life you'll be sorry, and faith, that'll be always.

To answer "Yes" to all comers is doubtless a mighty convenience, and a great softener of the angles of life.—From "The Wild Geese," by Stanley J. Weyman.

## Big Jim's Renunciation

By Roy Norton in the Cosmopolitan

HE was an enormous man, a clean six feet two in his moccasins, and built in fine sturdy proportion. He was smoothly shaven, with a face almost like that of a Sioux warrior, with high cheekbones and a grim, closely shut mouth. Beyond that the Indian resemblance ended, for his eyes, which stared directly out from beneath overhanging brows, were a clear, cool gray, and his hair was of that indefinite shade known as "tow."

He was a gambler by profession, and for fifteen years had been known to the camps of the fur frontier as such. He was designated far and wide as Big Jim, and it is doubtful if many of his friends and acquaintances were aware that he had once been christened under the sober patronymic of James Paul Werner. Many of those who knew him as Big Jim had paid well for even that limited knowledge.

He had no record save that of being a game man, ready to shoot or to be shot, as the vicissitudes of his calling might demand; and his only pride was that, no matter what his luck might be, he played "a square game with unstacked cards." This much was to his credit. And, it may be further remarked, his calling in itself was not such as would impair his public standing in the West which he knew and which knew him. It may be that at times he had questioned whether there might not be better occupations for a man who was inherently honest, but such introspection had not shown him any other means of a livelihood to which he might turn his hand with equal gain. He was of that class of men who are always playing for a stake which, large or small, is never quite realized.

It had remained for him to have his self-respect wounded to the quick, away up there on the banks of the Yukon River, in the heart of Alaska, the last place on earth where it might reasonably be expected that such an awakening would be given. This much at least might one good woman do.

It wasn't a question of love, because he had neither sought nor craved the affections of that woman or of any woman.

She was not handsome, not even pretty. Nor was she in her youth, having reached that indefinite time which caused one to wonder whether she might be as young as twenty-five years or as old as thirty-five. But about her was the charm of cleanliness of person and mind, of honesty and independence.

When she came to the already established camp, purchased a cabin and opened a restaurant it caused some comment, for women of her kind were scarce in that far-away speck in the wilderness.

Big Jim had been her first customer. The long counter with its clumsy slab stools had barely been placed when he thrust his head through the door and said, "Good morning." He had been given a courteous reply and had scanned the place for a full minute before making any other remark.

"Restaurant?" he queried.

"Yes."

"Doughnuts?"

"Yes."

"Pork and beans?"

"Yes."

"Guess I'll take a few."

That had been the whole of their first conversation; and from then on he had been a steady patron. Patience and politeness had given her prosperity, but patience and politeness on his part had not given him her warmer friendship. And this too had aroused the obtrusiveness within him. But the occurrence which brought him humiliation was, as he tersely put it, due to his "chippin' into a brace game to save a sucker."

It was in the days of the first rush, when innocents were plenty and the lure of the new camp had brought not only them and the hardened adventurers of the earth, but also those who, in divers forms, prey on quick prosperity. There had come among them in the first rush a chekako—tender-



foot—a man not versed in the lore of the hills, or familiar with the ways of the frontier, and he had worked for other men. This in itself was not calculated to make those other dwellers on the outskirts of the world, free lancers in everything, respect him. To toil for oneself, no matter what the recompense, was no disgrace; but to accept day-wages for the efforts of one's hands and shoulders smacked of servitude. Prospectors, though broke, were admittedly on a plane with millionaires, but no man might cleanly hold his head erect if he permitted any other human being to give him orders and dictate his goings and comings.

It was on a day when a little steamboat, bound up-river, had shoved her snub nose against the clay bank and dumped off, for a few hours, a throng of gold-seekers, that the chekako came to grief. The trading-post was crowded with men seeking to add to their outfits of northern garb, to buy sealskin boots, or to replenish their tobacco supply.

Big Jim had gravely watched the landing and indifferently noted the scaramble at the big log post. It was nothing to him. He had seen such rushes of tenderfeet before, and, besides, they were not grist for his mill. It was the outgoing man who had been lucky that he wanted to meet, the one who played big stakes and suffered no serious setback if relieved of part of his earnings.

"All they're looking for is bags enough to hold the gold they're going to pick up," he muttered with a half grin, as he turned away up the trail back of the traders, and then he came to a stop. Alongside the trail, seated on a log and bathed in tears, was the chekako. The gambler always felt a little sorry for a man in tears, although they were unknown to his own make-up.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked, across the chekako explained that he had been 'outed.' It had been a day off for him, and he had mangled with the throng at the landing and in the post and had paid for his curiosity by losing a poke containing all his savings. And the worst of it, so he told Big Jim in his simple way, was that it was all needed for the support of a family out in the States.

Big Jim listened with a grin up to this

point, then his face took on a frown. The frown grew when the chekako asserted that he could not have lost it, no not even when, on his way to the camp, he had stopped for a drink of water at the crossing of Manook Creek, three miles away. Big Jim sympathized with him, but could offer no better advice than another search along the trail. Other men's carelessness annoyed him, and he turned back to the river front, being out of mood for the big birch forests on the hill. As he came round the corner of a cabin his attention was attracted to a furtive-looking individual who, in some haste to board, was crossing the gangplank of the steamer.

"Whe-ew!" whistled the gambler. "That's Slippers Smith, sure! Wonder what he's doing up here!" He stood with his hands in his pockets and ruminated for a full minute, his look fixed abstractedly on the steamer in the hollows of which Slippers had disappeared. "If he ain't quit picking pockets for a living, it's a cinch he's got that little feller's poke," he said to himself, and thereupon abruptly plunged down the river bank and up over the deserted gangplank.

He climbed to the saloon, on each side of which were staterooms, and seated himself in a chair until a door opened and Slippers emerged.

"Hello, Slippers!" he called, and the other recognized him and came forward. Before he could do more than put out his hand the gambler had assumed an air of great secrecy.

"Slippers," he said, "I got something to say to you. Guess you better take me to your stateroom where folks can't hear." Once inside, he turned with a chilly grin. "How many of your gang's on this boat?"

"None. I'm playing a lone hand." Big Jim looked through the window across the river where the sun cast reflections of light on the ripples, then peeped out of the door into the empty saloon. When he turned there was a wicked-looking grin in his hand, and even the semblance of good humor was gone from his face.

"Slippers, you took a poke off a friend of mine up there in the trading-post. I've come to get it."

It was a bold guess and a steady bluff, but it worked. Slippers retreated slowly

until his back was against the frame of the tiny window. The light was shining full on the gambler's face and brought out no sign of uncertainty or of mercy. Slippers read danger-signals, and, knowing the man, feared delay would prove dangerous.

"Put up your gun, Jim," he quavered, in an attempt at friendly surrender. "I don't want nothing from no friend of yours. Why didn't you say so sooner?"

He dived into his berth and from beneath the matting pulled a moose-skin bag of gold dust, which he tendered. Big Jim took it and slipped it into his pocket.

"I ain't going to say nothing to anybody, Slippers," he remarked, "because you're in the wrong country. They hang men like you here, so I don't reckon it's a healthy place for you. Besides hanging there's fevers and other things to take a man off. That's why I don't think it good for you to get off the boat again before she leaves. I'm dead sure it would be unhealthy for you if I saw you. Good-by, my boy, good-by. Stay aboard the boat till she gets you to some place where you've got friends."

The door slammed behind him, and in a minute the gangplank shook beneath his feet as he retraced his steps to where he had left the forlorn chekako; but the latter was gone. Big Jim found him in the restaurant where he held forth the woman.

"Hello," he said by way of greeting, and the woman, who had been listening to the tale of woe, ended her attempt at condolence. The gambler nodded to her, looked around the place until satisfied that no one else was present, and then threw the poke down on the counter. The chekako stared at it a moment in open-mouthed amazement and then hugged it to his breast in both hands. Big Jim stopped his volatile thoughts.

"I found it out there on the bank of the creek," he said, "and brung it to you. Mighty careless of you to lug your poke around with you. Better put it in the trading company's safe."

He tramped out of the room, while the chekako and the woman looked at each other. A little clock above them ticked busily. The chekako glanced at it and then back at her.

"Says he found it on the creek. Three miles there and three miles back make six miles. And when he got there he must have

walked up and down the bank some. Well, I shan't say nothing, because I've got it back, but it's been just half an hour since I told him about it."

The woman was annoyed at the chekako's ingratitude, but worse than that was the knowledge that the gambler had undoubtedly lied. He was beneath contempt.

The river took on its coating of ice, the snows fell, and the camp was locked in its long winter isolation. The woman prospered, and fortune played up and down with the gambler. He still made attempts to win the woman's regard, but now she barely spoke to him. He was attracted more by this than by her previous politeness. He wanted to know her better because she was of a different world than he had known since he came West, and she reminded him of women he had known in his boyhood—good, God-fearing women. He pondered over her coolness when he sat alone before his layout, and always felt a well-defined pity for her in the struggle which he knew must be so hard for one evidently accustomed to better things.

Day by day he went to her cabin door and into the restaurant where he could watch and study her patient struggle to be self-supporting and gain independence. He wished that he could be received with as much friendliness as the prospectors who came. He made clumsy efforts to assist her, and when the first hunters came with sledges laden with moose-meat he bought their load and sent it to her. He knew that it must be a godsend to her, but also realized that if she had learned who the donor was it would have been instantly declined.

One day when he was the sole customer, he made a bolder attempt to gain an understanding. "Miss Martin," he said, boldly plunging in, "I want to talk to you."

She turned upon him in surprise, looking him steadily in the eyes and with a certain little haughtiness in the poise of her head.

"I think a heap more of you than you'll probably believe," he went on.

She started to speak, but he forbade her with a gesture and continued: "I'm a square man, and there ain't anyone living can say I ever turned a crooked card or done a dirty little trick. Maybe I ain't never done anything good, and maybe I ain't got much, but I'm not any worse

than the worst man in camp. You might at least treat me as well as the others, because I want you to like me; but you won't. What's the reason? Come, let's have it out!"

The woman came directly opposite him on her side of the rough slab counter before which he sat. "You want to know the reason? Well, I'll tell you. When I first came here, I don't know that I particularly disliked you. First, I learned that you were a gambler. That was enough to keep us from being friends, but that wasn't the worst."

She had been speaking quietly, but now she rested her hands on the edge of the counter and leaned toward him, talking with intensity. Her eyes glittered and were opened wide.

"You're not only a gambler, but a thief—a common outcast! You robbed the chinko of his gold, then—God knows why—gave it back to him under the pretext that you had found it in a place which you couldn't possibly have reached, let alone return from, in the time you said. You lied about it to cover your theft."

Big Jim had straightened up as she spoke, until he towered above her, his cheeks crimson and his brow drawn into a scowl that would have portended death had his accuser been a man. There was an instant's silence, broken by the sound of bells from outside, as a dog-team strained at its ropes over the frozen snow, and the cracking of the driver's whip.

"You believe that?" he said. "You believe that—of me—of Jim Werner, who never stole a cent in his life?"

His tone carried such a tragic note that she started back, repentant and wondering. It was inexplicable that this man should be a thief. She was sorry that she had accused him. She noted for the first time the look of cold honesty that was in his eyes, and somehow he seemed masterful. It broke her a little.

"It doesn't matter about the gold dust anyway," she said decisively. Her hands came together in a convulsive clasp, and there was a little indefinable note of pleading in her voice as she resumed, still fearfully. "Why don't you give it up, Jim Werner? They say you are brave, and every one but me believes you honest. I'm

not prepared to admit either. It doesn't matter what else you may be, you are that which no honest man respects, a gambler—a man who, even if he plays fairly, yet depends on his skill to take from other men that which they have worked for and gathered with honest hands. And maybe I wouldn't care for them even. It might serve them right; but don't you understand, can't you understand, that when you take it away from them you may be robbing some poor women or helpless little children out in the States who are dependent on them and their work? I don't suppose you would rob a child or a woman directly, but that's what you are doing perhaps every day of your life."

She gulped a little as she turned away from him, and he, reading in her motion his dismissal, pulled his white hat down over his eyes and went out. He had made no attempt at explanation of the poke incident, nor had he contemplated it. In his code, to tell the story would have been impossible. Besides, it would have added to her other accusations the certainty that his calling made him the acquaintance of thieves and crooks.

It gave him something to think about in the days that came, and he was moody and taciturn. He would sit for hours with his chair tilted back against the logs of the cabin wherein were a bar and many games of chance. At night, when the room was aglow with heat, and the smoke from the pipes curled up around the hooded tin lamps which sent little splashes of light on the green tables, and everywhere were the clash and clamor and speech of men from the mines and the high-pitched reckless laughter of hardened women of the camp, it came to him. He was awakening to the fact that there was a code of honor which he had never learned, and he began to have a disgust for all those things which he had known and a vague longing for something better. He was not as cool and hardened as he had been. He began to wonder whether the men who sat before him and lost their gold had wives and children at home. He owned his own layout and sometimes surprised those who were losing heavily by trying to dissuade them from spending their last ounce. He was in a constant struggle between business, as known to him, and conscience.

"He's going crazy," was the comment of other gamblers; but, although he heard, he shut his teeth grimly and said nothing nor changed his ways. Day by day he went to the restaurant, because he could not deny himself this one chance of seeing the trim woman with the brown eyes, although no words passed between them other than those of necessity. And he found many ways of assisting her without her knowledge. Once a pack-driver from up the river made a coarse remark regarding her. Big Jim deliberately arose from his table, walked around to where the man sat, caught him by the throat, and fairly threw him through the cabin door. The man arose from the snow gasping and rubbing his throat, while the gambler stood above him.

"Partner," Big Jim drawled, "I've let you off easy. If I ever hear of you even whispering of that little woman again, I'll kill you like a timber-wolf. Understand?" He gave the man a parting kick and went back into the cabin, where no one dared to speak of the incident, and calmly resumed the shuffling of the cards.

Daily his field of operations, despite the camp's prosperity, became more limited. This was due to his more intimate knowledge of the men who came before him, for, strange as it might appear, he seemed to be drawing the line on those who had others dependent on them. It was unostentatiously done, but nevertheless excited remark for which he cared nothing but went his way, grim, silent, and independent.

"Spring came, the river was unlocked, ice-beds shoved themselves out in front of the floods of the headwaters, and the first steamer came from the Klondike. The camp was astir again and eager for news of the outer world. Prospectors looked forward to the summer's exploration and exploitation, and those who had been particularly fortunate laid plans for a trip to that greater world known as "the outside." Claims were for sale, and trade was brisk. The bars were patronized by men who rioted after a season's work, and the days had grown suddenly long until at midnight the light was strong. The cries of the waterfowl seeking the breeding-grounds of the Far North were heard throughout all hours, trees were

taking on their buds of green, patches of the hills showed bare and bright, and cabin doors stood open to the sun.

Big Jim sat behind his table steadily dealing, paying out and taking in. He had been unusually quiet now for days, and his luck had been bad. One player only was before him, a stranger who had arrived by the steamboat whose wheel slowly revolved in the current as she lay tied to the bank in front of the trading-post. The man played with a recklessness that betokened but few sittings in front of the green cloth, while Big Jim was playing to win, steadily, remorselessly, and persistently. He was the wolf again and this his victim.

"I want poker," the player suddenly exclaimed, and Big Jim, after hesitating a moment, closed the case rack, threw the box to one side, and opened a fresh deck of cards. Plainly he was out now for the money.

For two hours they shuffled, cut, and dealt in silence. The younger man lost steadily and was playing a game of wild desperation. Finally he laid his watch on the table, saying, with an oath, "I haven't a dollar or an ounce left."

Big Jim shook his head. "I don't play for anything but money," he said.

"That's right!" snarled the loser, shoving his chair back with a scrape so violent that it fell to the floor. "You take my last ounce and then won't give me a chance to get on top again. You're a—!" He stopped suddenly, for there was a look in Big Jim's steady gray eyes that forbade further speech.

Big Jim threw the deck on the table. "Shuffle those," he said. "I'll give you a chance. No man lives who can say I didn't give him his chance. Now cut! The highest card wins, and I'll lay a hundred against you ten-dollar watch."

The loser, with trembling hand, reached out and turned a deuce spot, and Big Jim quietly turned a king. The young man staggered to his feet, wiped his hand across his eyes feverishly, and started away.

"Here," called Big Jim. "I don't want your watch," but the man jammed his hat over his eyes and went out through the cabin door. Jim straightened up a minute and turned to those others in the

room who had clustered around breathlessly watching the last turn.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I've no further use for gambling or for gamblers. You can all go your way, and I'll go mine. You've called me 'Big Jim, the gambler' ever since you've known me, but after this you can drop the last half of that."

He picked up the deck as he spoke, twisted the cards into a crumpled bunch of paper, then suddenly lifted them high above his head and with a vicious swing threw them to the floor, where they scattered, vivid patches of color in the dirt of many feet. With a quick sudden gesture he slammed his fist down on his layout. "Anybody who wants this can have it. I've turned my last card, and I'm going to be honest if I starve for it. By God, I am!"

They made way for him as he walked past them and went out through the door which had so lately seen the passing of his last victim. He paid no heed to the commotion behind. He was like a man in a dream of elation who has cast off a trying burden. He mentally reckoned his worth and knew that he had money enough now to buy a fraction of a claim which was very remote and unknown, but promising. He would take it, would go to it, and with his hands wrest from it a living, and then—and then—he would come back to the woman. Would come, when he could, and other men who had injured none of their fellows or robbed women and children. He knew now that he wanted her more than anything on earth, that for her respect alone he would willingly give his life. To buy the claim and meet with success made all things possible. He threw his head back and took a long, full breath of the spring-laden air, then turned for a walk up the river bank where he could be alone and think.

As he came around a bend where alders swept their branches in the receding flood, a figure of despondency sat below him. There was something so hopeless in that quiet attitude, something so suggestive of despair, that he stopped and looked at it. Somehow he was stirred by it. He went toward the man, wondering what he could be doing there so close to the perilous edge of the flood which swirled at his feet.

The man turned, hearing the footsteps,

and Big Jim recognized his victim. They looked at each other, one with despair in his eyes, the other with that new-born determination of honesty. Big Jim read deeply and understood. For an instant he gravely studied the other's haggard face.

"Better not do it," he said, voicing the thought.

"What business is it of yours?" the other answered without rising. "You've got everything I had in the world," and again he turned his gaze on the waters below, as if fascinated by their summons.

"I won it fairly," Big Jim answered. The man at his feet seemed very young, barely beyond boyhood. He waited, for a reply.

"Yes, fairly enough," came the answer. "No one ever accused you of being crooked. But I'm hard hit, just the same. I needed money—needed just five hundred more than I had before I could go back to her, otherwise I wouldn't have taken a chance." He spoke as if to himself, but his words reached the gambler.

"Look here, young fellow," Big Jim said, seating himself by the boy's side. "What do you mean by her?" Come on and tell me. I've been called a wolf, and lots of other things, but I've got a heart. What do you mean by her?" He put his arm awkwardly over the boy's shoulder, and the latter, overwrought, talked with trembling lips and tried to keep the tears from creeping down his cheeks.

"We were to be married as soon as I could get money enough, and I had written her that I was coming, and she's waiting. But it's all right. It isn't your fault, it isn't your fault."

Big Jim talked in a very low and unusually kind voice. "You're nothing but a boy," he said, "and a big fool. I'm going to tell you something. It's off suckers like you that gamblers live. Don't ever make the mistake of thinking that you can beat a game, because you can't. It was my business to make my living by winning. It's professional skill, by men who know all about it, against the fellow who doesn't understand what he's up against. You lost your wad, and was about to jump into the river, just because you'd been a fool. You were going to be a bigger fool yet, and

a coward as well, while the girl who believed in you would have waited, and waited, and waited, till her heart grew sick and there wasn't nothing worth living for. And all because you'd been a fool and a coward. You're young and you've got a lot to learn. I'm teaching you one thing, and I reckon you're getting your lesson well, and it's this: never, no matter what happens to you, never gamble on anything, for anything, or with anybody."

The other sat as if ashamed of himself while Big Jim talked, then rose to his feet holding out his hand. "I'm obliged to you," he said. "It would have been cowardly. Now I'm going back up the river to look for work and make another try."

"No, you're not," declared Big Jim. "I'm going to give you back your money and your watch, and you're going to remember what I've told you and never gamble again, and you're going right on out like a decent, clean, honest chap that keeps his word to the letter, and make that girl happy. Then you'll stay away from a country like this where you don't belong, and thank God for the chance to be what a man should, and that you've done no worse."

He fished the heavy buckskin bag from his pocket and crowded it into the other's hand and then shoved the watch after. "Good-by," he called, and trudged steadily away up the river bank toward his cabin.

For hours he pattered about his cabin, stowing things away and making up a huge pack to be fitted to his unaccustomed shoulders. It would be hard work, all right, but he was strong and not old by any means, and he was honest. There was a new feeling of freedom in that. His jaw set hard, and he shook his fist in the air as if at an enemy he was to conquer and said, "And now I can look anyone in the eye, and know that I'm as good as he is."

The camp was beginning to stir and the dawn was strong when he closed the cabin door and locked it with the big brass padlock. He was garbed for his new life, with a well-fitting blue-fannel shirt over his straight, broad shoulders, his belt

drawn taut and new moccasins tied snugly around his sinewy calves. He leaned down on the door-step and fitted his arms into the big pack and swung away down the one-sided street of cabins which faced the river. There was none to bid him good-by nor to wish him luck, no one to give him Godspeed and hope for his speedy return. He was alone now, old associations cast behind, old habits dropped, and the hills to conquer.

As he came to the restaurant the door swung open, and the woman looked at him in amazement. He would have passed, but she called him, and he stepped to her door.

"I want to speak to you," she said. "I am ashamed of what I said that time about your being a—!" She hesitated and came to a stop; but he did not assist her and only looked deeply into her eyes.

She twisted her hands together and continued: "That man Smith, who is up in Dawson, told about what you did for the chelako, and last night I learned the truth. And I've heard, too, about—about last night and that you aren't going to gamble any more."

He slipped the pack from his back and stood quietly before her, not realizing the full purport of her words.

"And I want to tell you, too," she said, "that I know the boy whose money you took, and that you gave it back to him and have made a man of him, and—and—you asked once for my respect. I wanted to say before you went away that you already have it and that I hope we can be friends."

He took a step toward her, and she retreated within the shadow of the open door, where he followed. His life had not been conventional, nor was his action when he put his arms around her, and she, smiling through her tears, welcomed their shelter and knew that from now on their ways were as one.

And outside the sun shone on a pack which would no longer be an unwelcome burden, but a trifling weight to be borne for a little while into the land of honest promise, clean achievement, and golden dreams.

## Alcohol and the Individual

By Dr. Henry Smith Williams in McClure's

SOME very puzzling differences of opinion about the use of alcoholic beverages find expression. This is natural enough, since alcohol is a very curious drug, and the human organism a very complex mechanism. The effects of this drug upon this mechanism are often very mysterious. Not many persons are competent to analyze these effects in their totality. Still fewer can examine any of them quite without prejudice. But in recent years a large number of scientific investigators have attempted to substitute knowledge for guesswork as to the effects of alcohol, through the institution of definitive experiments. Some have tested its effects on the digestive apparatus; others, its power over the heart and voluntary muscles; still others, its influence upon the brain. On the whole, the results of these experiments are singularly consistent. Undoubtedly they tend to upset a good many time-honored preconceptions. But they give better grounds for judgment as to what is the rational attitude toward alcohol than have hitherto been available.

The traditional role of alcohol is that of a stimulant. It has been supposed to stimulate digestion and assimilation; to stimulate the heart's action; to stimulate muscular activity and strength; to stimulate the mind. The new evidence seems to show that, in the final analysis, alcohol stimulates none of these activities; that its final effect is everywhere depressive and inhibitory (at any rate, as regards higher functions) rather than stimulative; that, in short, it is properly to be classed with the anesthetics and narcotics. The grounds for this view, should be of interest to every user of alcohol; of interest, for that matter, to every citizen, considering that more than one thousand million gallons of alcoholic beverages are consumed in the United States each year.

I should like to present the new evidence more fully than space will permit. I shall attempt, however, to describe some of

the more significant observations and experiments in sufficient detail to enable the reader to draw his own conclusions. To make room for this, I must deal with other portions of the testimony in a very summary manner. As regards digestion, for example, I must be content to note that the experiments show that alcohol does indeed stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, but that it also tends to interfere with their normal action; so that ordinarily one effect neutralizes the other. As regards the action on the heart, I shall merely state that the ultimate effect of alcohol is to depress, in large doses to paralyze, that organ. These, after all, are matters that concern the physician rather than the general reader.

The effect of alcohol on muscular activity has a larger measure of popular interest; indeed, it is a question of the utmost practicality. The experiments show that alcohol does not increase the capacity to do muscular work, but distinctly decreases it. Doubtless this seems at variance with many a man's observation of himself; but the explanation is found in the fact that alcohol blurs the judgment. As Voit remarks, it gives, not strength, but, at most, the feeling of strength. A man may think he is working faster and better under the influence of alcohol than he would otherwise do; but rigidly conducted experiments do not confirm this opinion. "Both science and the experience of life," says Dr. John J. Abel, of Johns Hopkins University, "have exploded the pernicious theory that alcohol gives any persistent increase of muscular power. The disappearance of this universal error will greatly reduce the consumption of alcohol among laboring men. It is well understood by all who control large bodies of men engaged in physical labor, that alcohol and effective work are incompatible."

It is even questionable whether the energy derived from the oxidation of alcohol in the body can be directly used at all as a source

of muscular energy. Such competent observers as Schumburg and Scheffer independently reached the conclusion that it cannot. Dr. Abel inclines to the same opinion. He suggests that "alcohol is not a food in the sense in which fats and carbohydrates are food; it should be defined as an easily oxidizable drug with numerous untoward effects which inevitably appear when a certain minimum dose is exceeded." He thinks that alcohol should be classed "with the more or less dangerous stimulants and narcotics, such as hashish, tobacco, etc., rather than with truly sustaining food-stuffs." Some of the grounds for this view will appear presently, as we now turn to examine the alleged stimulating effects of alcohol upon the mental processes.

The celebrated physiologist, Von Helmholtz, one of the foremost thinkers of the nineteenth century, declared that the very smallest quantity of alcohol served effectively, while its influence lasted, to banish from his mind all possibility of creative effort; all capacity to solve an abstract problem. The result of recent experiments in the field of physiological psychology convince one that the same thing is true in some measure of every other mind capable of creative thinking. Certainly all the evidence goes to show that no mind is capable of its best efforts when influenced by even small quantities of alcohol. If any reader of these words is disposed to challenge this statement, on the strength of his own personal experience, I would ask him to reflect carefully as to whether what he has been disposed to regard as a stimulant effect may not be better explained along lines suggested by these words of Professor James: "The reason for craving alcohol is that it is an anaesthetic even in moderate quantities. It obliterates a part of the field of consciousness and abolishes collateral trains of thought."

The experimental evidence that tends to establish the position of alcohol as an inhibitor and disturber rather than a promoter of mental activity has been gathered largely by German investigators. Many of their experiments are of a rather technical character, aiming to test the basal operations of the mind. Others, however, are eminently practical, as we shall see. The earliest experiments, made by Exner in Vienna so long ago as 1873, aimed to de-

termine the effect of alcohol upon the so-called reaction-time. The subject of the experiment sits at a table, with his finger upon a telegraph key. At a given signal—say a flash of light—he releases the key. The time that elapses between signal and response—measured electrically in fractions of a second—is called the simple or direct reaction-time. This varies for different individuals, but is relatively constant, under given conditions, for the same individual. Exner found however that when an individual had imbibed a small quantity of alcohol, his reaction-time was lengthened, though the subject believed himself to be responding more promptly than before.

These highly suggestive experiments attracted no very great amount of attention at the time. Some years later, however, they were repeated by several investigators, including Dietl, Vintchagin, and in particular Krappein and his pupils. It was then discovered that, in the case of a robust young man, if the quantity of alcohol ingested was very small, and the tests were made immediately, the direct reaction-time was not lengthened, but appreciably shortened instead. If, however, the quantity of alcohol was increased, or if the experiments were made at a considerable interval of time after its ingestion, the reaction-time fell below the normal, as in Exner's experiments.

Subsequent experiments tested mental processes of a somewhat more complicated character. For example, the subject would place each hand on a telegraph key, at right and left. The signals would then be varied, it being understood that one key or the other would be pressed promptly accordingly, as a red or a white light appeared. It became necessary, therefore, to recognize the color of the light, and to recall which hand was to be moved at that particular signal; in other words, to make a choice not unlike that which a locomotive engineer is required to make when he encounters an unexpected signal light. The tests showed that after the ingestion of a small quantity of alcohol—say a glass of beer—there was a marked disturbance of the mental processes involved in this reaction. On the average, the keys were released more rapidly than before the alcohol was taken, but the wrong key was much more frequently released than under normal circumstances.

Speed was attained at the cost of correct judgment. Thus, as Dr. Siler remarks, the experiment shows the elements of two of the most significant and persistent effects of alcohol, namely, the violating tendency to hasten or inco-ordinate movements. Stated otherwise, a leveling down process is involved, whereby the higher function is dulled, the lower function accentuated.

Another striking illustration of the tendency of alcohol to impair the higher mental processes was given by some experiments instituted by Kraepelin to test the association of ideas. In these experiments, a word is pronounced, and the subject is required to pronounce the first word that suggests itself in response. Some very interesting secrets of the sub-conscious personality are revealed thereby, as was shown, for example, in a series of experiments conducted last year at Zurich by Dr. Frederick Peterson, of New York. But I cannot dwell on these here. Suffice it for our purpose that the possible responses are of two general types. The suggested word being, let us say, "book," the subject may (1) think of some word associated logically with the idea of a book, such as "read" or "leaves"; or he may (2) think of some word associated merely through similarity of sound, such as "cook" or "shook." In a large series of tests, any given individual tends to show a tolerably uniform proportion between the two types of association; and this ratio is in a sense explicable of his type of mind. Generally speaking, the higher the intelligence, the higher will be the ratio of logical to merely rhymed associations. Moreover, the same individual will exhibit more associations of the logical type when his mind is fresh than when it is exhausted, as after a hard day's work.

In Kraepelin's experiments it appeared that even the smallest quantity of alcohol had virtually the effect of fatiguing the mind of the subject, so that the number of his rhymed responses rose far above the normal. That is to say, the lower form of association of ideas was accentuated, at the expense of the higher. In effect, the particular mind experimented upon was always brought for the time being to a lower level by the alcohol.

When a single dose of alcohol is administered, its effects gradually disappear, as a

matter of course. But they are far more persistent than might be supposed. Some experiments conducted by Forer are illuminative as to this. He tested a person for several days, at a given hour, as to reaction-time, the association of ideas, the capacity to memorize, and facility in adding. The subject was then allowed to drink two litres of beer in the course of a day. No intoxicating effects whatever were to be discovered by ordinary methods. The psychological tests, however, showed marked disturbance of all the reactions, a diminished capacity to memorize, decreased facility in adding, etc., not merely on the day when the alcohol was taken, but on succeeding days as well. Not until the third day was there a gradual restoration to complete normality; although the subject himself—and this should be particularly noted—felt absolutely fresh and free from after-effects of alcohol on the day following that on which the beer was taken.

Similarly Rudin found the effects of a single dose of alcohol to persist, as regards some forms of mental disturbance, for twelve hours, for other forms twenty-four hours, and for yet others thirty-six hours and more. But Rudin's experiments bring out another aspect of the subject, which no one who considers the alcohol question in any of its phases should overlook: the fact, namely, that individuals differ greatly in their response to a given quantity of the drug. Thus, of four healthy young students who formed the subjects of Rudin's experiments, two showed very marked disturbance of the mental functions for more than forty-eight hours, whereas the third was influenced for a shorter time, and the fourth was scarcely affected at all. The student who was least affected was not, as might be supposed, one who had been accustomed to take alcoholics habitually, but, on the contrary, one who for six years had been a total abstainer.

Noting thus that the effects of a single dose of alcohol may persist for two or three days, one is led to inquire what the result will be if the dose is repeated day after day. Will there then be a cumulative effect, or will the system become tolerant of the drug and hence unresponsive? Some experiments of Smith, and others of Kurz and Kraepelin have been directed toward the solution of this all-important question. The

results of the experiments show a piling up of the disturbing effects of the alcohol. Kurz and Kraepelin estimate that after giving eighty grams per day to an individual for twelve successive days, the working capacity of that individual's mind was lessened by from twenty-five to forty per cent. Smith found an impairment of the power to add, after twelve days, amounting to forty per cent.; the power to memorize was reduced by about seventy per cent.

Forty to eighty grams of alcohol, the amounts used in producing these astounding results, is no more than the quantity contained in one to two litres of beer or in a half-bottle to a bottle of ordinary wine. Professor Aschaffenburg, commenting on these experiments, points the obvious moral that the so-called moderate drinker, who consumes his bottle of wine as a matter of course each day with his dinner—and who doubtless would declare that he is never under the influence of liquor—is in reality never actually sober from one week's end to another. Neither in bodily nor in mental activity is he ever up to what should be his normal level.

That this fair inference from laboratory experiments may be demonstrated in a thoroughly practical field, has been shown by Professor Aschaffenburg himself, through a series of tests made on four professional typesetters. The tests were made with all the rigor of the psychological laboratory (the experimenter is a former pupil of Kraepelin), but they were conducted in a printing office, where the subjects worked at their ordinary desks, and in precisely the ordinary way, except that the copy from which the type was set was always printed, to secure perfect uniformity. The author summarizes the results of the experiment as follows:

"The experiment extended over four days. The first and third days were observed as normal days, no alcohol being given. On the second and fourth days each worker received thirty-five grams (a little more than one ounce) of alcohol, in the form of Greek wine. A comparison of the results of work on normal and on alcoholic days showed, in the case of one of the workers, no difference. But the remaining three showed greater or less retardation of work, amounting in the most pronounced case to almost fourteen per cent. As type-

setting is paid for by measure, such a worker would actually earn ten per cent. less on days when he consumed even this small quantity of alcohol."

In the light of such observations, a glass of beer or even the cheapest bottle of wine is seen to be an expensive luxury. To forfeit ten per cent. of one's working efficiency is no trifling matter in these days of strenuous competition. Perhaps it should be noted that the subjects of the experiment were all men habituated to the use of liquor, one of them being accustomed to take four glasses of beer each week day, and eight or ten on Sundays. This heaviest drinker was the one whose work was most influenced in the experiment just related. The one whose work was least influenced was the only one of the four who did not habitually drink beer every day; and he drank regularly on Sundays. It goes without saying that all abstained from beer during the experiment. We may note, further, that all the men admitted that they habitually found it more difficult to work on Mondays, after the over-indulgence of Sunday, than on other days, and that they made more mistakes on that day. Aside from that, however, the men were by no means disposed to admit, before the experiment, that their habitual use of beer interfered with their work. That it really did so could not well be doubted after the experiment.

Some doubly significant observations as to the practical effects of beer and wine in dulling the faculties were made by Bayer, who investigated the habits of 591 children in a public school in Vienna. These pupils were ranked by their teachers into three groups, denoting progress as "good," "fair," or "poor" respectively. Bayer found, on investigation, that 134 of these pupils took no alcoholic drink; that 164 drank alcoholics very seldom; but that 293 drank beer or wine once daily; 71 drank it twice daily; and three drank it with every meal. Of the total abstainers, 42 per cent. ranked in the school as "good," 49 per cent. as "fair," and 9 per cent. as "poor." Of the occasional drinkers, 34 per cent. ranked as "good," 57 per cent. as "fair," and 9 per cent. as "poor." Of the daily drinkers, 28 per cent. ranked as "good," 58 per cent. as "fair," and 14 per cent. as "poor." Those who drank twice daily ranked 25 per cent. "good," 58 per cent. "fair," and 18 per cent.

"poor." Of the three who drank thrice daily, one ranked as "fair," and the other two as "poor." Statistics of this sort are rather tiresome; but these will repay a moment's examination. As Aschaffenberg, from whom I quote them, remarks, detailed comment is superfluous: the figures speak for themselves.

Neither in England nor America, fortunately, would it be possible to gather statistics comparable to these as to the effects of alcohol on growing children; for the Anglo-Saxon does not believe in alcohol for the child, whatever his view as to its utility for adults. The effects of alcohol upon the growing organism have, however, been studied here with the aid of subjects drawn from lower orders of the animal kingdom. Professor C. F. Hodge, of Clark University, gave alcohol to two kittens, with very striking results. "In beginning the experiment," he says, "it was remarkable how quickly and completely all the higher psychic characteristics of both the kittens dropped out. Playfulness, parring, cleanliness and care of coat, interest in mice, fear of dogs, while normally developed before the experiment began, all disappeared so suddenly that it could hardly be explained otherwise than as a direct influence of the alcohol upon the higher centres of the brain. The kittens simply ate and slept, and could scarcely have been less active had the greater part of their cerebral hemisphere been removed by the knife."

To any one who may reply that he is willing to pay the price for the sake of the pleasurable emotions and passions that are sometimes permitted to hold sway in the absence of those higher faculties of reason which alcohol tends to banish, I would suggest that there is still another aspect of the account which we have not as yet examined. We have seen that alcohol may be a potent disturber of the functions of digestion, of muscular activity, and of mental energizing. But we have spoken all along of function and not of structure. We have not even raised a question as to what might be the tangible effects of this disturber of functions upon the physical organism through which these functions are manifested. We must complete our inquiry by asking whether alcohol, in disturbing digestion, may not leave its mark upon the digestive apparatus; whether in disturbing the

circulation it may not put its stamp upon heart and blood vessels; whether in disturbing the mind it may not leave some indelible record on the tissues of the brain.

Stated otherwise, the question is this: Is alcohol a poison to the animal organism? A poison being, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, an agent that may injuriously affect the tissues of the body, and tend to shorten life.

Students of pathology answer this question with no uncertain voice. The matter is presented in a nutshell by the Professor of Pathology at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. William H. Welch, when he says: "Alcohol in sufficient quantities is a poison to all living organisms, both animal and vegetable." To that unequivocal pronouncement there is, I believe, no dissenting voice, except that a word-quibble was at one time raised over the claim that alcohol in exceedingly small doses might be harmless. The obvious answer is that the same thing is true of any and every poison whatsoever. Arsenic and strychnine, in appropriate doses, are recognized by all physicians as admirable tonics; but no one argues in consequence that they are not virulent poisons.

Open any work on the practice of medicine quite at random, and whether you chance to read of diseased stomach or heart or blood-vessels or liver or kidneys or muscles or connective tissues or nerves or brain—it is all one: in any case you will learn that alcohol may be an active factor in the causation, and a retarding factor in the cure, of some, at least, of the important diseases of the organs or set of organs about which you are reading. You will rise with the conviction that alcohol is not merely a poison, but the most subtle, the most far-reaching, and, judged by its ultimate effects, incomparably the most virulent of all poisons.

Not many physicians, perhaps, will go so far as Dr. Muirhead, of Edinburgh, who at one time claimed that he had scarcely known of a death in a case of pneumonia uncomplicated by alcoholism; but almost every physician will admit that he contemplates with increased solicitude every case of pneumonia thus complicated. Equally potent, seemingly, is alcohol in complicating that other ever-menacing lung disease, tuberculosis. Dr. Crothers long ago as-

serted that imbecility and tuberculosis are practically interchangeable conditions; a view that may be interpreted in the words of Dr. Dickinson's Baillie Lecture: "We may conclude, and that confidently, that alcohol promotes tubercle, not because it begets the bacilli, but because it impairs the tissues, and makes them ready to yield to the attacks of the parasites." Dr. Brownell, at the Congress for the Study of Tuberculosis, in London, was equally emphatic as to the influence of alcohol in preparing the way for tuberculosis, and increasing its virulence; and this view has now become general—curiously reversing the popular impression, once held by the medical profession as well, that alcohol is antagonistic to consumption.

Corroborative evidence of the baleful alliance between alcohol and tuberculosis is furnished by the fact that in France the regions where tuberculosis is most prevalent correspond with those in which the consumption of alcohol is greatest. Where the average annual consumption was 12.5 litres per person, the death rate from consumption was found by Basillon to be 32.8 per thousand. Where alcoholic consumption rose to 35.4 litres, the death rate from consumption increased to 107.8 per thousand. Equally suggestive are facts put forward by Guttschalt in regard to the causes of death in the various callings in Prussia. He found that tuberculosis claimed 160 victims in every thousand deaths of persons over twenty-five years of age. But the number of deaths from this disease per thousand deaths among gymnasium teachers, physicians, and Protestant clergymen, for example, amounted respectively to 126, 113 and 76 only; whereas the numbers rose, for hotelkeepers, to 237, for brewers, to 344, and for waiters, to 556. No doubt several factors complicate the problem here, but one hazard little in suggesting that a difference of habit as to the use of alcohol was the chief determinant in running up the death rate due to tuberculosis from 76 per thousand at one end of the scale to 556 at the other.

Pneumonia and tuberculosis combined account for one-fifth of all deaths in the United States, year by year. In the light of what has just been shown, it would appear that alcohol here has a hand in the carrying off of other untold thousands with

whose untimely demise its name is not officially associated. I may add that certain German authorities, including, for example, Dr. Liebe, present evidence—not as yet demonstrative—so show that cancer must also be added to the list of diseases to which alcohol predisposes the organism.

Experimental evidence of very striking character is furnished by the reproductive histories of Professor Hodge's alcoholized dogs. Of 23 whelps born in four litters to a pair of tipplers, 9 were born dead, 8 were deformed, and only 4 were viable and seemingly normal. Meantime, a pair of normal kennel-companions produced 45 whelps, of which 41 were viable and normal—a percentage of 90.2 against the 17.4 per cent. of viable alcoholics. Professor Hodge points out that these results are strikingly similar to the observations of Demme on the progeny of ten alcoholic as compared with ten normal families of human beings. The ten alcoholic families produced 57 children, of whom 10 were deformed, 6 idiotic, 6 choreic or epileptic, 23 non-viable, and only 10, or 17 per cent. of the whole were normal. The ten normal families produced 61 children, two of whom were deformed, 2 pronounced "backward," though not suffering from disease, and 3 non-viable, leaving 54, or 88.5 per cent., normal.

As I am writing this article, the latest report of the Craig Colony for Epileptics, at Sonoma, New York, chances to come to my desk. Glancing at the tables of statistics, I find that the superintendent, Dr. Sprattling, reports a history of alcoholism in the parents of 313 out of 950 recent cases. More than 22 per cent. of these unfortunate are thus suffering from the mistakes of their parents. Nor does this by any means tell the whole story, for the report shows that 577 additional cases—more than 60 per cent. of the whole—suffer from "neuropathic heredity"; which means that their parents were themselves the victims of one or another of those neuroses that are peculiarly heritable, and that unquestionably tell, in a large number of cases, of alcoholic indulgence on the part of their progenitors. "Even to the third and fourth generation," said the wise Hebrew of old; and the laws of heredity have not changed since then.

I cite the data from this report of the Epileptic Colony, not because its record is

in any way exceptional, but because it is absolutely typical. The mental image that it brings up is precisely comparable to that which would arise were we to examine the life histories of the inmates of any institution whatever where dependent or delinquent children are cared for, be it idiot asylum, orphanage, hospital, or reformatory. The same picture, with the same insistent moral, would be before us could we visit a clinic where nervous diseases are treated; or—turning to the other end of the social scale—could we sit in the office of a fashionable specialist in nervous diseases and behold the succession of neurotics, epileptics, paralytics, and degenerates that come day by day under his observation. It is this picture, along with others which the preceding pages may in some measure have suggested, that comes to mind and will not readily be banished when one hears advocated "on physiological grounds" the regular use of alcoholic drinks, "in moderation." A vast number of the misguided individuals who were responsible for all this misery never did use alcohol except in what they believed to be strict "moderation"; and of those that did use it to excess, there were few indeed who could not have restricted their use of alcohol to moderate quantities, or have abandoned its use altogether.

It does not fall within the scope of my present purpose to dwell upon the familiar aspect of the effects of alcohol suggested by the last sentence. It requires no scientific experiments to prove that one of the subtlest effects of this many-sided drug is to produce a craving for itself, while weakening the will that could resist that craving. But beyond noting that this is precisely in line with what we have everywhere seen to be the typical effect of alcohol—the weakening of higher functions and faculties, with corresponding exaggeration of lower ones—I shall not comment here upon this all too familiar phase of the alcohol problem. Throughout this paper I have had in mind the hidden cumulative effects of relatively small quantities of alcohol rather than the patent effects of excessive indulgence. I have had in mind the voluntary "social" drinker, rather than the drunkard. I have wished to raise a question in the mind of each and every habitual user of alcohol in "moderation" who chances to read this ar-

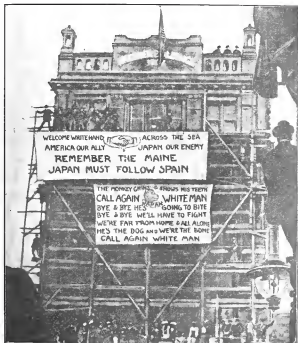
ticle, as to whether he is acting wisely in using alcohol habitually in any quantity whatever.

If in reply the reader shall say: "There is some quantity of alcohol that constitutes actual moderation; some quantity that will give me pleasure and yet not menace me with these evils." I answer thus:

Conceivably that is true, though it is not proved. But, in any event, no man can tell you what the safe quantity is—if safe quantity there be—in any individual case. We have seen how widely individuals differ in susceptibility. In the laboratory some animals are killed by doses that seem harmless to their companions. These are matters of temperament that as yet elude explanation. But this much I can predict with confidence: whatever the "safe" quantity of alcohol for you to take, you will unquestionably at times exceed it. In a tolerably wide experience of men of many nations, I have never known an habitual drinker who did not sometimes take more alcohol than even the most liberal scientific estimate could claim as harmless. Therefore, I believe that you must do the same.

So I am bound to believe, on the evidence, that if you take alcohol habitually, in any quantity whatever, it is to some extent a menace to you. I am bound to believe, in the light of what science has revealed: (1) that you are tangibly threatening the physical structures of your stomach, your liver, your kidneys, your heart, your blood-vessels, your nerves, your brain; (2) that you are unequivocally decreasing your capacity for work in any field, be it physical, intellectual, or artistic; (3) that you are in some measure lowering the grade of your mind, dulling your higher esthetic sense, and taking the finer edge off your morals; (4) that you are distinctly lessening your chances of maintaining health and attaining longevity; and (5) that you may be entangling upon your descendants yet unborn a bond of incalculable misery.

Such, I am bound to believe, is the probable cost of your "moderate" indulgence in alcoholic beverages. Part of that cost you must pay in person; the balance will be the heritage of future generations. As a mere business proposition: Is your glass of beer, your bottle of wine, your high-ball, or your cocktail worth such a price?



The American Fleet in New Zealand.

The warships of the United States in their cruise around the world visited Australia and New Zealand, where they received a most extraordinarily enthusiastic reception. United States papers explain this is due mainly to a friendly feeling to that nation, and also to the somewhat strained relations existing between the masses in our antipodean colonies and the Japanese. Banners, of which the above is a reproduction from a newspaper, were hung on buildings along the route taken by the procession of U.S. sailors. In Canada it is difficult for us to understand this feeling, for, as a whole, we are on friendly terms with the Japs, but the working on these banners is a very interesting object lesson.



# HOW RAILROAD MEN ARE MADE

By A. B. Carwell

THERE is no industry at the moment which demands keener intellect, shrewder wit, and better trained comprehension; no industry in which the failure of these qualities in its officers, and, to no small extent, in its men, would be more disastrous to the general interests of the country than in the work of our vast and ever-increasing railroads.

The necessity for, and demand for, an adequate supply of these qualities is increasing with the extension of the industry.

In sheer self-defense, even from a dividend point of view, the railways of the country will have to pay more attention than they have ever done before to the improvement of the quality of the men they take into their employment. For their own interests, they must stimulate a steady flow of the brightest minds of each rising generation into their service, so that they may have ample choice of selection in filling up the lieutenancies and corporalships. Some of those appointed, in turn, will qualify for responsibility as captains and colonels, and, maybe, even as generals of the railway army. There are all varieties of transportation problems; but, without doubt, the most difficult one of all is that of securing competent and trustworthy service.

Among railway men may be noticed two broad class distinctions—one represented by the men who never concern himself with anything more than the regular performance of his routine duties and who seldom advances; the other represented by the man who is constantly on the alert for information, who by seeking reasons learns to reach conclusions, and, successively widening the range of his knowledge, in-

creases his chances to grasp opportunities, fits himself for promotion and inevitably rises to a commanding position.

Regarding the training of railroad officials, the wider the officer's experience, the better. It should apply to the physical conditions of the road as well as to the human element connected with it. The better he understands and knows his problem, the nearer he is to the highest efficiency, the same as in any profession or undertaking. There is much for him to learn from the first day of his connection with the railroad company to the last day he remains with it. The longer he is "in harness" the more he realizes the magnitude of the proposition.

The development of the railroad business to-day and the consequent demand for men to fill the rapidly opening places in the service, is such that the old-time method of years of apprenticeship are over. Railroads have not the time or inclination to take a green lad from school and employ him until he learns the art of telegraphy or knows enough to take charge of the firing of a locomotive or fill the duties of a brakeman. An applicant must at least know something of the work involved in the position. The same applies in business institutions when the youth who enters the office with a knowledge of at least the rudiments of bookkeeping or shorthand will secure an advantage over his less fortunate brother.

So, just as there are Business, Professional and Technical Colleges to fit young men for office positions and the various walks of business and professional life, there are also schools competent to train them in the theory of railroading. And just as the

business man looks to the Commercial College for his recruits for office or warehouse, so the great railroads of the United States and Canada are glad to recruit their ranks from the trained graduates of the Railroad School. Indeed, many of the reputable schools of this sort are able to guarantee positions to graduates who are proficient, so great is the demand for men who really have the proper qualifications.

In these schools, which are located in all the principal cities of Canada and elsewhere, will be found complete apparatus for illustrating and practising the various branches of railroad work. Books of instructions, telegraph instruments, with several sending and receiving stations, semaphores, signals, codes, flags, lanterns, and, sometimes, miniature trains themselves are included in the equipment of these institutions.

The day is near at hand when the schools of telegraphy will realize the necessity of their students having a thorough business education, before graduating and accepting

a position as telegrapher and will add this department to their college. The many duties which the operator is called upon to perform, such as writing out orders, entries in books, making change, etc., make this imperative.

Before entering the pupil must pass the physical examination required by the railroads as to height, weight, eyesight, etc. This does away with the possibility of his being rejected by the railroad because of any physical defect, after he has undertaken the trouble and expense of a course of training.

Many of the presidents of the world's great railway systems of to-day began life as telegraph operators, or in even humbler positions. The demand of the railroads for men of intellect and integrity is so great that there seems no good reason why gentlemen's sons, heirs of rich and poor alids, seeking life employment, interesting, profitable and with abundant opportunities to "work up," should not find it in some branch or other of railroad work.

## A Prayer

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

(Written in Rome on December 2, 1884, the night before he died.)

We beseech thee, O Lord, to behold us with favor. Folk of many families and nations are gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women subsisting under the cover of thy patience. Be patient still. Suffer us yet a while longer, with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavors against evil—suffer us a while longer to endure and, if it may be, help us to do better.

Bless to us our extra mercies, and if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends. Be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; and if any awake, temper so them the dark hours of watching, and, when the day returns to us our sun and comfort, call us with morning faces and morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness shall be our portion, and, if the day be marked to sorrow, strong to endure it.

We thank thee and praise thee, and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred, close our oblation.



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At the Bank. Peter Place—Westward Ho.  
Madie I Have Known. Claude Gray, A.R.C.A.—Westward Ho.  
The Canadian Alice Johnson—Red and Green.  
The People's Game and Fish Protective Associations of Nova Scotia—Red and Green.  
Wild Rice Growing in Nova Scotia—Red & Green.  
What a Forest Fire Means. Francis J. Dyer—World's Work.  
The Talking Peep. Frederick Benjamine—System.  
When the Cyster is Nipe. Miles Redford—System.  
What the City Means to Me—Circle.  
Predictions of the Past and Present. Charles De Kay—Pittsburg.  
The Red of the Book War—Sat. Rev. (Oct. 2).  
"Killing No Murder"—Spectator (Oct. 2).  
Public Honor—Spectator (Oct. 2).  
Thanksgiving—Spectator (Oct. 2).  
A Great Social Experiment. Rev. Chas. Flister—Hilbert Jral (Oct.).  
Intelligibility and Tolerability. F. C. S. Schiller—Hilbert Jral (Oct.).  
The West Point of To-day. Orison Chas. Larned—St. Nicholas.  
The Meaning of Thanksgiving. Margaret E. Scamper—Women's Home Comp.  
Report of the Royal Commission on the Problematic Major Skinner. L.C.C.—Emp. Rev. (Oct.).  
The Extraordinary Street Cars of New York. Walter Wray—Success (Oct.).  
Getting into Society. James L. Ford—Red Neck Social Graces. Lillian Bell—Smart Set.  
Biting up Rural America. Harrie Haskins—Broadway.  
Reclaiming the Wilderness. Albert Biglow Pease—Pearson's (Am.).  
Why do Frenchmen Retain Their Youthfulness? League That Americans? Alvin P. Babson—Money's (Oct.).  
Important Film Things in America—Scrap Book.  
The Kaiser as a Recreant of Old Castles in Germany. Edward Hays—Money's.  
New York's Blasted Years Ago—Money's.

### Nature and Outdoor Life.

The Country Seat of Mr. Frederick Faber. Day Allen Wilber—Homes and Gardens.

Having Eyes They See Not. Dr. L. H. Bailey—Scientific Life.  
An Outdoor Living Room. W. H. Sturges—Scientific Life.  
The Nature Club. Julia H. Rogers—Country Life in America.  
Are We to Lose Our Cheapest Fancies? E. A. Sterling—Country Life in America.  
The Monarch of Park Barrer. Philip R. Goodwin—Saturday Evening Post (Oct. 11).

### Political and Commercial.

Australian Politics—Spectator.  
A Plan for Commodities—Wednesday Rev. (Sept. 2).  
The Way to Peace—Sat. Rev. (Sept. 19).  
Young Turks and Old Societies—Sat. Rev. (Sept. 19).  
Why I do not Believe in Women Suffrage. Mrs. Humphrey Ward—Ladies' Home Jral.  
Japan Winning the Pacific. E. G. Rogers—World's Work.  
Getting Trade with the German. Henry Harrison Lewis—System.  
A Lesson for Home Rulers—Sat. Rev. (Oct. 2).  
The Situation in Belgium. Sat. Rev. (Oct. 2).  
The Situation in the Near East—Spectator (Oct. 2).  
A National Fund for Efficient Democracy. William H. Allen—Atlantic Monthly (Oct.).  
Custodian of Diplomatic Life. H. R. D. Pease—Atlantic Monthly (Oct.).  
The New Nationalist Movement in India. James T. Swadlow—Atlantic Monthly (Oct.).  
The Progress of Egypt. James Macintosh—Richard—Atlantic Monthly (Oct.).  
Government Builds Cities for Farmers. Ray Crandall—Tech. World.  
The Fighting Line of a National Campaign. John Wilbur—Metropolitan.  
Old Time Political Campaigns. Barbara Harding Davis—Women's Home Comp.  
Fetich Indians in the Transvaal. Sir Charles Bruce—Empire Rev. (Oct.).  
A Last Chance in South Africa. Diplomatist—Emp. Rev. (Oct.).  
Turist in India. C. J. O'Donnell, M.P.—Emp. Rev. (Oct.).  
The New Turkish Policy. Has it Succeeded? Frank Sedgwick—Flagstaff (Oct.).  
Great Britain and Germany. Harold Spencer—Cent. Rev. (Oct.).  
German Policy in Morocco. Sir Roland Bland—Metropolitan—Cent. Rev. (Oct.).  
The Future of Turkey. J. Mills Barker—Port. Rev. (Oct.).  
Geographical Aspects of the Declaration of the Constitution. Prof. D. S. Margolis—Port Rev. (Oct.).  
The Government and Morocco in Ireland. Capt. Percy O'Connell—Port Rev. (Oct.).  
The Jordan Crisis. Prof. Edward B. Hyde, M.A.—Port Rev. (Oct.).  
Why the President is For Taft. Henry Dash Madison—Success (Oct.).  
The Asiatic Mission. Louis Rapp—Lose Head.  
Seeing the Campaign—Saturday Eve Post (Oct. 19).  
Faking the Greatest. Geo. C. Franklin—World To-Day.

The West that Has Become the East—World To-Day.  
The Country Optica Victory in Indiana. Roscoe Gilmore Scott—World To-Day.  
The Civic Government of a City. John Ishler—World To-Day.  
The Political Campaign of 1908. Francis W. Shephard—World To-Day.

### Railroad and Transportation.

The Lines That Stopped a Railroad. Lieut.-Col. J. H. Patterson—World's Work.  
The New East Rule the Rails. George H. Cough—System.  
The Small Engine and the Motor. George L. Fisher—Scientific Life.  
Passes and the Canal. Hugh C. Webb—Pittsburg.  
For and Through—Spectator (Oct. 1).  
Spent on the Lead, on the Sea and in the Air. Charles Cushman—Metropolitan.  
Some Motor Problems. Major C. G. Matting—Broadway.  
The Power of the Aeroplane. M. Farmer—Metropolitan.  
Canada's Government-Guided Railways—Money's.

### Religion.

The Great Indian Saints—Wednesday Review (Sept. 21).  
A Short Germany—Sat. Rev. (Sept. 27).  
The Gospel of the Harvester. Rev. J. Patterson Smyth—Canadian Mag.  
The Knowledge of Life in the West. P. Ram—Success—Hilbert Jral (Oct.).  
A Chinese Statesman's View of Religion. Charles Johnson—Hilbert Jral (Oct.).  
The Modern Tradition of Jesus' Second Visit on Earth. Captain F. W. Van Houten—Hilbert Jral (Oct.).  
A Nigged Argument for the Reality of God. C. S. Pease—Hilbert Jral (Oct.).  
Pala Caroline Stephen—Hilbert Jral (Oct.).  
How May Christianity be Defended To-day? Professor M. H. H. Hilbert Jral (Oct.).  
Evangelical Burial. John Page Hoppes—Hilbert Jral (Oct.).  
The Movement of the Church in Wales. W. M. J. Williams—Port Rev. (Oct.).  
A Church that is Battling for Progress. Alexander Irvine—Success (Oct.).  
The Salvation of Christianity. Rev. Charles F. Aland. D.D.—Appleton's.

### Science and Invention.

The Great Hunters of Science. John H. Mearns—Broadway.  
The Wireless Age. Waldemar Knappert—Circle.  
Compressed Air Saves Wrecks. C. F. Carter—Tech. World (Oct.).  
New Process for Copper Coating Steel. Harry Wicks—Tech. World (Oct.).  
Making Short Glass by Machinery. P. Harvey Middleton—Tech. World (Oct.).  
Our Pain Pumps. World's Ivory Bottoms. Walter Smith—Tech. World (Oct.).

New Steel Plant in China. Frank N. Baghurst—*Yok. World* (Oct.)  
Some Recent Archaeological Discoveries D. G. Hogarth, M.A.—*Fort. Rev.* (Oct.)  
The Mechanism of a Turbine. J. F. Cairns—*Cassid's*  
Dreadnought Alcohol. Miles Seaburn—*Seaburn's Oct.*  
Royal Telegraphy Inventions—Office Appliances (Oct.)  
Man's Machine-made Milestone. Hudson Martin—*Competition*  
On the Tread of Chemical Invention. Robert Kennedy Dumas—*Harpur's Mag.*

## Sports and Pastimes.

Making Repairs Underneath the Car. Harold W. Shewen—*Homes and Gardens*  
Africa and Abroad. Sportsman's Tale—*Fortward*  
Shooting Wild Ducks and Geese with the Camera. A. Rodolph's Daguerre—*Conn. Life* in Am.  
On the Trail of Shokran John. Charles S. (Oct.)—*Seaburn's Oct.*  
Come Birds of the Pacific. H. T. Payne—*Seaburn's Oct.*  
Some Guides I Have Known. Horacio G. Wood, M.D.—*Guides* (Oct.)  
River Rovers. E. J. Brady—*Long Hand*  
The First Country Club—*Scrap Book*.

## The Stage.

Why do You go to the Play?—The Tailor.  
As an Actor Ben Womans—*Ladies Home Jnl.*  
Nitty Nitty on the Stage. Deanna Thompson—*Circle*  
The Noblest Man's Lover Self-Revealed. Anne Nichols—*Waver-Fetters*  
A Plan for the Theatrical Manager. Lorin F. Belmont—*Atlantic Monthly* (Oct.)  
William Weller and the Theatrical Trust—*Fortward*  
Great Actors of Old New Francisco. Peter E. Lawrence—*Pacific Monthly*  
The Play and the Play People. Broader Matthews—*Metropolitan*  
Chester and the Stage. John S. Lopez—*Woman's Home Comp.*  
The Plays of the New Season. William Archer—*Fort. Rev.* (Oct.)  
Miss Farnes's Operatic Treasures. William Armstrong—*Seaburn's Oct.*  
The Noblest Man's Lover Following James L. Ford—*Applian's*  
"Singing 99" on the Theatrical Season. Channing Follen—*Seaburn's Oct.*  
The Tradition of the French Stage. Mrs. John Van Vorst—*Lippincott's*.

## Travel and Description.

Marble Coast of British Columbia. Box G. H. MacIntosh—*Westward Ho*  
Monterey in North Africa. Capt. G. Gooden—*Westward Ho*  
Along the Coast to the Northwest. J. H. Grant—*Westward Ho*  
Unremembered Rev. A. J. Robinson, M.A.—*Westward Ho*  
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Around the World with Bertie Holmes. Bertie Holmes—*Ladies' Home Jnl.*  
What the New Japan Really Means. Burton Holmes—*Ladies' Home Jnl.*  
Strange Customs of the American Sahara. Geo. W. James—*Seaburn's Life*  
Twenty Thousand Miles with Bernhardt. Henry H. Warner—*Bohemian*  
The City of Broadest Height. Joseph B. Gilder—*Vittoria's*  
A Foreign Tour at Home. Henry Holt—*Pennam's*  
The Arab in his Own Country. L. March Phillips—*Stat. Rev.* (Oct. 3).  
The Climate of Oxford. "Oxonian"—*Pall Mall* (Oct.)  
The Beauties of a Suburban City. John Preston True—*Atlantic Monthly* (Oct.)  
Is England's Penmanship. Arthur Geo—*Atlantic Monthly* (Oct.)  
Romantic Germany. Robert Hayes Schaeflin—*Century*  
Old Cairo. Robert Hildesheim—*Century*  
The Salted Red. H. F. Pinner—*Metropolitan*  
The Reappearance of the Greek American Desert. William Hildesheim's (Oct.)  
The Golden Temple of the Sikhs—*Long Hand*.

## Women and the Home.

A Woman's Club that was Helped. Marion Melius—*Ladies' Home Jnl.*  
Ideas of a Plain Country Woman—*Ladies' Home Jnl.*  
Why is my Husband so Irascible? Anne Payson Call—*Ladies' Home Jnl.*  
What Women are Really Doing—*Ladies' Home Jnl.*  
How One Girl Lived Four Lives. John Corbin—*Ladies' Home Jnl.*  
When the Women Get Busy. Arthur J. Sundin—*Seaburn's Life*  
Three Well Furnished Rooms and Why—*Seaburn's Life*  
Three Poorly Furnished Rooms and Why—*Seaburn's Life*  
The Subscription in the Home. Dr. John C. Becker—*Seaburn's Life*  
The Religion of Beauty in Women. Jefferson B. Fletcher—*Atlantic* (Oct.)  
Simplicity in Furniture. John B. Adams—*Woman's Home Comp.*  
A Profitable Home. Kate V. Saint-Maur—*Woman's Home Comp.*  
The State Versus the Home. M. K. English—*Fort. Rev.* (Oct.)  
The Woman of Fifty. Charlotte Perkins Gilman—*Seaburn's Oct.*  
Practical Talks to Women. Elsie R. Wood—*Seaburn's Oct.*  
A Country Home in the City. Fred J. O'Connor—*Life* in Am.  
Cooking in Home Furnishing. Alice M. Halling—*Am. Homes and Gardens*  
The Work of the Home. Rhea Childs Dorr—*Seaburn's Oct.*  
Women and the Household. Rev. Walter Walsh—*Good Housekeeping*  
The Housekeeper's Beautiful. Lillian Dwyer—*Life*  
—*Good Housekeeping*.

## The Busy Man's Book Shelf

## BEST SELLING BOOKS

## Canada

Firing Line. By R. W. Chambers.  
Mr. Crow's Career. By Winston Churchill.  
Barricade. By Rex E. Booth.  
Peter. By F. H. Smith.  
Lure of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.  
Count of Chance. By R. and L. Chamberlain.

## England

Holy Orders. By Marie Corelli.  
Wild Geese. By Stanley J. Weyman.  
Virgin in Judgment. By Edna Philipps.  
Revelations. By David Christy Murray.  
Victorian England. By Pitt-Rivers.  
Express Josephine. By Philip W. Barnard.

## United States

Mr. Crow's Career. By Winston Churchill.  
Lure of the Mask. By Harold MacGrath.  
Firing Line. By R. W. Chambers.  
Together. By Robert Herrick.  
Huller House. By Marjorie Hewitt.  
Chf. Red. By E. C. Booth.

## NEW BOOKS WORTH READING

The Web of Time. By R. E. Newell.  
A Spirit in Prison. By Robert Hildesheim.  
Holy Orders. By Marie Corelli.  
From Ordination to Westminster. By George Howe.  
The Wheel of Fortune. By Louis Tracy.  
The Palace of Dargers. By Michel Vassalli.  
The Sword of Dargers. By Theodore Peck.  
Peter. By F. H. Smith.  
Every Man His Own. By Norman Duncan.  
The Testing of Diana Maury. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward.  
Cy Whitehead's Place. By Joseph C. Lincoln.  
The Firing Line. By R. W. Chambers.  
The War in the Air. By H. G. Wells.  
The River Man. By Stewart Edmund White.  
The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. By Macdonald Nicholson.  
The Trail of the Lonecone Pine. By John Fox, Jr.  
The Harvest of Melchior. By Mrs. J. E. Wace.  
A Canadian Master and His Significance. By Geo. M. Wrong.  
An Alabama Student. By Paul Van Oiler.  
The Credo of New France. By M. G. Bough.  
Lewis Road. By Mary Johnston.

Conquest of the Great Northwest. By Agnes C. Laut.  
The Circular Staircase. By Mary Roberts Rielhart.  
Sir Richard Forester. By Max Pemberton.  
The State of New York. By Edwin Hall.  
The Golden Pheasant. By H. H. Murray.  
The Ghost Kings. By H. Rider Haggard.  
Miss Follen's Fortune. By Eliza Thompson.  
Purple Loss. By Marie Corelli.  
The Fighting Lines. By David Lyall.  
The Governors. By E. P. Oppenheim.  
The Heart of a Child. By Frank Benson.  
The Illusion of Power. By Barbara Grey.  
Canadian Types of the Old Regime. By Chas. W. Colby.  
The Great American Mystery. By Walter Hilbert.  
The Man from Broadway. By George Barr McCutcheon.  
The Side of Obedience. By W. Wilson Irvine.  
The Lure of Love. By Clara Leslie Barnham.  
The Play as the World. By Katharine Tarnham.  
The City on the Hill. By Guy Thomas.  
The Great Journal. By Will Lillibridge.  
The Last Year of the Roman Empire. By Randall Parrish.  
The Money Changers. By Upton Sinclair.  
A Soldier of the Future. By W. J. Devens.  
The Making of the Strong. By Caroline Anderson.  
The Master of Life. By W. D. Lighthall.

## NOTE AND COMMENT

One of the most handsome books of the season is Professor Wilbur's collection of biographical essays, entitled, "An Alabama Student," which has been published by the Oxford University Press. Apart from its splendid get-up, it is a chosen piece of literary workmanship, exhibiting a love for its subject that only an enthusiasm is capable of the thirteen essays which are contained in the book. deal with men, whose title to fame rests on their work for medicine and surgery: they are all devoted and is worthy of them. Dr. Ochs has done to them from their lives what inspiration he has for the encouragement of the young medicine of America.

A new departure in Canadian publishing is being made in issuing a book of fiction with colored illustrations. Of course a number of



## Improvements in Office Devices

### THE IDEAL FINGER GUARD.

THE L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY have just brought out a clever new device in St. Katherine's Street, London, which will prove to be a valuable article to commercial people everywhere.

The finger guard is a highly finished ball-shaped piece of vulcanized rubber of a size to fit over any unshaped Waterman's Ideal. It fits down on the holder just the amount to prevent the danger and to come even with the ball.



THE DEVICE

back of the gold pen and free guards and rests the writer's fingers.

For bookkeepers, stenographers, professional writers and all business people who do much writing this guard will be found exceedingly useful to the fingers, preventing cramping and acting as a safeguard against contact with the ink, as the gold pen, for fingers, which, through force of habit, creep so far down as the fountain pen holder as to touch the gold pen. The retail price is 25 cents each.

### A BOOKKEEPING MACHINE

There has always been a keen inquiry among busy owners of business men for a system that would materially expedite sales records.



so accurate and ready reference to every day's business and a saving arrangement of every customer's account for quick inspection. A very large percentage of business transactions, however, in this preliminary accounting. Any

remedy for these losses must obviously consist of a system or device that is extremely swift and simple in operation and that will at all times check the record of any suspicion of misappropriation.

The Central Typewriter Company have introduced into Canada a new and important device here a machine on which every item of business is registered as triplicate with an additional record of all each receipt. Four rolls of paper are turned through the machine—three detail rolls and one tally roll. To record an order it is only necessary to write in on the strip from the upper detail roll. This is detached, filled and sent out with the goods. A duplicate is simultaneously detached and placed in the lower detail roll. When the goods are paid for a receipt is registered in the same way and the duplicate finds its way into the indexed file beside the original order. At the same time a tally roll states the amount of cash received and the initials of the salesman. This receipt is then sufficiently systematic to insure swiftness and accuracy in accounting, but the Central sales register and bookkeeping machine does not stop there. In relieving a door in the machine two speeds may be instantly removed which control every item of business transacted and a completely daily verified record of all cash taken in. Briefly, this machine provides four safeguards against an inaccurate order and five safeguards against dishonesty in handling the money. A business man may leave his business in the hands of his clerk for weeks and worry with him the day, which, upon his return, will place under his immediate eye item of business transacted during his absence and every cost taken in under during record.

This useful machine is rapidly finding its way into all lines of commercial life; into the stock and supply records of railroad corporations, the shipping departments of manufacturing and wholesale houses, printing and newspaper offices, and the varied retail stores of the country. It is undoubtedly, a promising and progressive factor in modern business.

### NEW STAPLE BINDER.

A new staple binder is being placed on the market by the Acme Staple Co., Ltd., of Philadelphia, which is meeting with noticeable success. This new machine is called the Acme No. 2 binder. While it embodies all the good features of the Acme Company's well-known "Acme No. 1" ("Midget") and "Acme No. 1" binders. It has several improvements which make it most a popular demand. The Acme No. 2 binder

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der is automatic in the series, a spring under the base bringing the machine back ready for use after each staple has been driven. It will hold the sheet paper without tearing, and will penetrate the hardest or toughest paper. It drives a broad flat staple, and makes a neat slash. Having few parts it is not liable to get out of order. No. 18 staples are used in this new machine, and it will hold fifty at a time.

#### SELF-WRITING TYPEWRITER

A self-writing typewriter is just announced from Cleveland in the form of the Main Letter Writer, the invention of F. P. Main. The primary purpose of the Main writer is to do circular work with the actual typewritten impression.

The machine is simply an attachment for any typewriter. In many respects it is like the self-playing piano. The piano is first written on a stamping machine with a typewriter keyboard. The result is a perforated sheet with a hole for each letter, dash and semi-colon, etc., and, together with line spacing and bi-rotary ribbon control.

This strip passes over a metal feed roll upon which a finger representing each key or movement of the machine makes contact. Whenever one of the perforations passes under the finger, this sends the current through the selected piece beneath that particular key. The core of the selected is fastened directly to the typewriter key with a wire and the key is supported by a spring so that the keys of the typewriter are left perfectly free to be used by hand in the usual way. When the current passes through the selected the core is drawn quickly into it, thus giving the key a sharp jerk. The momentum of the core carries it past the side of the selected when the current is quickly reversed it and thus allows the key to return before another strikes it.

This use of the system is valuable with the master machine in the office of a wholesale house where the "right order" system is used, and a connected machine in each department.

All these machines are ready for work in the usual way and when an order comes to the office the clerk switches in all departments represented and writes the heading of the order and then department by department is connected while the part of the order is written. When the order is copied each department has an original already delivered.

By using perforated sheets containing the addresses two machines work in writing the address, one on the envelope, the other in the letter, the envelope machine slipping while the letter machine finishes its letter by using its perforated sheet, or one machine will write both heading and letter automatically and address the envelopes by running the address sheet through again.

In case of follow-up letters a copy for each is perforated and placed on a machine. The whole number of envelopes plus the line lines and stop, envelopes are placed in an equal number of machines and one address is written on

the master machine, all the connected machines writing the same. The perforated sheets are started and finish the letters while the operator puts in new envelopes.

When the machines finish they stop and the whole series for one address is complete. If the history of twelve machines be used this way, one writing an address in all the hand work on six letters and envelopes complete. In this way the number of actual letters with envelopes may be greater than the number of initials produced by one operator using any known system.

#### A NEW TYPEWRITER

An event of no little importance to the business world is the advent of new Remington typewriter models, Nos. 10 and 11. Both models are front stroke machines, that is, "you see the writing as you operate the keys." They abound with new features; features not only new to the Remingtons, but also to the writing machine. The manufacturers of this pioneer typewriter never after anything new to the world the merit of which has not been tested and demonstrated by tests so complete and exhaustive that its excellence is proved and established as long before it reaches the purchaser.

It is doubtful if new models of any machine



ever appeared on the market embodying so many good features, which will revolutionize the highest and best of former standards at typewriter efficiency.

One of the first things which strike the eye on Model No. 10 is the new column selector. It is operated by five keys back of the regular keyboard. No less than five different locations are determined by the setting of the stops on the reversible rack, which has four slides, permitting the setting for four different kinds of work, the change being made by simply turning the rack. The column selector will jump columns. The operator can jump the carriage instantly to any one of the five starting points in the line, skipping any intermediate point at will.

It will prove an immense time and labor sav-

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er. In the use of ordinary letter writing the rubber stamper provides starting points for date, name, address, "dear sir," and "yours truly." Even the indistinctness of paragraphs, the name and address line on the envelopes. Other splendid improvements are so numerous that it is difficult to do them justice in a short article. There is the back spacer bar, a rapidly removable. Equally useful is the new locking device of the variable line-spacing mechanism, a new hemline feature of great efficiency. Strong paper guides of new design, automatically adjust themselves to any thickness of paper. It is impossible for the tape to strike them, something every operator will appreciate. The marginal stops are also of new and improved design. The new slide lock mechanism is visible the compass of the keyboard. The side and end grades of both No. 18 and No. 11 models give an assurance of paper feed homogeneity unknown in typewriter construction. The ribbon mechanism of both new machines is accessible in silhouette, affording a transparent method by which persons the use of every portion of the ribbon surface.

#### THE MEAKER COUNTING MACHINE

In 1875 J. W. Meaker, then teller of the Third National Bank of Chicago, invented a machine

of calculation in the country. Though the patents on the original machine have long since expired, it is still made and sold under different names and by different concerns.

In later years Mr. Meaker has improved on his original idea and the result is the new "Meaker." The new machine will be appreciated as banks by tellers, in insurance for pay roll work, and in stores, restaurants, hotels and other places where cashiers are obliged to make change quickly and accurately.

It is a wonder of simplicity and accuracy, and after rigid tests covering a period of several years, is found the acme of perfection.

The new Meaker is made with just eight keys arranged to handle different amounts with the least possible movements. Most amounts desired can, as a matter of fact, be handled with one movement. The slide keys are so arranged as to hold the amount most frequently called for outside of regular bank packages. The machine as now perfected does not require a single screw or spring and may be operated with one hand as rapidly as the operator can work. Dumb, best, sold on rent do not interfere with it in any way, and the coin trays are all removable and portable. After business hours they may be placed in the vault or safe, occupying but little room. The Meaker coin machine is made by the Ingham & Matthews Manufacturing Company, of Detroit, Mich.

#### NATIONAL BUSINESS SHOW

Great interest is being taken in the national business show, which is the first exhibition of its kind to be held in Toronto. It will take place in Massey Hall the week of Nov. 18, and will be of interest not only to the business man, but also to the general public. All the latest improvements, inventions and appliances in office methods will be on exhibition and some of the machines which will be shown are almost known to their owners, as for example, the adding machine, the coin machine for making change, sorting and counting coins, the time recorder, the note-folding machine, the electric stenographer, in fact, very remarkable devices of all kinds of which the general public have little comprehension. Between stenographic typewriters, stenographers and amazing clerks accustomed to the use of adding machines will be a feature. The methods and systems employed by the most up-to-date offices will be a feature that will be sufficiently attractive to be appreciated by everyone. All information may be obtained at Massey Hall, or from the secretary, H. H. Wood, Main Building.

and time-saving device which has found its way into practically every banking and business

# Make Both Ends Meet

## The Woman Behind the Pocket-Book

How can she "make both ends meet" on the same old "allowance" when prices of meat, eggs and other household necessities are advancing from day to day?

## The Man Behind the Pocket-Book

How can he increase the "allowance" for household bills when there is no increase in the family income or the wages, or when wages are cut down as a result of industrial depression?

The problem is an easy one for those who know

## SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

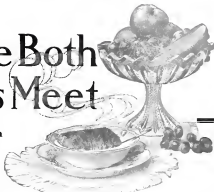
It contains more actual body-building material than meat or eggs and is much more easily digested, and costs much less.



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The richest man in America cannot buy a food that is purer, cleaner or more nutritious than Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream and a little fruit will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work at a cost of five or six cents. Try it for ten mornings and you will feel brighter, stronger and happier. Your grocer sells it.

Our new handsomely illustrated Cook Book is sent free for the asking  
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## Humor in the Magazines

**D**OROTHY, aged five, had just come in from a walk with her aunt, and was relating her experiences to her mother. Among other things she asserted that she had seen a lion, and her mother, after scoffing her for saying what was not true, said, "Dorothy, you must run up stairs now and ask God to forgive you for telling that story." And Dorothy obediently did as she was told. In a short time she re-appeared, and her mother said, "Well, Dorothy, did you do as I told you to?" "Yes, mama, and God said, 'Oh, never mind, little girl. I've often mistaken that dog for a lion myself.'"—*Apprentice's*

Ella and Gladys were bedmates, and shortly after they had been stowed away for the night their mother in the next room heard a slight disturbance. She had not to wait long, however, to know the cause of it all. A plying voice called out, "Mama, how much of the bed is Ethel to have?"

"Why, half of it, dear," was the ready response.

"Well, mama, is her half of it to be in the middle?"—*Statenian*

A French lady living in America engaged a carpenter to do some work for her at a stipulated price. She was surprised later to find that he charged more than the price agreed upon. When she attempted to remonstrate with him, however, her English failed her and she said, "You are dearest to me now than when we were first engaged."—*Statenian*

This little story comes from a very remote fishing village in Cornwall, and shows the inimitable idea of "first aid." There had been a wreck all the crew were saved, but one man was brought ashore unconscious.

The curate was present on the beach, and he asked:

"How do you usually proceed in the case of an apparently drowned?"

And the answer promptly came, "Search his pockets!"—*Paragon's*

His Newfound dog took when she had just emerged at night after. "You see, my husband is so very particular about his food."

"Cook sympathetically." "They're all alike, man. My old man was just the same. I never needed anything to please him in my life."—*The Blue*

"What makes you so late?" asked the boy's parent.

"The teacher kept me in because I couldn't find Moscow on the map of Europe," replied Johnny.

"And no wonder you couldn't find Moscow! It was buried down years ago. It's an outrage to treat a child in that way!"—*Starville Independent*

"I was very glad for this movement in my speech last week," said the man from the country, who was in to see the town.

"What was that?"

"Pre-blow asked me how much I would take for a horse, and, while I-I-I was trying to tell him various pounds, he offered me fifty."—*Washington Star*

"Is that the same motor-car that you had last year?"

"Recently, except the body and three of the wheels."—*Life*

"Yes, Gamma, when I graduate, I intend following a literary career—first for money, you know."

"Oh, Willie, my dear, you haven't done anything else since you've been at college."—*Princeton Tiger*

"What is the honeymoon, pa?"

"Well, the honeymoon is the only period in a man's life during which he considers it funny to come home and find that his dear little wife hasn't dinner ready in time."—*Ladies' Home Journal*

Stewardess: "Madam, I've attended to you the best I know how, supplied every want, but you are still dissatisfied. What do you want now?"

Scotch Lady Passenger: "I want the earth."—*N. Y. Times*

"Hobby," said the observant wit, "the justice of this fate is a harbinger."

"What is it?"

"I really think he is becoming interested in our oldest doctor."

"There you go again with your pipe dream! Last week it was a duke."—*Everybody's*

"I've just figured out how the Venus de Milo came to lose her arms."

"How?"

"She broke them off trying to button her skirtwaist up the back."—*Judge*



## Doctor's Book Free

Today man who will mail my little coupon I will send free (absolutely sealed) my special illustrated book regarding the cause and cure of diseases. The book is written in plain language, and explains many secrets you should know. It tells how you can cure yourself in the privacy of your own home without the use of drugs.

Don't spend money need on a cure and then use false medicines.

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If you suffer from weakness of any kind, rheumatism, lame back, sciatica, headache, dizziness, loss of power or strength, indigestion, freckles or blemishes, you should not fail to get this book.

Don't wait another minute.

Mr. Frank Vinal, Hesperia, Cal., says: "Your Belt cured me completely of pains in the back, and I would not be without it."

Miss Selter, Bird River, Cal., says: "I have much pleasure in saying that I was cured by your Belt. I have not used it for over a year now and the pains in my chest have not returned, neither are I bothered with the severe pains in the stomach as formerly. I have recommended your Belt to others, and wish you all the success you deserve."

The reason so many men prefer to use my Belt is that they find it will do like other things they have tried. Now, the secret is that I have not used it for over a year now and the pains in my chest have not returned, neither are I bothered with the severe pains in the stomach as formerly. I have recommended your Belt to others, and wish you all the success you deserve.

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## The Viavi Movement Nearer Home

What this wonderful treatment is doing quietly but effectively right here in Canada.

THE Viavi Natural Health movement about which our readers have seen a couple of interesting articles reproduced in previous issues from the Columbus Medical Journal, it may not be generally known has invaded Canada and is doing a noble work among hundreds of men and women who have found no means of permanent relief until they tried this treatment.

Perhaps the chief reason for the movement not being more known is that they do not advertise. Dr. Law, the head of the Viavi Co., having the natural modesty of the professional physician towards undue publicity. Their good work, therefore, is made public almost solely by word of mouth, passed from one to another of those who have been helped or heard of friends being helped by this treatment. It is these quiet movements, however, that demand the respect of the better thinking public, and even if slower, the progress is more sure and carries with it the greater stability.

The Canadian headquarters of the movement are in Montreal and Toronto, whilst busy offices are also located in Winnipeg, London, Hamilton, and, in fact, all the cities of the Dominion. At all these places will be found faithful, enthusiastic and thoroughly trained exponents of the treatment. And, in addition to this, many of the small towns and villages are visited at regular intervals by experienced assistants, and from whom those unable to come to the cities can obtain the benefit of proper information.

The unflinching care and interest taken by the Viavi Company in its patrons is worthy of special mention. Though usually the patron is provided with sufficient of the treatment to bring about a cure, or, at least, effectual aid, according to the diagnosis of the case (say a year or six months' treatment), yet the officers of the company never lose sight of them until it is known that effectual benefit has been received if humanly possible. Once a patient is enrolled his or her especial case immediately comes before the personal attention of the head of

this great institution. By regular correspondence the progress of the patron is watched and advised from headquarters, whilst the local officers, by personal attendance, etc., assist in the general conduct.

Just another word about the treatment itself. It is as explained in the previous articles, a simple, thorough and efficacious method of assisting nature. It is self-evident to everyone that if nature is doing its work properly in all parts of the body there is no need of a physician and disease germs which are said to be floating about in the atmosphere have no terrors for the normally healthy. It is when one part or another of that delicate machinery of the body gives out, or when nature abused by overwork, worry or excess, fails to do its work properly, that disease steps in. To prevent this is the duty of everyone who cares anything for their health. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and only by keeping nature built up are we assisting in this prevention. The physician consulted in time, will invariably attack the cause rather than the effect. Even the patent "cure all" medicine companies are constantly urging upon us the importance of getting the system built up to resist disease. It is just here that Viavi steps in and in a mild, authoritative way of its own follows out the general recognized rule of assisting nature to assist itself. By use, therefore, of the Viavi treatment tired and worried men and women, are helped towards new life and health, by the rebuilding of the blood and nervous force so essential to the full enjoyment of life's blessings. Gently, perhaps slowly, but surely nature is assisted by its use to the resumption of its natural functions.

The Viavi company have scores of testimonials from reputable people in all parts of the world, many of them telling of marvelous results obtained by the treatment right here in Canada. They do not publish these in the press or even as circulars, but they may be seen by interested parties calling at any of their offices.

"Order is Heaven's first law"

# NATIONAL BUSINESS SHOW

Massey Hall, Toronto  
Week of Nov. 16th

A representative exhibition of the leading manufactures in office appliances and business systems, including the most recent labor-saving devices.

## COMPETITIONS

### I. TYPEWRITING

- (a) Open Event
- (b) Canadian Championship
- (c) Novice Event

### II. ADDING MACHINES

- (a) Open Event
- (b) Bank Clerks

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**J. Gieseler, Dist. Agent, Montreal, Que.**  
**W. E. GAVIS, Forest & Game Manager, Montreal.**  
**G. T. BELL, Gen'l Passenger Ticket Agent, Montreal.**

## NEW TRAILS TO THE CANADIAN GAME LANDS




Before the six railways of the Canadian Northern System followed the old fur trails into the Canadian game lands, only a landy trail dared to go in. But now, the back places of the woods—wealthy in moose, caribou, deer and bear—may be quickly and easily reached. The Canadian Northern system serves a wide range of unfatigued territories. Here are a few suggestions:—

The country between Pelly Sound and Sudbury, traversed by the CANADIAN NORTHERN ONTARIO RAILWAY, is a land of lovely moose and birds, the native country of the white-tailed deer. From Sudbury north to Saultwell, this same line goes to through a moose hunting territory so-called in Ontario.

The CANADIAN NORTHERN QUEBEC AND QUEBEC AND LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAYS open the entire country of the muskox, northern brook trout, and the spruce shoed lakes of the Labrador country, where moose and caribou abound.

The eastern shore of Nova Scotia, from Yarmouth to Halifax, is served by the HALIFAX and SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY. On the barren, slightly island from the railway, are some of the best places for big moose in the east.

THE INVERNESS RAILWAY skirts the coast of Cape Breton Island, serving an un-tamed territory rich with big game.

THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY, from Port Arthur to Edmonton, with many branches, provides almost unexplored haunts of moose, caribou, deer, wolves, bear, and all species of four-footed and feathered game.

For information—general and special—address the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway, Toronto.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Busy Man's Magazine.

## What Percentage Are Your Bad Accounts to Net Profits?




Figure up your Bad Account Losses for the past ten years, charge off all accounts now on your books that are six months and more overdue and see what percentage they make of your gross sales; of your net profits. *The figures may surprise you.*

Did you know that the large corporations have gotten the collection problem reduced, if not to a science, at least to a system on scientific lines, and that their Bad Accounts are growing smaller each year? Does it surprise you to learn that during the late panic, when old and solid concerns went to smash by the hundreds, supposedly due to injudicious credits, the losses from bad debts sustained by one large corporation were less than 1 per cent?

## What is the Secret?

Getting in collections promptly is mainly a matter of educating the trade. Many of your customers who pay your bills now and then or when they have to, are settling their accounts with other creditors as regularly as a clock and as a matter of course.

Large corporations employ a credit man. Your business may not warrant one. No matter. You do not need one. Your book-keeper may have the making of a first-rate credit man, were he not tied down to drudgery and over-burdened with endless details.

## The Elliott-Fisher Ledger-State-ment Method of Accounting

Would enable your book-keeper to complete the mechanical part of his work in one-third the time now required; would make it possible to take off the PROVEN, not "trial," BALANCE on the last day of each month, and to send out statements to customers on the morning of the first.

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Illustrated booklet "The Way of the Proven Balance" sent free, on request.

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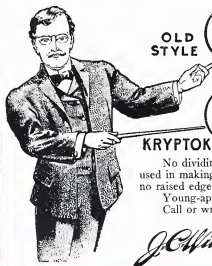
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